THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill[illegible]ed Weekly
Founded [illegible]y Benj. Franklin

Volume 203, Number 17

OCTOBER 25, 1930

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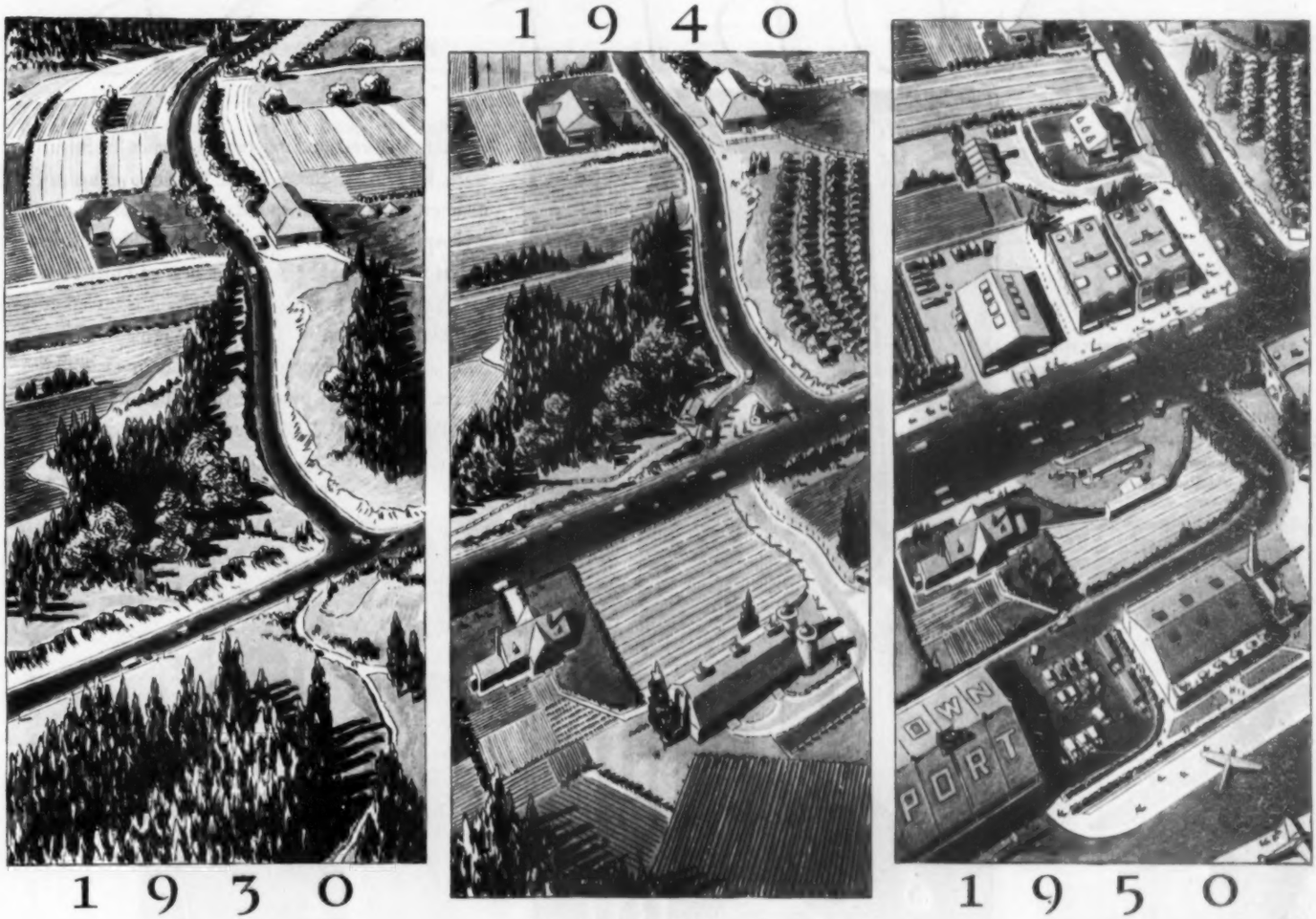
Roads that grow as you grow



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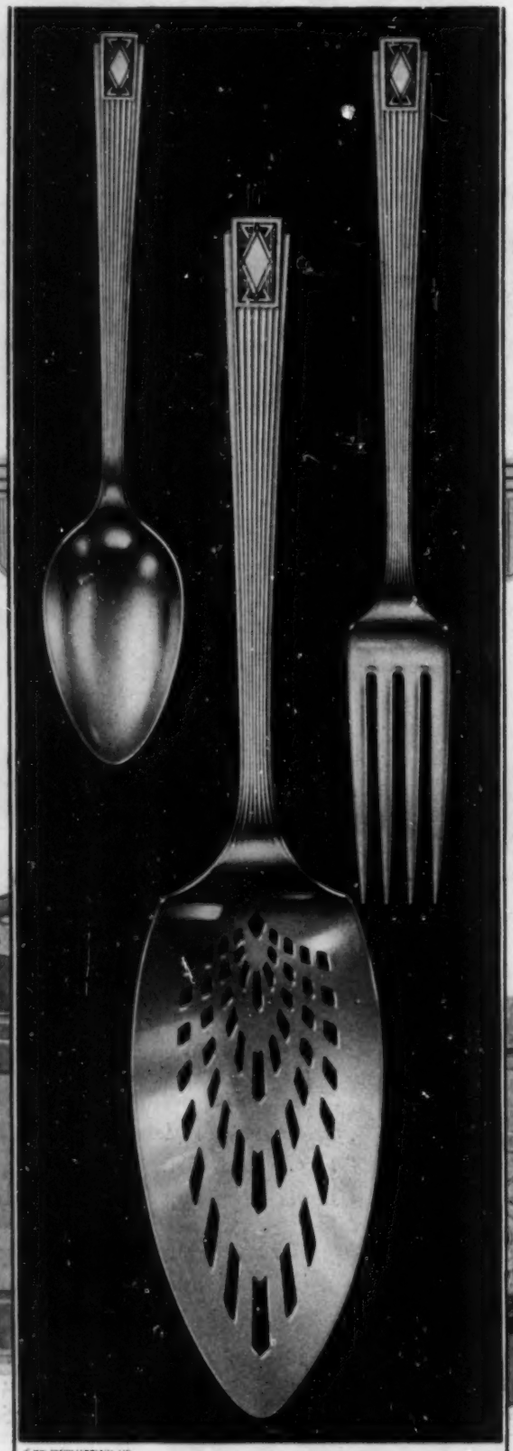

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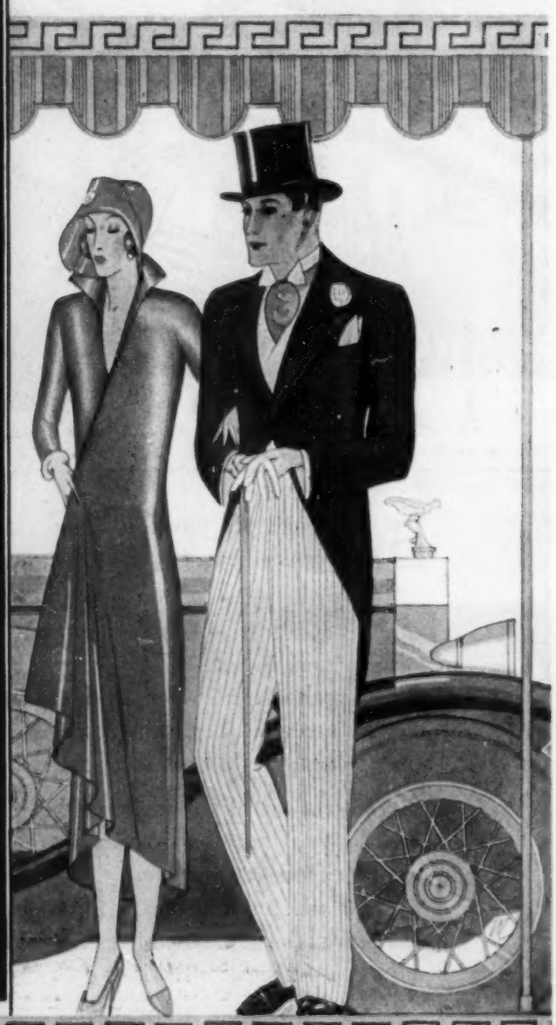

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 203 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 25, 1930 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues), | Number 17

LIFE SENTENCE

By REBECCA WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE evening a year or two before the war, when most people still took it for granted that the overwhelming tragedies of life related to the private affairs of individuals, a very pale young man crossed the lawn of a large house in Montarac City, which is in Pennsylvania, and stopped dead when he came near enough to see that on the porch was standing a young woman who was far from pale. Her glowing color was one of her chief beauties—that and her stature, which would have been sturdy if she had not been as near goddess size as would have enabled her to hold her own on a pedestal in any art gallery, make her definitely superb. On the score of complexion and height the young man was a worthy match for her. That had been said by everyone from the first. But just at the moment he was so disorganized that he felt miserably at a disadvantage before her mere physical state. There were some vases on the folding table before her, and a heap of roses which she was stripping of their lower leaves and cutting to convenient lengths; and from a certain wildness about her hair, of which she carried an immense amount on the nape of her neck,

"I Can't Help it. I've Got to Tell You, Josie, I Can't Marry You." There Was a Curious Sound. The Scissors She Held Had Cut Through a Rose Instead of a Stem

it could be guessed that she herself had gathered them from the very extensive flower garden behind the house. She liked being in the open air; she liked altering the look of things with her hands. She was therefore as ensphered in contentment at that moment as any human being could be. Perception of that made the young man paler than ever.

He did not call to her; and he had been standing for some moments at the foot of the steps before she looked over her flowers and saw him. It did not occur to her that there was anything ominous in his silent and rigid presence. Had she been under the necessity of breaking important news, whether good or bad, to any person standing on a porch, she would not have stopped at the foot of the stairs. Therefore she assumed that he was standing there because he loved her and everything that was hers, including her beauty, and had found the sight of her from that angle specially pleasing. This assumption she candidly betrayed in her proud and happy smile.

That fetched out of him a queer little noise; and he walked up to the porch. There he came to a standstill, lounging in front of her table

"Josie, I Didn't Mean What I Said the Other Night"

with his hands in his pockets. It was the unbearable continuance of her gay serenity that made him mumble, with a greater embarrassment than he had ever felt in a conversation with a girl since the day he left dancing class, "Hello, Josephine, how are you feeling?"

"Pretty good, pretty good," she murmured, not looking up, continuing to smile, because of coquetry, because of assurance.

He put both his hands to his temples and groaned.

There can have been no human being since the world began less acquainted with trouble than Josephine Houblon at the age of twenty. First her mouth opened quite round with fright, as if she were a very little girl. Then she asked strongly enough, "What's the matter, honey?" But indeed she was only reproducing the accents in which her colored mammy used to speak those words when she was a very little girl, so there was nothing so grown-up about that.

He said: "Josephine, you'll think me just the dirtiest skunk in the whole world, but I can't help it. I've got to tell you. Josie, I can't marry you."

There was a curious sound. The scissors she held had cut through a rose instead of a stem.

"Corrie, what do you mean?" she breathed.

"Oh, Josie," he said. "It isn't that I don't think you're the grandest girl that ever lived. You're just as lovely as you're beautiful, and I know it. But I don't care enough. I don't care. Not in that way. And it's better to face it now than leave it till after we're married."

He had to admire the way she did not change color. Though her head had dropped back on her throat and her face had become a tragic mask, with the brows brought together in a straight line, her cheeks and her lips were as they always had been. Yet they were not painted. It was as if her flesh had confidence that the order of things was not inimical to it, and refused to let the mind stampede it into panic.

Aching with pity, he went on: "You've got every right to think me the lowest dog in town, leaving it till two days before the wedding. But I didn't know before. It's just come over me. I woke up knowing I couldn't go through with it, yesterday. And it's no use trying to fool myself. I can't do it. I just can't."

She laid down her scissors on the table, carefully, so as to make no noise, and stood regarding them.

"Maybe we could find some way of stalling the whole thing that wouldn't have all the old cats talking," he suggested weakly. "After all, I had pneumonia last fall, and everybody knows my mother was a lunger. Maybe I could go up to Saranac for a spell, and say I'd been sent. Then they'll all understand that your people couldn't have you marry me."

A pause left him trying to account for her silence. It was not accountable in one who was so quick on the trigger in all her responses, unless he admitted that he had stunned her with pain. To make himself seem a little better in his own eyes he stammered: "Mind you, I'm putting it this way because I think you're a wonderful girl, and it seems a pretty poor game for you to have to marry a poor fool who feels the way I do, just not man enough for anything. But if you're willing to go through with it, why, I'd think myself the luckiest man ——"

As his voice trailed away, she raised her head with a jerk and looked into his eyes. Her brows still met in a straight line, but he was surprised to note that the mask her strong feeling held over her everyday, mild and smiling face now reminded him not of tragedy but of command. She made him think of some great general scowling in a history book.

Her eyes left his and looked over his shoulder. She muttered, "Wait a minute."

She brushed past him, not looking at him, and went down the steps into the garden. The way she held her head and her shoulders had not changed any more than her color. As he noted that, she walked swiftly out of sight round the corner of the house to the right.

"She's gone to fetch Mrs. Houblon," he thought miserably. "She'll be out among her flowers at the back. Or maybe it's Mr. Houblon who's out there now. I'll feel the rottenest kind of piker whichever it is; they've always been so decent to me. But the worst will be when I have to tell my own old man." He shuddered, stared down at his boots, and thrust out his lower lip sullenly; but swung round, looked up at some birds that were flying high in that quarter where the mellowness of the afternoon was being stained with sunset, and cried in his heart to them and the clouds that raced behind them: "All the same, it's good to be free! Oh, Lord, I am glad to be free!"

At that moment he perceived that Josephine had come back. She had just turned the corner of the house, on the left, and was walking along the path in front of the porch. She was alone. Of course she had not fetched her mother or father. She never did anything unnecessary, and neither of the old people could have contributed anything to resolving the situation. Simply she had walked round the house to give herself time to take the blow. Apparently she had taken it well, for she was still unbowed; and yet, while he looked at her and remarked this, he remembered that the path round the Houblon's house ran very close to it at one point, where a bow window protruded, and he had an immediate conviction that she had had to stop there and cling to the window ledge. He felt sick with pity, but told himself stubbornly, "It had to be done," and looked up again at the birds and the racing clouds and thought: "It's good to be free! Lord, I am glad to be free!"

She mounted the steps briskly and took her place behind the table again, and stood there with her hands clasped in front of her. "I guess we'd better do the way you suggested," she said; and added, "and I think it's handsome of you."

A sinking feeling came over him. "How?" he asked, as he had not done since his father had boxed his ears for saying it when he was ten years old.

She began clipping the stems of her roses. "Why, you said you were willing to go through with it," she coldly reminded him, "and that's what we're going to do."

When he could speak he made a pleased assenting noise. "That's just swell," he told her heavily. "I'm real glad you've come to this decision, and I'm sure ——"

She cut in before he could finish. "You'd better be going now. Joan Hunter and Edna Allison are coming along with some of their crowd. I don't suppose you want to come in on a party right now. And I wouldn't be seeing you tomorrow in any case. So good-by. Till our wedding day."

There was a minute while his feet shuffled. "Well, good-by, Josie," he mumbled.

"The girls will be here any minute," she said.

"All right! All right!" he exclaimed, showing a little spirit, and went down the steps. He remembered to walk slowly across the lawn, and to turn and wave his hand when he got to the street; but the first moment he knew himself to be out of sight of the porch he mopped his brow and groaned aloud: "I never knew Josephine was that kind of girl! I never knew there was a kind of girl that would do that to a man! Keeping him to it!" He shook his head as he went on his way. "It's a life sentence," he said; "it's a life sentence."

Two days later he derived a further melancholy pleasure from the repetition of that phrase, when he took his place beside Josie in the Houblons' drawing-room under the bell of white flowers which was the symbol of wedded love in that generation. Then, like a flash, it went out of his mind—it and all that lay behind it. As the minister's voice twanged on he became more and more conscious of Josie and what the other people in the room were thinking about Josie. They were all thinking how beautiful she was, of course; but he didn't believe that any of them were noticing that the way she was standing was the way a shy little girl stands, looking down at her feet, which were pressed together as close as could be, the toes very nearly touching. Nobody but himself understood that though Josie was so tall and dignified she was really just like a little girl inside, full of funny little feelings, wonderfully easily pleased, wonderfully easily hurt. He was swallowing a lump in his throat and making extensive vows to guard her from all harm when it suddenly came to him what he had done two evenings before. Those of his friends who facetiously told him afterward that he had

looked just terrible during the ceremony were not speaking an untruth.

Thus it happened that when they were left alone together that night Corrie Dickson threw himself on his knees before his bride, who had shown signs of wrapping sadness round her like an old woman's shawl, and cried out:

"Josie, I didn't mean what I said the other night. I guess all that happened to me was that I got scared, the way lots of men do before they get married. Only this morning dad told me he'd have given anything in the world to have got out of town the night before his wedding, and he and mother hadn't had a cross word till the day she died. Josie, I didn't mean one word of what I said! You must have known I didn't. You can't have thought I'd forgotten that night in the woods when the moon ——"

"I gambled on it, I gambled on it," wept Josie, nuzzling her face against his shoulder.

"And you were a brave girl to do it," he told her, when his lips had left her wet eyes. "It must have taken pluck not to let me go my own way and lose what I wanted! And don't think I don't know how I hurt you. Why, you got me out of the way so that you could cry, didn't you, by saying those girls were coming round, and they weren't at all! I saw Joan and Edna myself right after I left your house, driving up to the club with the Frazier boys."

But she had wrenched herself out of his arms, and had run to the other side of the room, there to hide her face against the wall. Puzzled, he watched her, and thought—as she was to make him think more than once in later years—that a big woman can be more pathetic than a little woman, for the very reason that she is so ill-adapted to assume the attitudes of pathos. At this moment anybody who did not know Josie might think she was mad about something, instead of being very nearly wounded to death. Her hurt might easily go unlamented but for him. With wide arms, with his unique understanding, he went toward her.

"Will you never quit talking about it?" she sobbed.

Corrie promised that to the end of his days not one more word concerning it should pass his lips. But that vow proved not to be so easily kept as he imagined. There were days, weeks, months of fine weather in the Dickson home, when it seemed as if, in spite of being a respectable automobile manufacturer, he had two wives, and both of them perfect. There was the shrinking virginal Josie whom nobody but himself knew; who would approach him unheard across a twilit room and give him grave lips and, as his answering kiss established her a woman, would shiver and withdraw, back into the shadows, back into childhood, from which she would return only out of kindness and much against her timorous will. There was also the superb Josephine whom everyone knew, who rode before the waxing prosperity of her husband and the ordered luxury of her home like the figurehead of a clipper. Sometimes he would raise his head to listen fearfully for the coming of misfortune, what he had was so much beyond the common lot. But there were other times when he had to bow his head because he could not bear to look on the misfortune the coming of which, it seemed, he had himself provoked. It turned his Josephine into a tortured woman whose tallness was no glory to her but merely an encumbrance that kept her from creeping near enough earth to hide her shame; it made Josie's perpetual maidenhood of spirit no longer an allurement but a special ability to pain, since it prevented her from practicing ruses to save her pride.

Always these provocations were involuntary. There was nothing farther from his mind than the intention to offend when he complained one June evening of the way the waitress had arranged some roses he had brought home. "Look at the way she's bunched them all together," he grumbled away, well on the right side of good humor. "I've seen a clump of bananas look more graceful. Why don't you fix them yourself, darling? I've noticed you never take any notice of the flowers nowadays, yet you used to make your mother's house look like a flower shop. Oh, Lord, what is the matter now?"

She had put up her hands to her head and was asking him with her eyes how it was that he could do such things. It was unfortunate that both of them could perfectly recollect what a strange sound scissors make when they cut through the moist substance of a rose.

She turned and went from the room, though they had been meaning to spend the half hour before some guests came for dinner in talking over an amusing deal he had just finished that day.

"Does she still feel it all that badly?" he marveled. "My poor little girl ——" He set down his glass and went after her. But something cold in him asked, as he turned the door handle of her room: "Is she going to go on feeling as badly as this all our lives long? Will I always have to stop doing what I want to do and comfort her?" And as he knelt by the bed where she had cast herself and whispered to her that he could not bear it if she would not turn her head that way, that something grew colder still and said, in time to his heartbeat, "This is a life sentence, this is a life sentence."

That was, however, not very long after they were married. Corrie told himself that in time the memory

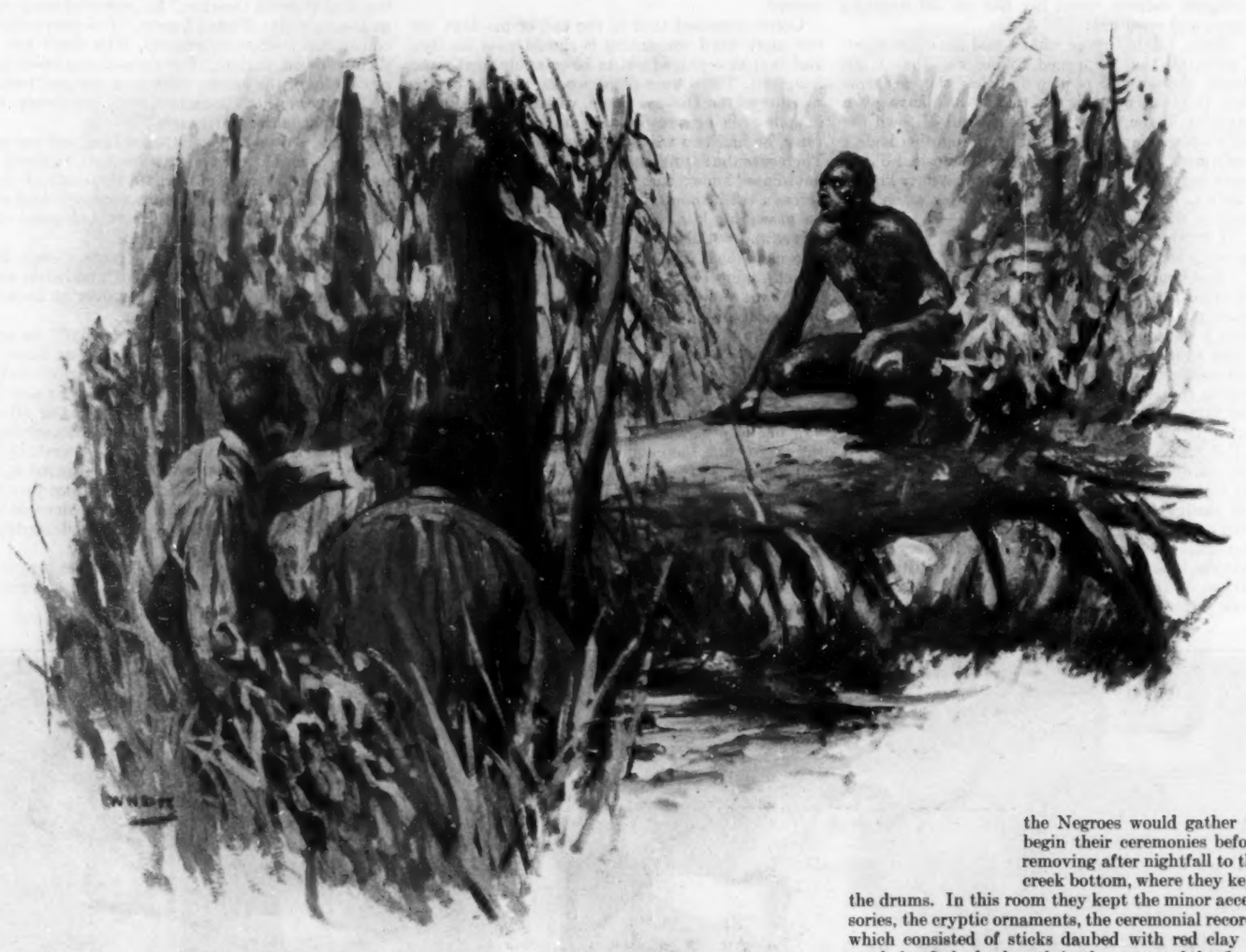
(Continued on Page 129)

Though She Left Her Finger Tips Where They Were She Crooked Her Fingers as if They Were Claws

RED LEAVES

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



They Could See Him, Naked and Mud-Caked, Sitting on a Log, Singing. They Squatted Quietly a Short Distance Away, Until He Finished

THE two Indians crossed the plantation toward the slave quarters. Neat with whitewash, of baked soft brick, the two rows of houses in which lived the slaves belonging to the clan faced one another across the mild shade of the lane marked and scored with naked feet and with a few homemade toys mute in the dust. There was no sign of life.

"I know what we will find," the first Indian said.

"What we will not find," the second said. Although it was noon, the lane was vacant, the doors of the cabins empty and quiet; no cooking smoke rose from any of the chinked and plastered chimneys.

"Yes. It happened like this when the father of him who is now the Man died."

"You mean, of him who was the Man."

"Yao."

The first Indian's name was Three Basket. He was perhaps sixty. They were both squat men, a little solid, burgherlike; paunchy, with big heads, big, broad, dust-colored faces of a certain blurred serenity like carved heads on a ruined wall in Siam or Sumatra, looming out of a mist. The sun had done it, the violent sun, the violent shade. Their hair looked like sedge grass on burnt-over land. Clamped through one ear Three Basket wore an enameled snuffbox.

"I have said all the time that this way is not the good way. In the old days there were no quarters, no Negroes. A man's time was his own then. He had time. Now he must spend most of it finding work for them who prefer sweating to do."

"They are not like horses and dogs."

"They are like nothing in this sensible world. Nothing contents them save sweat. They are worse than the white people."

"It is not as though the Man himself had to find the work for them to do."

"You said it. I do not like slavery. It is not the good way. In the old days, there was the good way. But not now."

"You do not remember the old way either."

"I have listened to them who do. And I have tried this way. Man was not made to sweat."

"That's so. See what it has done to their flesh."

"Yes. Black. It has a bitter taste too."

"You have eaten of it?"

"Once. I was young then, and more hardy in the appetite than now. Now it is different with me."

"Yes. They are too valuable to eat now."

"There is a bitter taste to the flesh I do not like."

"They are too valuable to eat, anyway, when the white men will give horses for them."

They entered the lane. The mute, meager toys—the fetish-shaped objects made of wood and rags and feathers—lay in the dust about the patinated doorsteps, among bones and broken gourd dishes. But there was no sound from any cabin, no face in any door; had not been since yesterday, when Issetibbeha died. But they already knew what they would find.

It was in the central cabin, a house a little larger than the others, where at certain phases of the moon the Negroes would gather to begin their ceremonies before removing after nightfall to the creek bottom, where they kept the drums. In this room they kept the minor accessories, the cryptic ornaments, the ceremonial records which consisted of sticks daubed with red clay in symbols. It had a hearth in the center of the floor, beneath a hole in the roof, with a few cold wood ashes and a suspended black iron pot. The window shutters were closed; when the two Indians entered, after the abashless sunlight they could distinguish nothing with the eyes save a movement, shadow, out of which eyeballs rolled, so that the place appeared to be full of Negroes. The two Indians stood in the door.

"Yao," Basket said. "I said this is not the good way."

"I don't think I want to be here," the second said.

"That is black man's fear which you smell. It does not smell as ours does."

"I don't think I want to be here."

"Your fear has an odor too."

"Maybe it is Issetibbeha which we smell."

"Yao. He knows. He knows what we will find here. He knew when he died what we should find here today." Out of the rank twilight of the room the eyes, the smell, of Negroes rolled about them. "I am Three Basket, whom you know," Basket said into the room. "We are come from the Man. He whom we seek is gone?" The Negroes said nothing. The smell of them, of their bodies, seemed to ebb and flux in the still hot air. They seemed to be musing as one upon something remote, inscrutable. They were like a single octopus. They were like the roots of a huge tree uncovered, the earth broken momentarily upon the writhen, thick, fetid tangle of its lightless and outraged life. "Come," Basket said. "You know our errand. Is he whom we seek gone?"

"They are thinking something," the second said. "I do not want to be here."

"They are knowing something," Basket said.

"They are hiding him, you think?"

"No. He is gone. He has been gone since last night. It happened like this before, when the grandfather of him who is now the Man died. It took us three days to catch him. For three days Doom lay above the ground, saying: 'I see my horse and my dog. But I do not see my slave. What have you done with him, that you will not permit me to lie quiet?'"

"They do not like to die."

"Yao. They cling. It makes trouble for us, always. A people without honor and without decorum. Always a trouble."

"I do not like it here."

"Nor do I. But then, they are savages; they can not be expected to regard usage. That is why I say that this way is a bad way."

"Yao. They cling. They would even rather work in the sun than to enter the earth with a chief. But he is gone."

The Negroes had said nothing, made no sound. The white eyeballs rolled, wild, subdued; the smell was rank, violent. "Yes, they fear," the second said. "What shall we do now?"

"Let us go and talk with the Man."

"Will Moketubbe listen?"

"What can he do? He will not like to. But he is the Man now."

"Yao. He is the Man. He can wear the shoes with the red heels all the time now." They turned and went out. There was no door in the doorframe. There were no doors, no shutters, in any of the cabins.

"He did that anyway," Basket said.

"Behind Issetibbeha's back. But now they are his shoes, since he is the Man."

"Yao. Issetibbeha did not like it. I have heard. I know that he said to Moketubbe: 'When you are the Man, the shoes will be yours. But until then, they are my shoes.' But now Moketubbe is the Man; he can wear them."

"Yao," the second said. "He is the Man now. He used to wear the shoes behind Issetibbeha's back, and it was not known if Issetibbeha knew this or not. And then Issetibbeha became dead, who was not old, and the shoes are Moketubbe's, since he is the Man now. What do you think of that?"

"I don't think about it," Basket said. "Do you?"

"No," the second said.

"Good," Basket said. "You are wise."

II

Issetibbeha

THE house sat on a knoll, surrounded by oak trees. The front of it was one story in height, composed of the deck house of a steamboat which had gone ashore and which Doom, Issetibbeha's father, had dismantled with his slaves and hauled on cypress rollers twelve miles home overland. It took them five weeks. His house consisted at the time of one brick wall. He set the deck house broadside on to the wall, where in the year 1840 the chipped and flaked gilding of the rococo cornices arched in faint splendor above the gilt lettering of the stateroom names above the jalousied doors.

Doom had been born merely a subchief, a Mingo, one of three brothers on the mother's side of the family. He made a journey—he was a young man then at the end of the eighteenth century—from north Mississippi to New Orleans by keel boat, where he met the Chevalier Sœur Blonde de Vitry, a man whose social position, on its face, was as equivocal as Doom's own. In New Orleans, among the gamblers and cutthroats of the river front, Doom, under the tutelage of his patron, passed as the chief, the Man, the hereditary owner of that land which belonged to the male side of the family; it was the Chevalier de Vitry who called him *du homme*, and hence Doom.

They were seen everywhere together—the Indian, the squat man with a bold, inscrutable, underbred face, and the Frenchman, the expatriate, the friend, it was said, of Carondelet and the intimate of General Wilkinson. Then they disappeared, the two of them, vanishing from their old equivocal haunts and leaving behind them the legend of the sums which Doom was believed to have won, and some tale about a young woman, daughter of a fairly well-to-do family of West Indians, the son and brother of which sought Doom with a pistol about his old haunts for a week after his disappearance.

Two months later the young woman herself disappeared, boarding the St. Louis packet, which, on the third night, put in at a wood landing in Mississippi, and the woman, accompanied by a Negro maid, got off. Four Indians met her with a horse and wagon and they traveled for three days more, slowly, since she was already big with child, to the plantation, where she found that Doom was now the chief. He never told her how he accomplished it, save that his uncle had died suddenly. At that time the house consisted of a brick wall built by shiftless slaves, against which was propped a thatched lean-to divided into

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The Negroes Had Said Nothing, Made No Sound. The White Eyeballs Rolled, Wild, Subdued; the Smell Was Rank, Violent. "Yes, They Fear," the Second Said. "What Shall We Do Now?"

MANUFACTURING COLD

By Floyd W. Parsons

THERE is a rumbling in the field of cold. Great developments are under way. Radical changes are coming. It all has to do with such things as windowless buildings equipped to manufacture their own weather, noninflammable and nonpoisonous chemical ice, the creation of cold by a simple method of boiling mercury, and the manufacture of subzero ice from the carbon dioxide pouring out of oil and gas wells.

Meat marketing faces a revolution. The perishable-food business is to be put on ice. Cuts are to be sold in packages. The menus of the world are to be rewritten. The quick freezing of foods at fifty below zero may open permanent nation-wide markets for perishables, and a half million retailers of things to eat may be affected favorably or otherwise.

A Candy Factory Cooled by Air-Conditioning Process

The public was prejudiced a few years ago against frozen foods. A piece of frozen meat was rather tasteless. Then a few people developed a new vision, and they appear to have the money necessary to make their dreams come true. I sat at luncheon with one of these business adventurers the other day and he spoke of his $1,000,000 budget to carry on a program of tests and experiments. The outcome will be facts on which to base a rapid expansion of food-distribution facilities.

Already it has been proved that the use of cold as a method of keeping foods fresh was all right, but we didn't use enough of the cold. Studies disclosed that it was wrong to freeze foods slowly at comparatively high temperatures. They must be frozen quickly at very low temperature, so that they may be thawed out later and cooked without loss of their original color and flavor.

This simple achievement promises to make possible the preserving and storing of foods in times of plenty against times of scarcity. It reduces waste in transportation by separating out at the point of production those portions of meats, fish and other products that are not edible. Trainloads of delicate vegetables will no longer spoil before reaching the consumer. Milk, cream and butter may be held over from months of peak output to a later time of low production, thereby flattening out the price curve. If a bumper crop of strawberries can be held for a year or more the producer will not be hit so often below the belt. Fresh vegetables will be purchased as we now buy trade-marked brands of coffee and crackers.

And all this is merely one phase of the present rapid rise of refrigeration. The talk now runs to forms of ice that melt to a gas, solid carbon dioxide so cold it will burn, refrigerated Pullman cars and diners, vending machines sufficiently cooled to sell perishable foods, freight cars that get their energy to produce cold from their truck axles, and theaters and restaurants that are supplied with manufactured weather at a cost of two cents a seat or a meal.

There is no getting away from the fact that we have been struck by a cold wave. Some of the shouting is a bit too loud. Loose talk and exaggerations are clearly evident and a lot of people are trying to quiet down the commotion. But let no one believe that the drama now being staged will turn out to be only a flash in the pan. Too many great corporations are appropriating large sums of money for refrigeration research, education and expansion to permit anything more than a temporary slowing down in the advance to wider uses of low temperatures.

Fifty years ago people laughed at the idea of manufacturing ice. They declared it was impossible for any company to be successful in turning out a product that must compete with something furnished gratis by Nature. They said that the health consideration alone would prevent the large use of cold refreshments. But notwithstanding such dire forebodings, the per capita use of manufactured ice has increased 500 per cent in fifteen years, and the end of the rise is not yet in sight. About 210 industries now employ refrigeration processes to a greater or less extent.

Mark Twain once said, "Everybody is always talking about the weather—but nobody ever does anything about it." No longer is that observation true of indoor weather. We have now made the conditioning of air inside our large buildings a two-way proposition. Instead of resigning ourselves to the heat of summer and what relief could be obtained from fans, we are making atmospheric conditions comfortable by controlling both temperature and humidity.

Heat soon flattens people out and dissipates their energy. From the standpoint of both health and industry, it is just as sensible and necessary that we live in ice boxes during the torrid days of summer as that we live in steam ovens in the winter. Coal put the North on the map; it is cold that will make the tropics a comfortable place to live and work. Refrigeration at the press of a button is upsetting habits, conditions and processes no less than did heat.

Hot on the Trail of Cold

IT WAS only a little more than ten years ago when I went out to gather facts for an article on mechanical refrigeration. In that article, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST under the title of Iceless Ice Boxes, I pointed out how wonderful it was to be able to take the heat energy of coal and convert it into ice to prevent the decay of food. The evolution of the domestic mechanical refrigerator had then hardly more than commenced. Four years later there were less than 10,000 of these units operating in American homes. Today the count runs to millions.

Recently I invited some of the officers and engineers of the leading food and refrigerating companies to luncheon, and the discussion that developed brought out clearly the state of flux now existing throughout this business of manufacturing cold. At one point in the conversation regret was expressed that a certain type of refrigeration unit had not been perfected. Mr. Fish, secretary of the American Society of Refrigerating Engineers, immediately told of a new machine, simple to an extreme, that had just been brought out. His description of the operating principles of this apparatus made such a highly favorable impression that refrigeration experts were hot-footing it a few hours later to get the dope on the newcomer. This incident is set forth merely to show that the element of surprise and the spirit of change are right now working

PHOTOS BY COURTESY CARRIER ENGINEERING CORPORATION

A Broadcasting and Recording Studio Artificially Cooled

BOSTON POST PHOTO

A Dance Hall One Night, a Skating Rink the Next

overtime in the refrigeration field. The right hand knows not what the left is doing. No one can say what system of refrigeration will win out. The whole question is a free-for-all proposition, with new principles coming along so rapidly that today's beliefs are obsolete tomorrow.

But let us move on to the recent startling developments in the use of cold that are threatening to change human habits and practices. Quick freezing is very much in the news of the day. It started with a fish story. But it now looks like something that may touch nearly half of all the foods we eat. At any rate, it has been proved that fish, meat, milk, fruit and vegetables, or at least most varieties of them, can be preserved without any material loss of value by quick freezing at a very low temperature.

Today the practice by the largest company in this line of business is carefully to clean the foods, fix them up in small packages and move them quickly into tunnels chilled to fifty degrees below zero. These congealed foods afterward must be kept constantly at a temperature of twenty-two degrees or more below the freezing point. This idea, carried out on a large scale, will necessitate a complete revamping of present transportation and storage facilities. At no time should any of the quickly frozen products be kept in a temperature higher than ten degrees above zero.

The Theory of Fast Freezing

ON DELIVERY to the consumer, of course, the ordinary household refrigerator provides a satisfactory temperature to keep the frozen foods for the short period prior to their being cooked or prepared for the table. But we may expect that the refrigerator manufacturers will soon be turning out domestic boxes that will have a low-temperature compartment for the frozen products. Fortunately, when preserved by this new subzero process, fish, butter, milk and other foods can safely be kept together without any absorption of odor or flavor, one from the other.

There is nothing new in the freezing of foods. People have done that for a long time. But when freezing is accomplished slowly at high temperatures, such as those formerly used, ice crystals form in the cells, puncture the delicate separating membranes, and thereby permit some of the juices to escape later on when the article is defrosted. This impairs the flavor of the food and causes it to lose some of that firm, compact quality which was originally present.

With fast freezing the water in the cells has no chance to form crystals, and the result is that the article is transformed into a solid gelatinous mass of uniform consistency like frozen jelly. Here is a profound discovery, simple as an elementary problem in arithmetic, but its effect will be far-reaching. The citrus-fruit growers may be able to market the juice of millions of oranges too small to sell at a profit.

Vital questions have already been settled. Sales tests in selected stores over a period of months have produced results that have exceeded expectations. The public will buy quick-frozen products and will go on buying them. On favorable shopping days in Springfield, Massachusetts, more than 1000 customers purchased these products in ten stores. After the first three days of selling, heavy cuts of meat, including beef, lamb and pork roasts, moved steadily. Many customers formed the habit of ordering the frosted foods over the telephone. Each week starts new experiments. Frozen asparagus is now going fine. One group of stores sold six tons of frozen spinach. Oysters, berries, peas, delicate tropical fruits and other things may now be had in any month of the year.

The Old and (at Right) the New in Ice-Cream Refrigeration

A Texas Air-Conditioned Beauty Parlor

Fish From Old Mexico, Shipped Under Refrigeration by Airplane

The realization of this frozen-food dream may bring us a new kind of retail establishment that will be a grocery store, meat market, fish market, delicatessen and dairy, fruit and vegetable market all rolled into one. But before this happens a great many problems will have to be solved. Chief of these is the matter of distribution. Factories to do the quick freezing must be established in different parts of the United States. There will have to be extensive studies of conditions in various regions. Peas in one place may be much more desirable for freezing than those in another. Research has shown that soil and climate conditions are important. Though the packaging may be improved, it is already good enough to get by. The foods are now done up in transparent paper and hermetically sealed. No sugar or other preservative is added. Considering the fact that the frosted meats are largely boneless, their prices are about the same as the fresh products. Frosted berries and vegetables, when sold out of season, are much cheaper than the fresh varieties.

The vice president of a large foods sales company, who is directing the present expansion program, has about completed arrangements to sell frosted foods in 100 stores in a single New England city. Following the success of this plan, it is probable that arrangements will be made in the United States and in foreign countries for various organizations to use the fast-freezing process on a royalty basis.

No one can say today how much money and time will be required to provide refrigeration facilities to transport frosted foods from the packing houses to central distributing centers. Railway cars and motortrucks will have to be equipped with cooling systems that will maintain zero temperatures.

In the merchandising of frozen foods, the present idea appears to be that the refrigerated cases should be similar to the present type of show case that permits the customer to see what he is buying. But the thermal engineer knows very well how difficult is such a plan. With near-zero temperatures inside the case, there is small likelihood that the customer will be able to see through the frost that will accumulate on the glass. Furthermore, why should any prospective purchaser be interested in seeing the outside of a frozen package? He is no longer

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KING GUN

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"King Gun, Eh?" He Said Throatily, Repeating the Professor's Words With a Hint of Amusement, His Mouth Awry and His Finger Delicately Probing. "Don't Know of Any King Gun, My Dear Man"

TO SHIRK, to let matters drift, to cure by ignoring, is the way of most people, and it was our American way in the several years immediately preceding the Red Fourth and the days of terror. We minded our private interests, while King Gun appropriated to himself our courts, our politics, our industries; the substance was already that superracketeer's, and only the appearance left to us, when Professor Sturgis came to me with his alarming proposals. Less alarming, I admit, in retrospect. He visited me in February of the disastrous year 1939.

"Let me have a million dollars, Bentley," he urged, his eyes large behind his glasses, "and I'll find the men to seize Gunsalis' secret records in every American city, if they kill to get them!"

"Not a dollar, Sturgis," I said with finality.

"My dear man," he pleaded, spreading his nervous hands, "the vigilance committee is a reserve weapon in the armory of every free people—and it's an American weapon. King Gun ——"

I cautioned him with a gesture. My houseman, William, poor chap, had entered the library with a telegram for Sturgis. "Not bad news?" I asked, troubled by the latter's change of expression.

He handed me the yellow slip, unable to speak:

SON ETHAN BADLY HURT IN ACCIDENT COME TO J. HUNTLEY HOOD HOSPITAL MARION.

"Shocking," I commiserated. "'Ethan?'"

"Our boy Allen—Ethan Allen Sturgis."

I hurried to the window. "Ah, your car has come! The professor's hat and coat, William. And shall I go with you?" I halted abruptly. "But—'Ethan?' Marion would not call him Ethan. Just a moment, Sturgis, till I get her on the telephone."

He detained me. "We had the telephone taken out last month—before it drove us both insane. We were being deviled by it day and night—pretended emergencies and just plain threats and abuse."

"Ah, your Minute Men is not so secret an organization as you had supposed!"

"That wasn't my impression. I thought that the constant telephoning was merely part of King Gun's drive on your General Communications Company."

"What drive?" I retorted, contemning the notion. "There has been no such drive. We have had some little trouble certainly, but our intelligence department tells us it is the work of Communists—there, professor, are the people to aim at if you wish to use extra-legal methods, and I don't know but that I should be inclined to —— But pardon me for stopping to debate that now. I don't believe that this wire is from Marion at all; nor would you if it hadn't upset you. You may be in danger, professor. Here, I'll send William over to the hospital, and you and I will run up to your house and inquire. . . . William, take the professor's car and go at once to the J. Huntley Hood Hospital and verify this message. Come then to Professor Sturgis' home on 116th Street, where we will be waiting. Hurry!"

I called a cab for us and went to the window again. William issued from below and entered Sturgis' car. The chauffeur slammed the door, returned to his wheel and began to turn the car about.

"William!" I shouted, my voice choking in my throat. I tore at the window to get it up. "William!"

"What is it, Bentley?" exclaimed the professor, hurrying to me. "Oh, heavens!"

He saw the thing done. The strident rattle of an automatic rifle, sinister sound, all too familiar in New York streets, surged up to us. A closed car, whirling down from Sixth Avenue, had slowed as it passed that of Sturgis and a quivering tongue of flame had jetted from it. It was over in a matter of seconds; the gunmen's automobile regained its speed, while Sturgis' car, losing direction, crossed the street, bounded across the curb and crashed against a brownstone stoop over the way. We ran for the stairs and pelted down it.

William lay in the glass-spattered tonneau, dying or dead. The chauffeur lay under the wheel, unhurt

but incredulous; he rose, feeling and scanning himself. "I thought I was dead. I was sure I was dead. I felt the bullets hitting me—thought I did."

"King Gun," said Sturgis, staring at me evocatively.

A policeman mounted the running board. "Drive around to the Forty-sixth Street Station," he commanded. "You gentlemen saw this?"

We entered the car, crouching back gingerly from my unfortunate servant. He was dead; mild and harmless fellow. I had sent him to his death.

"Where did you come from just now, Alfred?" asked Sturgis.

"The house, sir."

"Immediately?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was Mrs. Sturgis at home?"

"Yes, sir. She sent me as soon as she got your wire."

"My wire? And—Allen?"

"Yes, sir."

"He is at home? Then he hasn't been hurt!"

"Oh, no, sir. Not that he told me, sir."

"No accident about this business, professor," I commented grimly. "It was aimed at you because of your precious Minute Men. You see what your methods come to; your menaces and violence are answered in kind; unfortunately for this poor fellow here." Sturgis was silent, glancing back at the body of my houseman.

"Come in and tell it to the captain, gentlemen," said the policeman when the car with its grisly freight halted before the station house of the local precinct. "We'll call an ambulance from Bellevue if he's dead; the other hospitals don't like calls when —— Dead, is he?"

We stood at the desk inside and told the police captain what we had seen, adding our inevitable surmises. The captain was Moran—the same who was atrociously beaten on the Red Fourth and died from his injuries, thanks to the reputation that several sensational newspapers had given him as a confederate of King Gun. I cannot say that his reception of our story recommended him to me.

He had just had his lunch and had damaged a tooth; during the interview he tested the tooth tenderly with a forefinger and sought to scrutinize it in a pocket mirror, nor was he at any time detached from this immediate concern. I had not had the dubious pleasure of his acquaintance and he did not recognize me from my name, taking me for some obscure householder of the neighborhood.

He took our names and addresses and stood at a window, fronting us, but peering vigilantly into the mirror by the good light over his shoulder. "King Gun, eh?" he said throatily, repeating the professor's words with a hint of amusement, his mouth awry and his finger delicately probing. "Don't know of any King Gun, my dear man. You mean Mr. Gunsalis? Well, what about him? You want to lay a complaint against Mr. Gunsalis?"

"Exactly."

"Seen him on the spot, did you?"

"We didn't see him, certainly. We didn't see anybody. Perhaps this man here ——"

"Get the number of the car?"

"It was too —— Alfred, did you get the number of that car?"

"No, sir."

"But you saw the men in it. You must have seen somebody. You heard and saw the car coming up beside you."

"No, sir!"

"I guess Alfred didn't want to see them—eh, Alfred?" suggested the captain with an amiable twinkle.

"Had a cinder in your good eye just then, didn't you, Alfred?"

Alfred laughed shortly, pleased with this tribute to his discretion. "I got a family, sir."

"Family or no family, young fellow," said the captain, suddenly bullying, "it's your duty as a citizen to tell what you know."

"You must have seen something, Alfred," chided Sturgis.

"Take him downstairs, Peters," directed the captain. "He can think it over till the district attorney comes."

"No, sir," said Alfred sulkily, answering the professor. "And if you don't mind, sir, I'd like to have my money. Sorry to leave, sir."

"Bentley," said the captain meditatively, watching Alfred going to the stairs to the cells—he hesitated before speaking—"I'm not taking your complaint; there's nothing in it. And if there was—— Understand what I mean? You look as if you had a head on your shoulders. Oh, I'd take it, of course. And you'd be back here in jigtime asking for an officer stationed at your door. And you'd get one, too, but —— Understand what I mean? Don't go taking people's names in vain."

Sturgis broke a silence when we were in a cab, after I had ordered the body of my poor William to be taken to a local funeral parlor; he had no family, fortunately. Sturgis said, "You may be right, Bentley. I'm going to send Marion and the children down to the country at once."

"The country would be healthy for you, too."

He shook his head, whistling a popular tune under his breath, frowning. We brooded, bewildered, resenting the spell of terror that pressed on us.

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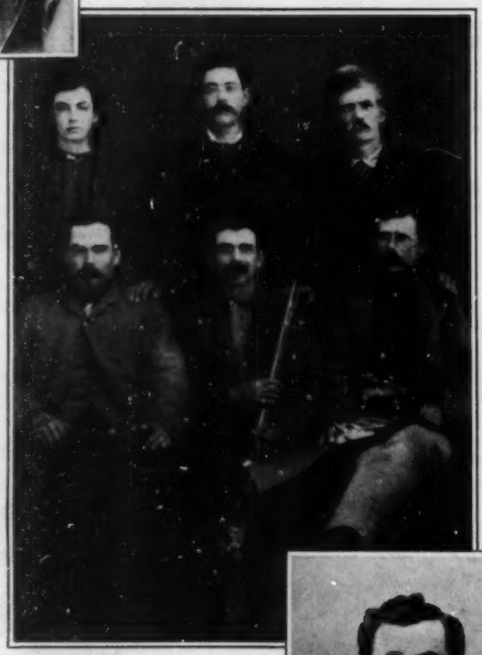
The Police Strove to Halt This Creeping Up, to Drive a Wedge Into the Crowd and Split it Apart Again; the Crowd Flowed Together Behind Their Backs

THE BUFFALO HUNTERS

By Stuart N. Lake

THERE is every probability that Wyatt Earp's venture as a buffalo hunter gave first rise to the legends which picture him as invariably playing a lone hand. He ignored the established practices of the plains, and as his hunting methods kept him away from the large camps during a greater part of the buffalo season, other hunters ascribed to him a habitual aloofness which, as a matter of fact, he never possessed. Wyatt simply followed that characteristic independence of thought and action which repeatedly set him apart from his contemporaries, an attitude which, under certain circumstances, was to result in momentous error, but by which, nevertheless, he unquestionably won his ultimate rank on the frontier.

Ben Clark, a Famous Scout and Indian Fighter



Buffalo Hunters of the Early Seventies. In the Group are the Famous Billy Dixon and Wes Wilcox. At Right—Andy Johnson, One of the Heroes of the 'Dobe Walls Fight

At first, buffalo killing had been largely for supplying meat to railway construction gangs and Army posts on contracts, with small attention given to the hides. It was not until 1870 that private business concerned itself seriously with the enormous profits to be had from the great buffalo herds that roamed the plains from the Brazos to beyond the Canadian line. By 1871 buyers of hides and meat were eager to pay cash to the hunter for every animal he could kill.

Shortly before his death I succeeded in getting Wyatt Earp to talk about these early days. His memory was so keen and so full of those essential details which provide a living picture that I am setting it all down word for word, as he gave the story to me.

In the Days of the Great Herds

"MY LONG jaunt through the Indian Nations—as Oklahoma was then known—had shown me the possibilities open to a skillful buffalo hunter. In Kansas City I heard that General Crook had estimated for the Government that there were 50,000,000 buffaloes on the prairies, with at least 10,000,000 grazing between Fort Dodge and Camp Supply. From observation I was certain that, though General Crook might have overestimated things a bit in regard to his first figure, his second was not far from the truth.

"There was much talk, too, of the announcement that the United States Government was encouraging the wholesale slaughter of the great herds, and that as long as the white hunters kept away from Indian reservations, the Interior Department and War Department would do all that they could to assist them. In later years I heard much criticism of the part which the Government played in the extermination of the buffalo, but it always seemed to me that such criticism was not well informed. It usually came from persons who meant well, but who saw only one side of the question—that of wild-life preservation.

"The last thing I would offer is a defense of the manner in which the professional buffalo hunter did his work; the result of it is another matter. Buffalo hunting on a commercial scale, as I knew it and took part in it, was criminal in its wastefulness, and sometimes brutal. The fact remains, however, that if the buffalo hunter had not performed his work in some manner, the settlement of our Western country to its present state would have been impossible."

Making Good Indians

"AS LONG as the buffalo roamed the plains the Indians had, for them, an inexhaustible supply of every necessity of life always ready to hand, and all the soldiers in the Army could not hold them in check as long as that held true. An examination of the records will show that, as a whole, the bad Indians were subdued into good Indians almost concurrently with the slaughter of the buffaloes, their one sure source of livelihood on the open range. Whether the means was justified by the end is not for me to say.

"Again, if the buffaloes had not been killed off, neither the cattle industry nor general agriculture could have developed to any importance in the West. There was not sufficient natural forage on the great grazing grounds of the plains to support buffalo and beef cattle too. It was a question of which was more important to civilization, the buffalo or the cow. As for crops, there never was a fence constructed that could stand before a buffalo herd, and a million hoofs, more or less, crossing a grain field at the height of a growing or harvesting season would not make that piece of ground particularly profitable to some pioneer homesteader.

"Brick" Bond, a Skillful Buffalo Hunter of 1872

"I will cheerfully admit that in 1871 no buffalo hunter of my acquaintance—myself least of all—planned his work for the coming season as his crusade for civilization; nevertheless, in a sense it was that. I went into the business purely through a conviction that I could make money while enjoying a freedom of life that strongly appealed to me.

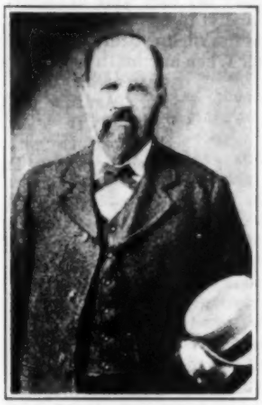
"Bill Hickok told me that at the prevailing rates for hide and meat he expected to make $5000 in the season between September first and April first; as it turned out, he did not hunt that winter of '71 and '72. Jack Gallagher was confident that his earnings would run even higher. So, I decided to try my hand at the game."

From his Kansas City associates and from buffalo hunters who assembled at Caldwell to outfit for the season, Wyatt discovered that the success of a hunting expedition usually was measured in the minds of these men by the total number of buffaloes killed and the prices received for hides and meat. Typically enough, only the gross sums paid them for their hazardous labors entered into the calculations of the adventurers, and figures were arrived at when the

Dodge City in '72. The Wagons are Loaded With Buffalo Hides Hauled In From the Ranges

hunt was done. Only with a few was there any consideration given to expenditures made at the start of a season for animals, wagons and supplies, or to skinners' wages. Any one of the hunters could boast of the amount of money in his pockets at the close of a season; not many could say accurately how much of it was gain.

Wyatt Earp examined closely the accepted methods for hunting buffalo on a commercial scale, and weighed them against possibilities which he analyzed with equal care. Questions asked of the most successful hunters gave him information for the first phase of inquiry; through his long months in the Indian Nations he had acquired a working knowledge of the buffaloes themselves, their peculiarities of habit and disposition, second to none. Before buying his outfit at Caldwell, Wyatt devised what he believed to be a more efficient manner of buffalo hunting than the one generally followed. His first calculation was the cost of a season's hunt, his final one the difference between that figure and the amount he might receive for the animals he estimated he could kill. As he had also developed certain theories concerning methods of the actual killing, he set his mind to a course of action to which he adhered rigidly as long as he pursued the buffalo herds.



"Prairie Dog" Dave Morrow, a Dodge Peace Officer

Again and again in the folklore of the Old West, a similar attitude on Wyatt Earp's part toward problems of action where men were involved instead of buffaloes has been cited as proof of cold-bloodedness; most particularly during his Tombstone days. Actually, it was merely the application of his intelligence to any matter in hand. That this intelligence could function in the flash of a six-gun as effectively as with opportunity for deliberation, made it only more incomprehensible to his casual acquaintances.

Hunters' Problems in the Seventies

WITH each buffalo hunter who set out for the range in the fall of '71, and who held himself in any esteem, there were customarily four or five four-horse wagons, with the driver of one acting as stock tender, camp watchman and cook; the other drivers were skinners. The hunter must provide animals and wagons, and supplies to last his outfit for several months; the pay of his helpers was to be determined by actual count of the kill. Money received for hides and meat usually was divided into two equal parts; one went to the hunter, and from his share he paid all expenses; the second was again split into as many shares as there were drivers and skinners, and each of these shares was paid to a helper as his seasonal wage. Thus the titular head of the party paid through the nose for adherence to the convention of the camps which held that no really topnotch buffalo hunter would stoop to such a degrading task as skinning the animals he shot. Caste, not laziness, devoured the hunter's profits.

The first flaw which Wyatt Earp believed he saw in the accepted practices was that the hunter usually bought his outfit on the assumption that he would kill 100 buffaloes a day and sell each animal's hide and meat for from two to five dollars, depending upon size and quality. Though it was true that one good hunter and four skinners could dispose of 100 buffaloes a day, few outfits did so at any time, and none of them consistently. The traits of the game and the methods of hunting combined to hold the average daily kill well below fifty. Though "overhead" was a term with which Wyatt was not familiar at the time, he could see that the buffalo hunters' profits were heavily discounted by their recklessness in outfitting, and he governed his own plans accordingly.

In place of four or five wagons and twenty-odd horses, Wyatt purchased one wagon, four sound animals for harness and one which he was to ride. He then engaged as driver an experienced skinner who was to work on a straight profit-sharing basis. Wyatt was to finance the hunt and do the shooting; his helper was to drive team and cook, and, greatly to the disgust of the old hands who had made his acquaintance, Wyatt was to assist in skinning and butchering. At the end of the hunt, Wyatt was to keep the team and wagon; the expense for all other items was to be deducted from the gross payments and returned to him, and he and his helper were to share equally in any net profit.

Veteran hunters at Caldwell attempted to dissuade Wyatt from his proposed violation of the conventions by pointing out that the best he might hope for under his system would be a kill of twenty-five buffaloes a day; it would be physically beyond two men to handle a greater number and at the same time care for their camp. When these advisers learned that an average daily kill of twenty formed the basis of the young man's plans and that, furthermore, he intended to hunt at some distance from the established camps of large parties, they turned to warning him that neither he nor his skinner would live long enough to cash in on their hides, as they would certainly fall victim to the Indians, who periodically raided the range after white men's scalps rather than buffalo hides.

Fred Singer, Buffalo Hunter of the Seventies

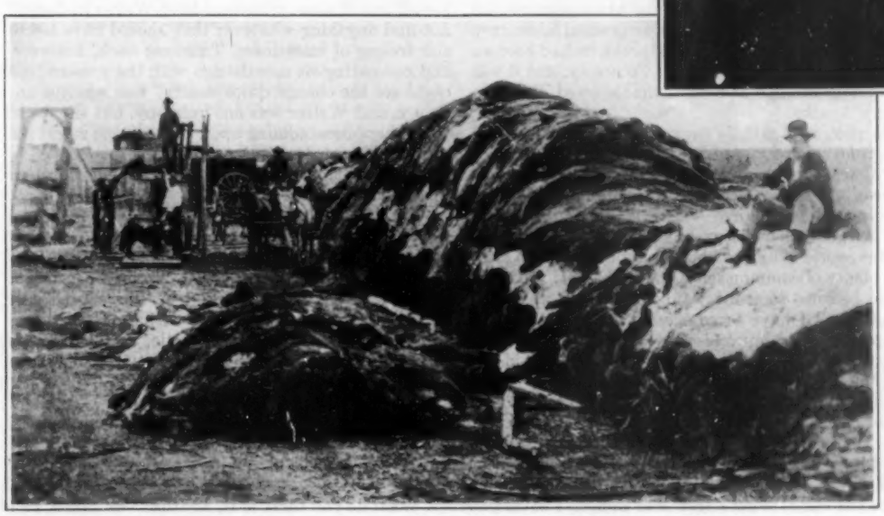
Three Characters of Buffalo Days: Ned Buntline, Buffalo Bill, and Texas Jack Omundundro. At Left—Pat Shugrue, a Peace Officer of Ford County, Kansas

Earp's Plan

WHEN informed that in place of the cumbersome Sharps 50-120-550 rifle which was the buffalo hunter's stand-by, Wyatt intended to kill his buffalo with a shotgun, the old-timers abandoned all argument. One thing for which the veterans failed to give Wyatt Earp credit was that in his own mind he had a carefully considered reason for every move he made. There would be several thousand hunters on the plains, he knew; and the majority would operate from closely adjoining camps, in which they concentrated for companionship and protection. This would tend to keep the buffalo herds migrating steadily and so waste time for the hunters, who had to move camp in keeping pace with them. It would also interfere seriously with the individual hunter's opportunities to shoot from a stand, the one certain means to profitable skin hunting. He estimated, moreover, that a greater net profit was to be gained from skinning twenty to twenty-five buffaloes a day with the expenses of but two men to be deducted from sixty to seventy-five dollars received for the work than there would be from an average kill of fifty animals which brought about $150, but with expenses for five or six men and the initial outlay for horses and wagons to be met from the hunter's share of such takings.

As for Indians, Wyatt was fully aware of the hazard they constituted for the lone hunter on the range, but to him they offered no greater deterrent than the

(Continued on Page 81)



Wright & Rath's Hideyard, Dodge City, 1874. There are Approximately 40,000 Hides in the Stacks

BEING HAPPY WITH WALTER

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"But it is Abnegation; it is Self-Abasement; it is Abdication!" Exclaimed Agatha

THE one thing that Agatha Mason resolved when she accepted Walter Mellick was that their married life must be as happy as Betty Blair's. Betty and her husband had come from Dellbrook several years before Walter came to Belmar, and Betty was the happiest wife Agatha had ever known. Betty had been married five years and she actually beamed happiness; she was always cheerful and blithe. It was as if she had discovered the secret of joy and that it was some sort of little dynamo of content that she kept in her heart, where it purred constantly. Her George was no less happy; he was the happiest husband Agatha knew.

In the years that Betty had lived in Belmar she had been accepted by the little bridge set of which Agatha was one, and it was through Betty's George that Walter Mellick secured a position with the Janes Company, and that was how he happened to meet Agatha.

As soon as Agatha accepted Walter she decided to have Betty as her matron of honor. It was actually the first thought that flashed into her mind after Walter had kissed her. Naturally enough Agatha wanted her wedding to be a happy wedding, and any wedding with which Betty had anything to do would be a happy one. Just having Betty as matron of honor would be a good omen.

The wedding was a happy one, too. Agatha was happy, and Walter seemed to be in a daze of bliss, and Reverend Stokes was always cheerful. The young men Walter had chosen as his upholders were a merry lot, and Agatha had selected the prettiest and merriest girls she knew. It was a wedding of laughter and smiles.

That Agatha had reached the age of twenty-five before marrying did not matter. Walter was thirty and Agatha had never wanted to marry until she met Walter. She had graduated with honors from her college and had meant to devote her life to social-service work, and she had been doing extra study in that field when she met Walter. Love did the rest. It would not be true to say that Agatha and Walter were passionately in love, for neither was passionate by nature, but they were intensely in love.

Agatha at twenty-five was a tall, cool-eyed blonde, unbobbed and wearing her hair smoothed back. She wore nose glasses. Her mind was rather better than the average, and she thought before acting, so that she acted on reason and not on impulse. In accepting Walter both reason and her heart told her she was doing the right thing. Walter was not quite Agatha's height; he was half a head shorter. He was a blond, too, and quite bald in a nice way, early baldness running in his family and being thought nothing of. He wore nose glasses, but unlike Agatha's they had gold rims. He was of the bright type, almost chipper in society, not unlike some professor who is totally immersed in his work while at work, but who is eagerly playful when the work is put aside. But Walter was not a professor; he was a commercial chemist and in charge of the experimental laboratory of the Janes Company. In Dellbrook he had been an underling with the Benchways Company, and it was this better position at Belmar that allowed Walter to marry Agatha.

As soon as Agatha's engagement was announced everyone congratulated her.

"Agatha," they said, "you have found the nicest man of all; he is a perfect dear; you ought to be as happy as Betty Blair."

"I'm going to be," Agatha said. "There's no reason in the world why we shouldn't be happy. Walter has plenty of common sense, and so have I. Quarrels come because someone wants his or her way, and Walter and I have sense enough to know that two people have to compromise now and then if they want to be happy. There has to be yielding on both sides."

"Ye-es," said Daphne Markham doubtfully. "If only the thing doesn't seem too important to compromise. That's what you'll have to look out for, Agatha. You have a will of your own, you know."

"I have a brain of my own, too, Daphne," Agatha said. "I think I'm a reasonable person, don't you? I'm not a child, to get angry over things. I never get angry."

"No; that is admitted!" said Daphne Markham.

"And neither does Walter," said Agatha. "He told me he had never been angry in his life."

"I don't believe he has been; he has a lovely nature," Daphne said. "I really do believe you will be as happy as Betty."

"Well, no one could want to be any happier than that," said Agatha.

And Agatha was happy. She and Walter were happy all through their honeymoon, and for quite a few moons after that, and a year after their wedding Agatha could not honestly say they were unhappy. There was nothing, actually, to be unhappy about. They had not had even the slightest tiff; there had not been one cross word. When any matter came up that needed deciding, Agatha discussed it with Walter in the friendliest possible way and an entirely amicable agreement was always reached; but by the end of that first year Agatha began to be worried for their future happiness. It was not that the first warmth of love was less, for Agatha had known that there would be a normal lessening there; it was that on the clear pane of their love there seemed to be gathering the merest breath of mist. It was as if between two well-oiled and perfectly working surfaces there was coming the smallest possible trace of grit.

When Agatha, in her cool sensible way, sat down to consider what was wrong, she found it hard to discover just what was amiss. She thought over all she had done and was doing and she could find nothing whatever to account for what was evidently a sense of irritation that was coming between herself and Walter. She considered Walter and could not find anything whatever that should have led to this feeling of uneasiness. Thinking back, however, and comparing six months ago with the present, she could see the change quite clearly. She was not unhappy, and Walter was not unhappy, but she could feel unhappiness coming upon them as one might see a cloud of mist descending.

That night, when Walter came home to dinner, Agatha handed him a letter.

"Ah!" he said when he had looked at it. "From the Benchways Company!" and he put it beside his plate while he went up to dip his hands in water and give his hair—what was left—a brush. They had a small steak that evening, and Walter carved and served before he opened the letter. He read it through gravely, frowning a little, and handed it across the table to Agatha. She put on her nose glasses and read the letter.

Agatha's first impulse was to exclaim, "Walter! How wonderful! We must accept!" but she remembered Walter's frown as he read the letter and she said, "It's wonderful, Walter; what do you think of it?"

"What do you think of it, Agatha?" he asked, still frowning.

"I don't know," she said. "Of course, there's the better salary. And there's the chance for quicker advancement they promise, if they go into the artificial field. But you like the Janes people, Walter."

"You'd miss your friends if we went to Dellbrook," Walter said. "You'd have to make all new acquaintances."

"But your friends—your old friends—are all there," Agatha said. "We'll do whatever you think is best, Walter, after we've talked it over thoroughly. We don't have to decide this very minute."

"No; that's one thing," Walter said, as if that were the one and only satisfaction to be got from the letter, and he looked quite glum. He could not have looked gloomier, Agatha thought, if this had been a letter from the Janes Company telling him he was discharged.

"We'll sleep on it, Walter," Agatha said brightly. "Now, don't worry over it another minute—not now. Tomorrow we'll have been able to think of all the different angles, and we'll be ever so much better able to decide what to do. Isn't that better, Walter?"

"Yes," he said, but his frown remained, and it did not leave his face even when the subject was dropped and Agatha spoke of the little bridge party she was going to give the next afternoon.

The time was late May, and the next day would be Thursday, the twenty-ninth. All the latter half of May had been cold, but this Wednesday had been almost summer hot. The bridge party was a regular weekly affair, held from house to house by Agatha's own crowd of eight, which made but two tables, and the gatherings were entirely informal—cards and light refreshments, with some inexpensive prize for the high score and a joke prize for the booby low. None of the players were startling experts, but the parties were fun.

"What do you think, Walter," Agatha asked, "of having my bridge party on the veranda?"

"What?" Walter asked, looking up from his plate, at which he had been looking worriedly. "Oh! Your bridge party! What was it you asked?"

"About having it on the veranda tomorrow," Agatha said. "Today is so hot and the veranda is so pretty."

"Yes; I don't know," Walter said. "The paper says cooler for tomorrow. There's usually a cold current from the north after these early hot days. But the veranda is sheltered."

"Then you think I'd better not have it on the veranda?" Agatha asked, watching Walter's frown and beginning to frown a little herself.

"I only said what the paper said," Walter replied, and Agatha was sure there was real irritation in his voice. "They're usually wrong. Probably it will be hotter tomorrow than it is today."

"No, but—Walter," Agatha said. "I don't want to have it on the veranda if you think I should have it inside. Walter, please don't frown; it's nothing to frown about. Walter, dear, can't we just talk it over sensibly?"

"Certainly," Walter said, trying to eliminate his frown, and they did talk it over. They settled the veranda matter quite amicably by compromising on the simple plan of waiting to see what the weather would be the next day. If it turned cold again Agatha could have the party indoors, and if it remained hot she could have it on the veranda; it might be hot in the forenoon, with a cold current and drop in temperature after lunch, in which case she could decide at the last moment, for the change meant only that eight light chairs and two folding tables had to be moved, which would not take four minutes.

Unfortunately this delightful arrangement, so sensibly arrived at, did not seem to lessen the irritation that Agatha had felt during the discussion. During the evening Agatha glanced at Walter now and then, and she saw what was almost a look of dismal gloom on his face. She was reading a book while he went over some calculations he had brought home from the Janes Company laboratory, and once or twice she was on the point of asking him what he thought of the book—because he had already read it—but she was actually afraid to. She dreaded having him, perhaps, snap at her. If he did, she might snap back, and that would be the beginning of the end. That was how married unhappiness began, she saw now.

The next morning she said nothing to Walter about the Benchways Company's offer or the veranda-game matter, and he did not offer to say anything. He hurried away as soon as he had had his breakfast.

And Agatha Was Happy. She and Walter Were Happy All Through Their Honeymoon, and for Quite a Few Moons After That

Agatha gave the house a good cleaning, and at noon she was ready for her bridge crowd. Walter never came home to lunch, the Janes Company having a lunch service, and Agatha considered the weather doubtfully. The day was still warm—almost hot—but banks of clouds were gathering in the northwest. She waited until the last possible moment and then set up her tables in the living room.

Sara Spence arrived first, with Daphne Markham, and her first remark was: "In here? I hoped you'd have the tables on the veranda, Agatha!" and she and Daphne helped Agatha put the tables on the veranda. Joan Gale came next, and then Betty Blair, all dimples and smiles and quiet joy, and presently the others came, and the bridge was a perfect success. Nan Turner won the prize for high, and Daphne took the red-tomato pincushion. "I don't deserve all the credit," she said when Agatha handed her the booby prize; "the cards helped me."

"Betty," Agatha said when all were leaving, "stay a few minutes, will you? I want to ask you something."

"Of course!" Betty said, and when the others were gone: "What is it, Agatha?"

"Sit down," Agatha said, seating herself in one of the comfortable veranda chairs. "I want to ask you, Betty, what makes you such a happy woman."

"My dear!" Betty exclaimed. "Isn't everything as it should be with you and Walter?"

"How did you guess that?" Agatha asked.

"It would be that, if you're not happy, wouldn't it?" Betty asked. "That's where most women's unhappiness is, isn't it? It is why I am a happy woman, Agatha—I'm a happy wife. If you're married you can't be a happy woman unless you're a happy wife, can you?"

"No; that's it," said Agatha. "And it's not that I'm quite actually unhappy yet, Betty, but I'm so afraid unhappiness is coming. I've tried to avoid it, and I know that Walter tries, but I can feel it stealing upon us. Little irritabilities, and he frowns when we're discussing things ——"

"There! You see! Discussing things!" exclaimed Betty. "That's always the beginning. Agatha, don't you think I am quite perfectly happy?"

"I know you are," said Agatha. "You show it in every way."

"Do you want me to tell you my secret?"

"If you only would!"

"You don't know—and these others don't know—but I was the unhappiest wife in the world once, Agatha," Betty said. "I was so miserable! It seemed as if my life was going to be just ruined. We quarreled dreadfully, George and I. I was going home to my mother once.

"Going to leave your husband?" Agatha cried, aghast.

"Actually!" Betty smiled. "I thought I couldn't bear it another day. And suddenly I thought, 'What does it matter?' It came to me that it would be better to have Junior's head shaved and painted blue than that I should be so unhappy."

"Junior's head?" Agatha asked.

"His curls," Betty explained. "He had lovely curls—rich brown—but George thought boys shouldn't have curls. He said they ought to be cut off. And I said they should

(Continued on Page 48)

MATCHED PEARLS

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Jake Silby Made a Quick Estimate of the Man's Height, Weight and Dress, But He Obeyed His Commands

DONOVAN was none too hopeful of his errand. Through channels known to himself, he had learned that the man, Mike Lupata, slender, polite, murderous, after six months of eclipse had popped up in San Francisco as Michael Fox. He believed Lupata to be the Holgate bandit.

But he could not prove it.

This story cares little for the Holgate sapphires. Donovan, as jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity, which had insured them, still hoped to trace the stones, but the chances of tracing them to the thief looked slender.

The wire from San Francisco gave him an idea. Dismissing the sapphires from mind, he took the first train to the Coast.

For a while it looked as if Mike Lupata had again become a lost man. But the tree on which one grackle has rested another will find. Donovan learned of a little hotel in a side street sometimes sought out by crooks. Tearing out his tailor's labels, he stuffed them into the bowl of his pipe, thrust the pipe down the maw of his marked bag, and intrusted the bag to the St. Cashmere porter. Then, wandering into the smaller place, he registered as Jimmy Kimberley, city.

Later he asked to be changed to floor five, and received the key to Room 58, next to the corner; but that was because he had recognized a face. The lost grackle had followed his race to the grackle tree.

"My room has one window and overlooks an alley," he wrote O'Day, his immediate superior in Redelos. "Mike Lupata lives in the corner room and I come next. If you don't mind I'll stay here for a while. I'm not crazy. I'm not joining any gang, nor doing any shadow work. Not that at all. A crook would soon spot a tag. I'm just standing by, like an adding machine full of ciphers."

Again he wrote: "Don't worry about Mike Lupata. If he's the Holgate bandit, of course he would kill on sight. I'm not forgetting his police record. He's as harmless as a diamond-back, but he doesn't know me from Tubal Cain."

If Donovan had been asked to state more exactly his intention, he would have said whimsically that he was waiting for Mr. Fox to steal another sapphire. Detectives should seek their clews to a crime in advance instead of holding off until it is committed.

"Why give the thief all the chances? Why not find out about him before he rides off with your horse? You don't know it will be your horse, but what of that? If he's a professional horse thief, sooner or later he will steal somebody's horse. Why not expect him to do it and be ready for him? Espionage? Why not, upon dangerous crooks? They watch honest men in advance."

Because of his delicate duties, Donovan had tried to keep his lean Irish face from becoming familiar to criminals. He had written O'Day that Mike Lupata did not know him. Even the police, except those with whom he had worked, knew him only by name. His exploits had made him famous; but he himself could have marched up Broadway or State Street or Market without receiving a second glance, except from friends. As a consequence he did not have to bother with disguises. His purple sun glasses even were those he always wore in the desert. They would have deceived nobody.

Espionage is all very well, but to sit on the curb watching a brick in the street is not a restful occupation. The first week was followed by the second, and it by the third. Mike Lupata, killer and gem thief, loafed, gambled, went joy riding; but he stole no gems. Nothing had happened of importance to Redelos. Perhaps nothing would happen here.

On Wednesday of the fourth week Donovan wrote:

"I still have the room looking out on the alley. My mail address is still general delivery. The slender Mr. Fox remains my nearest neighbor. Of late he has turned rather surprisingly into a bookworm. Last night he came in with another load of books—the third in five days, from as many dealers. They say he buys only old Westerns."

Nothing had happened, nevertheless. Any bandit might buy a book. And then suddenly everything began to happen.

Donovan posted his letter in an obscure mail box and after dining returned to his hotel, where he sat for a while in the lobby smoking cigars until he could stand them no longer. Then he went to his room.

Had he waited a few hours to post his letter he might have said more in it. He might have reported, for one thing, the return to his room of the slender Mr. Fox, bookworm. He might have reported hearing him throw on his light. If he had waited until morning he might have reported going to bed and to sleep. Or the two odd incidents that broke his rest—he might have told of them, if he had waited until morning.

The first of these incidents began shortly before midnight, when he was awakened by covered sounds somewhere. The sounds were not loud, and even as he listened they ceased. They were followed after a little by the muffled sound of pounding, as if by a hammer upon folded cloth. These sounds seemed to come from the room to the south, occupied by Mike Lupata.

"He may be trying to rouse me," he decided, "but I think it unlikely. It sounds as if he were getting ready to move."

The noises irritated him; but instead of pounding upon the wall in return, he lay back listening to them. They ceased as abruptly as they had begun. Later he heard the man next door draw up his chair, probably to his table. After that for a while his movements became inaudible. But later still he heard someone outside walk up to the door and knock. The caller seemed to be expected; the man inside crossed at once to admit him. Whoever he was, he did not say. As his footsteps faded away down the hall, the man inside closed the door and locked it. Then came the sound of the switch as he turned off the lights.

The second incident, like the first, began with a covered sound somewhere, and as before, Donovan was awakened by it from a deep sleep. It came, he thought, from the direction of his own door, but whether loud or not, or whether inside or outside, he could not tell. He could not even be sure he had heard an actual sound. Sometimes our dreams are carried over into our waking moments until they seem reality. He lay back listening for a repetition of the sound that had roused him; then, hearing nothing, he decided that he had not heard any sound.

"Mike Lupata must be getting on my nerves, for me to dream of him. Still, if I dreamed that sound, what became of the rest of the dream? I remember nothing except the sound."

But he had not been dreaming. He drew the bedclothes about his shoulders, settled back into his pillow. Even as he relaxed he heard it again, as before

Mrs. Silby's Maid

from the direction of his own door—a tiny, covered sound as of the scraping of metal against metal, followed by a sneezelike click as some moving part in the lock escaped from control.

The sound drove all desire for sleep from his consciousness. If its significance was what it seemed, the hunted had become the hunter; although why the man next door should turn at bay on this Wednesday night he did not see. Possibly Mike Lupata had not done so. Some casual marauder might have happened along. But he did not know the man was not Lupata.

His first impulse was to show that he was awake by asking the sentry's question. The question would have stopped the sounds for that night, and probably for any, but it would have left him in darkness as to their source. His next impulse was to reach over to his coat pocket for his pistol, so as to capture the intruder when he entered the room. But that did not seem quite desirable either—if for no other reason, because of the resulting confusion. Such an act would bring him into contact with the police. He was not yet ready to make his presence known.

Or, instead of reaching for his pistol, he might reach for the wall switch at the head of his bed. When the intruder had gained entrance he might throw on the lights. But again the idea looked impracticable. He could indeed turn on the lights, but the other would know he had been seen. What Donovan wished was to identify the man secretly. He could think of no better way to do this than to close his eyes as if asleep.

After that he had only to listen for further sounds. These were slow in coming, but they did not fail him. The scraping sound of metal against metal, repeated after a long silence, was followed as before by the tiny sneeze of failure, and after that, two or three times again. Then came a different sound that he recognized clearly—the sound of a bolt shot back lightly from its seat. The door stood unlocked.

But if the man outside continued his movements without hurry and without noise, the man inside awaited him with the same watchful patience. Donovan listened, hearing nothing; then he heard the door knob turn. Later he heard the whisper of stiff hinges, followed by a fainter groping sound that may have come from a man's shoe sliding against the carpet. Probably if he had opened his eyes he would have seen light from the hall, although his room was reached by way of an unlighted elbow or passage not directly on it. He preferred not to risk finding out.

Then, instead of learning of the intruder's movements through his ears, suddenly he began learning of them through his nerves of touch, closed eyelids and nostrils. The first of these new sensations was caused by a movement of air. This, felt faintly upon his cheek, was succeeded by a distinct swirl as the man at the door stepped inside. The next had its origin in an electric torch—he felt the beam through his eyelids. The sensation of light was followed by that of odor—he caught a scent as of stale cigarette smoke lodged in clothing.

After that he returned to his sense of hearing for his knowledge. He knew through his ears that his bedroom was invaded farther, and later, when he heard the rustle of paper, that careful fingers were stealing through his coat pockets. But he had foreseen that danger. Not a letter in the room but bore Jimmy Kimberley's name.

His chance arrived when the intruder glanced at these letters. Donovan lay back waiting; and as his quick ears caught that new sound of handled paper, he stole a look through a crack under his eyelids.

What he saw was the swarthy face of the bookworm, illuminated by light thrown upon a page that Jimmy Kimberley himself had written. The face belonged to his neighbor in Room 59, the slender Mr. Fox, former convict, burglar, gem bandit and killer.

What He Saw Was the Swarthy Face of the Bookworm, Illuminated by Light Thrown Upon a Page That Jimmy Kimberley Himself Had Written

He did not again risk stealing a glance at Lupata. There was no need. The man's movements remained unhurried, but they somehow contained less of menace, now that the letters had been discovered. Lupata did not stop to read these. Later Donovan learned that he had taken them with him. Donovan heard him retreat toward the door, heard him pause as if to listen, felt the beam from his flash light across the eyelids. Then as before he heard the whisper of hinges, and felt the swirl of air as his visitor slipped through the doorway. After that all that he heard was the sound of wood closing upon wood, and the sound of the latch as the door knob eased it into its seat. He did hear one further sound connected with the visitation. He heard the sound of the light switch in Lupata's room; but whether to turn his lights on or off he could not tell.

II

PEARLS are soft and easily scratched. Acids dissolve them. Old age tears at their heart, even as it withers the youth of their owners, although more slowly. Even perspiration dims their luster. Compared with diamonds, whose fire will outlast the Himalayas, pearls are mere pellets of frozen wax, one minute gleaming upon the palm like globules of moonlight, the next darkening into something dull and dead. And yet men pay out fortunes for pearls, and thieves risk their lives to steal them.

Mrs. Silby's pearl necklace began its existence as a black substance resembling thin tar, valued because it could be sold for money. Jake Silby, her husband, obtained it along the edge of the Kettleman Plain, midway between the old San Luis Obispo turnpike and Panoche Valley, in California, where he was an oil operator. But the pearls going into the necklace were born near Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, on the bank known as the Mid-East Cheval Paar, and it was here they grew up into beauty.

Later they were brought to the light by Arab divers and taken to a town named Marichchikkaddi, not on the maps, to be sold. Marichchikkaddi for a few weeks during good years is the greatest pearl market in the world. It lies in the sand at the edge of the jungle near the mouth of the Moderagam River, eight miles by sea south of Sillavaturai, a city of ten thousand people. When these depart it turns back into sand.

From Ceylon the pearls filtered into Paris, a few one year, a few the next, where a jeweler brought them together for Jake Silby. The price? Call it half a million barrels of oil. Jewelers say that when one pearl is matched with another the value of each is doubled. Mrs. Silby's necklace consisted of ninety-seven matched pearls, including a central stone that weighed nearly that many grains, each of the translucent purity that men associate with the Ceylon banks. Bombay pearls, so-called, are yellower, as likewise are those from the Red Sea. Mary Stuart herself, whose pearls were the most beautiful in Europe, would have been proud to wear them.

It took Jake Silby's oil wells five months to earn the price of the necklace. Mrs. Silby lost it in less than five minutes, together with a brooch and six rings. The thief chose for the robbery a place impossible for him to have reached unobserved—the living room of Jake Silby's own suite at the Haddock Arms Hotel. Yet no one saw him enter and no one saw him leave. The Silbys found him there, awaiting their return from the opera, a wicked-looking revolver in his hand and a black mask over his face. Mrs. Silby's maid he had herded into a clothes closet behind lock and key.

"I'm sorry, but I must ask you for your pearls," he said.

Jake Silby made a quick estimate of the man's height, weight and dress, but he obeyed his commands. Later he described him as having sallow fingers and enlarged knuckles. Mrs. Silby was able to remember only that he was a large man and pointed his revolver at her. Later she spoke of his politeness.

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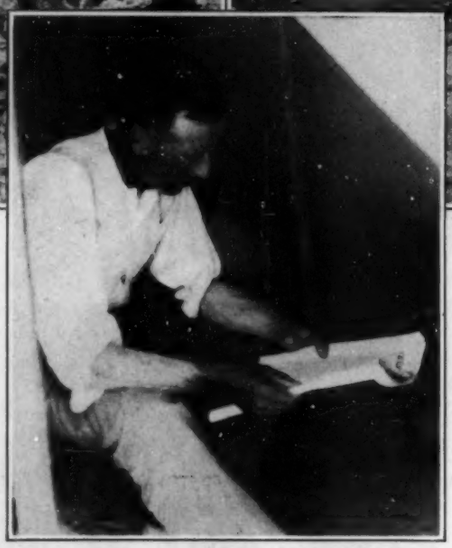
GOBI DEATH TRAPS

The Mastodon Quarry Two-Thirds Excavated

The Quarry Just After Beginning Work



Père Teilhard de Chardin, the Famous Jesuit Scientist

By Roy Chapman Andrews

REPORTS of a mysterious lake continually came to us when the Central Asiatic Expedition was in Mongolia during 1928. Natives said that its shores were covered with fossil bones; that it was far out in the dead sand dunes to the east, in a region so desolate that few Mongols had ever been there. The name was Tukhum Nor.

Native information is proverbially inaccurate, but we heard the tale so often that I decided to investigate. We sent out a Mongol who knew something about fossil bones, with instructions to find the lake and bring us specimens. He went on a pony, but lost himself in the trackless dunes. After wandering with little water and less food, he reached a Mongol yurt. He had had more than enough for that year. The next summer I started him off again, and that time he found the lake.

"There are many dragon bones," he reported. "Oh, a great many. The shores are covered with them. But it is a bad country. All yellow sand and no wells." To confirm his statements, he produced a bag of specimens. We identified giraffe, horse, rhinoceros and other species indicating a Pliocene formation—that is the geological period just preceding the Pleistocene, or Ice Age. Such strata were more interesting to us than any other, because in them we might hope to find the bones of primitive humans. "Hope," I say, for we never "expect" to find primate remains. It is too big a gamble for confidence. All we can do is to work and hope.

I organized the 1930 expedition with the region of this lake in view. In the heavy sand we would have to travel by camel, and we took only four cars. We were all set for a howling desert—dozens of water bags, huge wooden casks and all our gear arranged for caravan transport.

Red Tape in China

THIS I did during the winter in Peking. That was the easy part of it. The diplomatic negotiations were an entirely different matter. I used to say that financing an expedition was much more difficult than the fieldwork. But far be it from me to make such a statement now! Obtaining official permission to conduct scientific work in any part of Central Asia at present is infinitely more nerve-racking even than searching for the elusive dollar in the canyon of Wall Street. The previous year we had refused to go out under the restrictions imposed by the Chinese. The difficulties were solved eventually. Then, when it was all arranged, several Chinese generals in the north revolted against several Chinese generals in the south. That threw another wrench into the expedition's machinery. Having spent the entire winter trying to satisfy one party, it had to be done all over again with the new régime which controlled the north.

Even when I cabled Granger, Young and Thomson to leave New York for China by the first ship, I was by no means certain that we could go. It was then early April and the expedition ought already to have started for the Gobi. By the time the men reached Peking, in May, I had promises of all the permits. Having obtained them from both sides, we felt reasonably safe.

A Word From the Camelwise

BUT there was still another little matter to be adjusted. Getting the equipment and cars away from Peking and into and out of Kalgan, our starting point, put a permanent crimp in the expedition's finances. Eight tax offices in Kalgan alone took their toll. By the time they had finished with us I felt like a margin speculator after the stock-market crash. Still, someone has to pay for the fun the Chinese generals have in making war upon one another. And I don't mind stating that the Central Asiatic Expedition has done its share. They ought to be able to conduct several wars on what we had to contribute to the tax officials this year. All this by way of information for those who think that the Central Asian explorer is received with open arms in the Orient; for those who fondly imagine that he is given a hearty handclasp and sent off with loud cheers to sacrifice himself in the desert on the altar of science. I'm not grousing about it. I'm just stating facts which it is well to know.

We left Peking on May twenty-sixth. The camels, food and equipment awaited us at a temple called Hatt-in-Sumu, on the great plateau, one hundred and forty miles north of Kalgan. The camels were a majestic-looking lot. That is about the only word of praise as to his personal appearance that can be applied to a camel. He is majestic, but handsome he is not. He was made up of spare parts when the Creator had used everything else for regular animals.

Camels don't like white men. Apparently our body odor is extremely distasteful to them, and they evince the fact by spitting upon every visitor. To be spat upon by a camel is a joke only to the onlookers. The spitee feels very differently about it. Fortunately you can see it coming in time to run if you know the symptoms. When

Camels Arriving at Wolf Camp

a suspicious distention appears at the base of the long throat and begins to travel upward, a camel-wise man leaves the vicinity at once. We veterans of the expedition take a malicious delight in having new members initiated. Doctor Garber, our surgeon, got it first this year. In the performance of his duties he had to inspect the noses of several camels. One of them gave him such a bath of partly digested vegetation that he was washing himself for the best part of a day.

Our Mongol guide awaited us at Hatt-in-Sumu. He had reached the fossil-bearing lake from the south through the heavy sand, but had returned by a better route to the north. He believed that there the sand was hard enough to bear a motor. We might get within twenty-five or thirty miles of the lake, he thought. I decided to make a reconnaissance with two light cars before we went in with the whole expedition. Five of us started out the next day. At first we traveled over beautiful rolling grasslands dotted with herds of gazelles and flocks of demoiselle cranes doing their mating dance. Some Mongols and flocks of sheep, but surprisingly few. Country just like our West of a hundred years ago, minus only the buffalo. No fences, of course. I never have seen a fence of any kind in all Mongolia.

Car trouble stopped us for an hour, and we saw a wolf kill a sheep. The wolf dashed out from a ravine, separated two sheep and tore open the throat of one while the other stupidly stared at its dying companion. The herder ran into view and the wolf snatched a few hasty mouthfuls before it retired. The carcass was left on the hill slope. Mongols are superstitious about sheep killed by wolves. Only the poorest natives will eat one. It is bad luck.

The Author in Front of His Tent, Wolf Camp

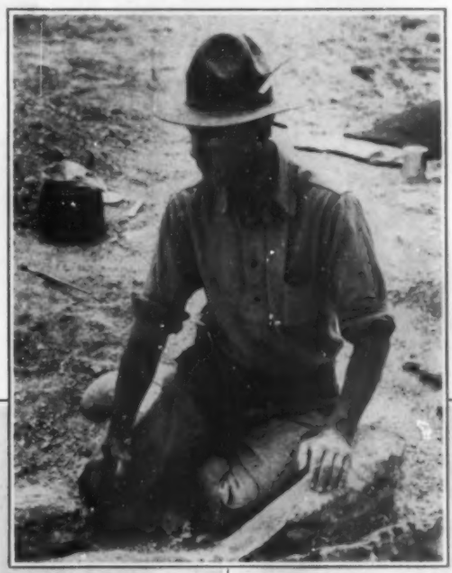
Lakes That Come and Go

AFTER a few miles, the grasslands ended and sand began. The Mongol was right when he said that it was a desolate country. Utterly God-forsaken, we called it. Just sand—sand basins, yellow dunes, sand plains. It was very hard going. Most of the way we had to push the cars on strips of canvas stretched in front of each wheel. The monotony of it was as bad as the work. Just push to the end of the canvas, spread it out and push again, hour after hour. The first twenty miles were the worst. After that we seemed not to mind so much. Perhaps we were too exhausted.

Eventually we reached the lake. During all the hard work we had comforted ourselves with visions of blue water margined by green grass; of breeding water fowl and whispering poplar trees. Reality: A shallow depression of sun-baked mud stained with alkali, surrounded by a waste of dunes and nigger-heads bathed in streaming heat waves. To complete the picture, a lone sheldrake sitting disconsolately in the exact center of the basin.

Our Mongol could hardly believe his eyes. He had seen it just after unusually hard rains in the summer, when the depression was full to overflowing. But that is like most desert lakes. Here today and gone tomorrow. One of the Western Gobi dried up while our topographer was mapping it!

The Mongol pointed to the south side of the basin, where he had found his fossils. An area of irregular gray hillocks marked the deposit. We plodded across the lake bed, walking on hot, sun-cracked mud resembling blocks of black, broken ice in an Arctic sea.



Our guide triumphantly indicated bits of scattered bone. He seemed awfully pleased with himself about something. I asked him why the smiles. "Here are the *lung gu*—dragon bones," he gurgled. "Many bones, many bones." My sainted aunt! So this was what we had pushed our way through miles of sand to see! A dry lake of stinking alkali mud, and fossils enough to fill a gasoline box—no more! The few bones there were had been crushed and broken into fragments before they were deposited some millions of years ago. The stuff was valueless except to determine the age of the formation.

As we inspected the exposure, all of us wondered where the Mongol could have found the teeth and bones which had enticed us there. He explained that it was only after long search that he made his collection; moreover, that he had taken all the good things. We admitted that; there certainly wasn't much left.

Crowded Motors in the Desert

AFTER a little, we began to see the humor of it all. It was just another experience with native information. We had had plenty before, and might have known better. Still, the things he brought back were distinctly good, and there was comfort in having that alibi. It was disappointing—extremely so—but that was about all. Had the entire expedition wasted several weeks by going there on camels, we could not have laughed so heartily. As it was, we would push ourselves out of the sand and begin again.

Returning to Hatt-in-Sumu, I started the camels northward into a region we had roughly explored in 1928. Soon after, we followed. Five of the men had to go with the caravan. Fourteen rode on the cars. The motors looked like giant spiders, for the legs and arms of our Chinese assistants projected at all angles. They had to glue themselves to the loads wherever they could find a sticking place. We had expected to do but little traveling by car, and the failure of our lake project necessitated a reorganization of the entire expedition.

The course was set northeast over ground made familiar by our 1928 explorations. The route had been mapped at that time, so that now we could travel rapidly, unretarded by topographic work. The first evening we slept under the stars one hundred and thirty miles from Hatt-in-Sumu. Next day we were at Mastodon Camp. The tents were pitched on the edge of a gray limestone

(Continued on Page 121)

Two Views of the "Bad Lands" on the Edge of Which Wolf Camp Was Pitched. Above—Roy Chapman Andrews With a Mastodon Jaw

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

MR. McLAUGHLIN removed his glasses and wiped them and sat holding them in his hand. His fat, firm, old face was rich with gratification. A smile broadened his lips, and in his bright blue eyes under the tufted white brows lay a boyish light of happiness. It seemed almost as though a ray of sunshine lit the rain-dimmed world, for water poured in sheets against the office windows and across the front of the Llamarada. But Mr. McLaughlin was unaware of downpour. He had done it! In times none too good, with a load of debt and risk on his shoulders, with the public uncertain, coy and hard to please, he had pulled it off! The Llamarada Motion Picture Palace, Hilltown's movie, was out of debt, her own mistress, and free. The small, beautiful, perfectly appointed and perfectly equipped theater was one of the finest things in the town, and it was his!

Now, in the years left to him, he would be secure. With careful management, with good judgment and attention to detail, he would be able to keep the theater open every night in the week, and to build slowly and carefully that reserve essential to the peace of mind of the canny Hoosier.

Gratefully, with a sense of the dramatic which invests each man's own affairs, he thought back over his humble career, in the old town nested between green hills and a shining river, with the limestone mill and quarries lying on the outer edge of it, with the clean, sun-bleached square about its pile of courthouse, with the tidy, well-kept, small stores, the ranging, well-kept, white-painted houses under great trees. He thought of his boyhood, going barefoot all summer, fishing in the river, riding once, all day, in a farm wagon, to see the river in flood at Sugar Ridge, where the bluffs gave a great view of miles of turbulent water; growing up, a young man, clerking in a store, saving his money dollar by dollar; marrying and starting out at last, with only a few hundred dollars in capital, in the old tin-roofed theater that had given so much pleasure to the town. A generation had relaxed, wept, laughed and courted under the corrugated-iron ceiling, had married and brought back their own progeny.

His own history was, in small type, the history of an incredible industry. For all through the years he and his wife had planned and talked of the new theater, had never ceased looking forward to the time when they could build it. From the old one-reel Westerns, the pie-throwing comedies and buffoonery, he had known all of it, down to the most elaborate, all-color, all-talking, singing and dancing picture, displayed on an aluminum screen to an audience comfortable in a ventilated, roomy theater, in upholstered orchestra seats—a discriminating, exacting audience. He had used acetylene tanks and then gasoline for his arc lights. He had run the simple machines while mamma took in tickets at the door. There were no ushers, back in the old days. An electric piano had been a great venture, and received by an untrained audience with real joy.

Mr. McLaughlin felt it keenly that his wife had not lived to see the new theater—the talk, the dream of all their years together. She had never heard a sound picture, never seen colors on the screen. All the mysteries of the modern projection room, under the competent hands of Jobe, the Llamarada operator, were mysteries still to her, unless, as he sometimes hoped, she had attained to a more perfect and celestial performance, beautiful beyond man's making. The absorption he had had to give the new theater, the care and thought and love he had bestowed upon it, had been substitution and compensation to him, so that his sorrow was paler after some years; now no more than regret and loneliness.

Everyone had told him he couldn't do it, he remembered, exultingly. Hilltown wouldn't pay thirty-five and fifty cents for a show; the town was not rich enough; he would lose his money and his business—but now he was clear and free of debt. The Llamarada had bought its own way out, with cars before the doors from every neighboring town, with ushers and a fine pipe organ, and Miss Pitcain at the ticket window every night in the week. It was a dream come true, and Mr. McLaughlin's heart was warm with pride.

He felt the need of congratulations. He took the carefully made statement of costs, expenditures, earnings and profit, notes and interest paid, with its proud total—a fifty-thousand-dollar theater free and clear of encumbrance—in his hand and went out into the lobby of the theater. It was late afternoon. He could hear the organist practicing. Bill Kinney, the janitor, was scrubbing the tile floor of the lobby, but Bill, with his slow movements and limited mind, was not the audience Mr. McLaughlin craved. In the ticket booth, with the door open behind her, Miss Pitcain was ripping the tight blue tubes of nickels open, filling her cash drawer, preparing for the evening performance with her usual forehandedness. Her small wet rubbers stood toe by toe just beneath her counter. Her umbrella was leaving a little spot on the floor. Her hair, about her face, curled damply. She turned and smiled at Mr. McLaughlin, and he went to her at once. She was in her middle years—a slender, straight, meticulous woman, whose faded blue eyes, behind the gold rims of her glasses, had finally become so endangered with close reading that she had had to give up her profession of teaching.

Mr. McLaughlin did not know at all why there was something about Miss Pitcain which always reminded him vaguely of his wife, unless it was their common quality of moral rigidity, that virtue and chastity so esteemed in women by Mr. McLaughlin's generation. They were not alike in other ways. Mrs. McLaughlin had been small, plump, with curly

"Go Take Up Your Option, for All I Care. I'll Have No Dealings With You or Your Company!"

bright red hair, and she had been very bossy and definite about everything, while Miss Pitcain was smooth and slender, modest in her views, reserving her opinions carefully in the fastnesses of her own mind. She was a pretty woman, and known to be, on occasion, affectionate and demonstrative. And like Mrs. McLaughlin, she was a good woman, a churchgoer, with great personal rectitude.

Mr. McLaughlin beamed with pleasure as he handed her the statement he had just finished making. Miss Pitcain took it and looked at it a long moment in silence, and then lifted her kindly, faded eyes, and said:

"It makes you very happy, doesn't it? And I think it is wonderful, Mr. McLaughlin. You started with nothing, when you were a young man. And now you are full owner of this fine theater, and you deserve congratulations."

"Oh, it isn't much, as the world goes," said Mr. McLaughlin, sheepish with pride and pleasure.

"But to have accomplished it without ever having done an unkind or a dishonest thing! That's what is marvelous to me. Many men succeed, with things behind them they never want to think about. But you've always been good to everyone—thought of the town and other people. That's why it makes you so happy now."

"I thought we might have a party." He was becoming positively reckless. "Thought I might celebrate a little. This is Saturday. Let's have a dinner at the hotel Sunday noon, and have a good one. You order and plan it for me, will you, Miss Pitcain? I don't know what the youngsters would like to eat. I'll send a wire off to Virginia and Richard, in New York, so they won't feel left out. And Ruth and Jobe will be here, of course, and the two new ushers, and I think we ought to ask Bill to bring his wife, don't you?"

"I do, indeed. She probably hasn't had a dinner at the hotel in years."

"And let's get everybody a present. You go downtown now and see what you can find. About five dollars for each one—nicely tied up—just for a surprise. At the dinner, I'll make an announcement about a small increase in wages ——" Sanity returned to him. He grew more cautious. "Not much," he said hastily. "I've got to build up a reserve, but I said that everyone should have a bonus when the theater was out of debt, and I think an increase in pay is the best way to do it, don't you?"

"Nothing could be nicer."

They smiled at each other again. An inexplicable shyness seemed to envelope Miss Pitcain. Mr. McLaughlin said, a little loudly, "You fix it up then, and I'll pay the bill. Make it a nice meal—two dollars each won't be too much to pay."

"We could have some flowers for that, and I'll go now and get the gifts. I know what the girls will like, and Mrs. Kinney, but I'm not sure about Jobe ——"

Miss Pitcain already had an idea in her mind, and at the party, the next day, Mr. McLaughlin was overcome with confusion when the staff, with Miss Pitcain as agent, solemnly presented him with a solid gold watch fob, engraved by the local jeweler, who had sat up half the night to finish it:

FOR MR. MCLAUGHLIN, FROM THE STAFF
THE LLAMARADA

They were all very happy. Rain poured over the hotel and the town—a late-winter rain, cold and penetrating. But it was warm and dry indoors, and though Mr. McLaughlin's eyes were as wet as the heavens, his heart was as warm as a stove. Mrs. Kinney, faded and worn, and somewhat bleak from years of poverty and too many children, was the happiest person of them all, in a stiffly starched clean house dress and some old coral beads, with Miss Pitcain beside her, doing all that she could to make Bill know how much Mr. McLaughlin appreciated them both.

Miss Pitcain So Forgot Herself as to Throw Both Arms Around His Neck and Kiss Him on Both Cheeks!

Happy, and gratified, and strong. There was not another theater within twenty miles. There was no competition, except the occasional tent shows and the basket-ball games in the winter. The Llamarada was an institution, an important part of the community, the light and brightness, the amusement and forgetting, the open door between the hill-and-river-inclosed town and the great world. Sober Hilltown men and women forgot themselves a little, with self-commendation and some excitement, to see a girl dancing on a table in a cabaret on the screen. Music-starved, they listened to the reproduced orchestrations that accompanied the pictures, and to the organ, with unfailing satisfaction. And went home, after the show, thinking how wild the world was, and how safe they were—how good—in Hilltown!

On Monday morning there was a rift in the lute. A cloud on the horizon, in a world gray with clouds, would hardly be a likely simile, but there was the sudden distant call of bugles ——

Mr. McLaughlin, coming down to the theater at about eleven o'clock, parking his closed car near the door and scooting across to cover, in the rain, to unlock the great doors, to go in, as he always did, and turn on the lights and look at the theater for a moment, alone, as a miser counts his gold—Mr. McLaughlin, coming thus early to his darling, his bride, his pride and his joy, found two very well-dressed men waiting to talk to him. They were a little wet, shaking their hats, feeling of damp sleeves, commenting on the weather.

They introduced themselves as Mr. Ablebaum and Mr. Ogilvie, and one of them was Irish. They were strong men, with smooth, controlled, pleasant faces and pleasant manners. Mr. McLaughlin shook hands with them and took them into his own office. It was not yet the time of year for the making of contracts, but he thought they were salesmen, wanting to sell him a wonderful new line of titles. But that was not their business. They had been going by, and stopped to see his theater, they said. They had heard he had the finest playhouse in any small city in the state. With childish pride he took them over the building, raised and lowered the scarlet velvet and the blue silk curtains, displayed his screen, showed them the organ and the ventilators, the glittering perfection of the projection room. They knew theaters. Their comments and praise were well given, well taken, and after an agreeable hour or so in the building, they returned to the office, Mr. McLaughlin expansive, boasting a little, entirely unaware. And then the bomb was thrown.

"We're from Michigan Theaters, Inc.," said Mr. Ablebaum gently, and a chill wind blew down Mr. McLaughlin's neck. "We've been keeping our eye on you down here. You have done much better than we expected you to do. There have been scouts, now and then. We want a theater in this part of the state, and thought you might like to sell out. We'll pay you well. No trouble about price. It's better to buy than build, though labor and material costs are off a little since you put this place up."

Mr. McLaughlin was rigid. These were the people that had crowded out Homer, at Sugar Ridge. These were the people that now owned two of the three movies in University City. These were the chain movies—the octopus—the great, rich, ruthless company. They could buy pictures better than he could buy them, for they bought for a hundred theaters at a time. They could make contracts he could never touch. And they wanted a theater in Hilltown!

"No, no!" he said instinctively, quickly. "I don't want to sell!"

"Not for cash—for a quick profit? Of course, we would only make one condition—that you wouldn't open a theater in competition to us. Otherwise, your own terms on everything."

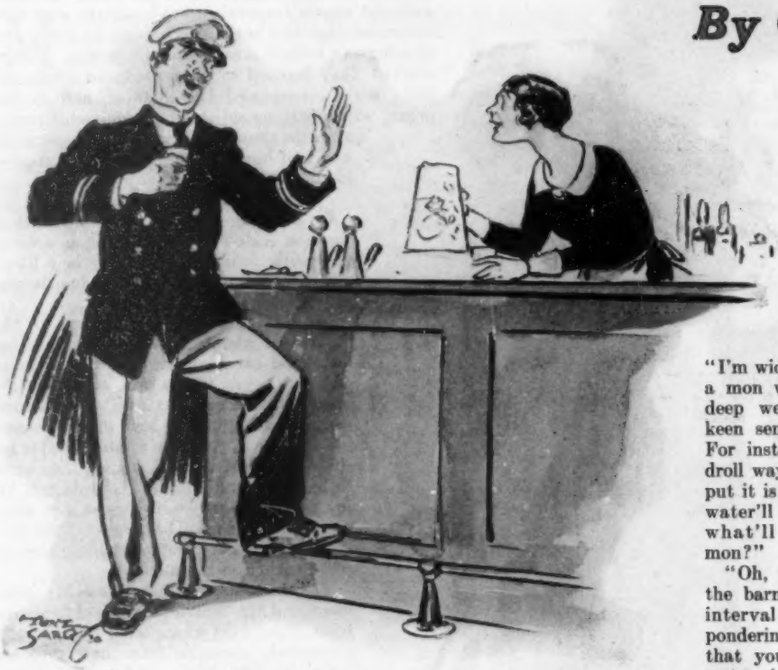
"No. Not for anything. What would I do?"

"Take it easy," said the Irishman, pleasantly enough, "enjoy yourself. Go to Florida next winter and play golf."

(Continued on Page 112)

THE SNYKE IN THE GRASS

By GUY GILPATRIC



ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I'm No' Sae Extravagant as to Dilute My Whusky Either Before or After Taking"

OVER the way from the dockyards on West India Road, Poplar-on-Thames, there stands a house built of red bricks, the mortar between them painted white. Above the doorway swings a sign which bears the likeness of a four-bladed propeller and the legend The Shipwright's Arms. In a region grown grimy through years of soft-coal soot belched from tall ships marching down to the sea, the place presents a grateful contrast of neatness. Curtains and potted geraniums are in the lower windows, and one of them, in addition, is graced with a beautiful picture. This is a lithograph in full color, suitable for framing, of Robert the Bruce, brandishing a mighty claymore with his left hand and a quart bottle of Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch with his right.

It was the lithograph, and not the sign, which caught Mr. Glencannon's eye that day, as, relaxing in leisure, he strolled down the street from the yards. The S. S. Incheliffe Castle, of which he was chief engineer, was resting on keel and bilge blocks in dry dock, there to undergo a much needed refitting. For the nonce, Mr. Glencannon was free to rove as he listed.

"Foosh," he commented, pausing to admire the portrait of the Highland chieftain. "A braw bit o' art, indeed! 'Tis lifelike, lusty and speerited—aye, and altogeether deesairving o' my patronage." Whereupon he pushed open the white-painted door and found himself in a bar parlor neat as a pin, the beer pump scoured till its brass was as purest gold, and the ranks of glasses on the shelves polished to scintillant crystal. The barmaid was the very personification of scrubbed, starched and laundered spruceness, from her spotless linen cuffs to her soap-ruddied countenance.

"Guid morning, muss," said Mr. Glencannon, touching his cap visor. "I'll thank ye for a dollop o' Duggan's. Nice weather we're having." And then, as she reached for pitcher and water glass, "Ah, dinna trouble yersel', muss, dinna trouble yersel'—I'm no' sae extravagant as to dilute my whusky either before or after taking."

"'Before or arfter tyking'—lawks!" she giggled. "Just farncy! Oh, ayn't you the comical joker, though?"

"Weel, muss," said Mr. Glencannon, unfolding to her approbation like a morning-glory to the dawn, "I'm widely known as a mon who combines deep weesdom wi' a keen sense o' humor. For instance, another droll way I sometimes put it is to say that if water'll sink a ship, what'll it do to a mon?"

"Oh, tee-hee," said the barmaid after an interval of profound pondering. "I tyke it that you mean that water sinks ships and drowns men—is that it?"

"Yes, but wait!" chuckled Mr. Glencannon, wrinkling his eyes at the corners and preparing to launch a final and devastating shaft of wit. "Ye've often heard o' drunken men and sound ships, but did ye ever hear o' a sunken mon or a drowned ship? Haw, muss, haw! D'ye get the point? Ye see, I mak' the joke simply by changing the *d*'s and the *s*'s."

The humor and ingenuity of this sally appealed so strongly to the barmaid that she screamed with laughter. But at the very crescendo of her outburst there came a voice from the distances beyond.

"'Ortense!" it said admonishingly. "Remember you're a lydy and that this 'ere is a respectable 'ouse."

In the awkward silence which followed, Mr. Glencannon filled his glass again and glanced apprehensively toward the door.

"It's aunty," whispered Miss Hortense, busying herself with the bar towel. "She'll not stand for no skylarking with the gempmen, aunty won't!"

Mr. Glencannon, whose head at that moment happened to be tilted back, found his eyes focused upon a framed document which hung on the wall behind the bar. It was an excise license, by which permission to sell brewed, fermented and distilled liquors was granted to one Myrtle Bootle, spinster, West India Road, Poplar-on-Thames, London, E. Though his glass was empty, Mr. Glencannon still held it to his lips.

He read the document again, and gave vent to a gusty sigh. His æsthetic soul was touched, for never, never had he encountered a name so lovely, so liquidly lilting, as Myrtle Bootle.

"Myrtle Bootle," he repeated aloud, as though reciting a sonnet. "Bootle — Myrtle — Myrtle Bootle ——"

"Yus," explained Miss Hortense, "my Aunt Myrtle—'er as owns this pub. 'Ere she comes now."

A purposeful step sounded in the hall. The door opened, and in swept a woman at once ample, majestic and formidable. Mr. Glencannon, in his admiration, at first likened her to H.M.S. Iron Duke; but then, hastily estimating her tonnage, and taking in the full effect of her black satin dress and her necklace of red coral, he revised his decision in favor of the Aquitania.

"Good arfternoon, sir," she said coldly. "Is everything as it should be, 'Ortense dear?" and she fixed the barmaid with a piercing gaze.

"Ah, noo, noo, o' course it is!" Mr. Glencannon interceded. "It was only that yere intelligent little niece was so guid as to laugh as some o' my jests and japeries. My name is Glencannon, mudum. I'm chief o' the Inchcliffe Castle, which is over the way in yon dry dock."

"'Strewth, aunty, it's syme's the gempman says," Hortense confirmed him. "Oh, but 'e's a comic one for fair, 'e is!"

"It's Your Plain Juty to Break This Up and Keep Him From Getting Married"

With a Preliminary Flourish, He Commenced Whacking Lustily Upon the Top of His Head With the Spoon Bowl

"Is 'e indeed?" inquired Miss Bootle, melting a trifle. "Well, in that eyse I'm very glad to 'ave you as a guest of the 'ouse, Mr. Glencannon. This 'ere's a new plyce, and we welcome tryde, but I do try so 'ard to myntyne respectability. Arfter orl, it's the decent pubs like this which is the cornerstone o' the British Hempire, so to s'y, so let's keep 'em so, says I."

"Aye, a vurra comeendable seentiment," agreed Mr. Glencannon, who had been hanging on her words. "Will ye no' sit doon at yon table, Muss Bootle, and honor me by accepting a lemon sqush?"

Miss Bootle was about to decline, but so courtly was Mr. Glencannon's bow as he pulled back the chair that she changed her mind and seated herself.

"A lemon squash would be very refreshink," she said. "Mix it wif splarsh instead of water, 'Ortense dear, and fetch over Mr. Glencannon's bottle so's all will be 'andy and convenient." Then, lowering her voice that her niece might not hear, "Do you know," she said, "it's a pleasure, Mr. Glencannon, to myke the acquyntance of a cultured and cultivyted gempman like you, arfter orl the waterside riffrarff that the 'ouse is forced to e'yter to?"

"Ah, noo, Muss Bootle, ye're vurra kind," said Mr. Glencannon blushing.

Myrtle Bootle was blushing too.

Somewhere out beyond the docks, a passing tugboat hooted a signal—two long blasts and a short one. The barmaid glanced quickly at her aunt, but Miss Bootle seemed not to have heard it. The tugboat blew again, this time petulantly. Then, discouraged, it went snorting on its way down stream.

II

IN THE smoke-filled depths of the dry dock, a gang of men were wielding scaling hammers against the Inchcliffe Castle's rusty plates, and a pneumatic rivet gun was singing its staccato song above the general din. It was Bedlam thrice multiplied, with Ypres and Jutland thrown in for good measure.

"What's this I hear about Mr. Glencannon?" asked Captain Ball, lighting a cigar and settling himself on the edge of his bunk. "Mr. Swales tells me he's keeping company with a woman or something."

"Mr. Glencannon is? Why, the ugly Scotch behemoth!" exclaimed Mr. Montgomery, the Castle's first officer. "I 'adn't 'eard about it, sir. 'Oo is she, anyw'y?"

"I don't know, exactly, and that's the trouble," frowned Captain Ball. "They say she's in some pub on West India Road. From what I hear, we're likely to lose him, next trip or the trip after."

"Three cheers for that!" exclaimed Mr. Montgomery with deep feeling.

"Oh, now, see here!" protested Captain Ball. "I know that you and him are antagonostic, so to say, but you'll have to admit that he's the best engineer 'twixt hell and the Hooghly River. The ship can't spare him, Mr. Montgomery. It's your plain juty to break this up and keep him from getting married. That's what I got you in here about."

"Orl right, sir, orl right, if you s'y so, sir," said Mr. Montgomery with a grimace. "But I carn't see 'ow it's any of my business."

Captain Ball raised his eyebrows. "Mr. Mate," he said icily, "I've already told you where your juty lays."

"Well," sulked Mr. Montgomery, reaching for his cap, "I'll see wot I can do, sir, but I mykes no promises."

When the door had closed behind him he paused for a moment upon the deck. Gradually a purposeful light kindled in his eye, and in his pockets his hands doubled into fists.

"I'll fix 'im!" he muttered. "I'll fix 'im so 'e's fixed for life, and juty be blowed!" Crossing the gangplank to the dry dock's edge, he headed for West India Road.

The Shipwright's Arms was empty save for a barmaid who wore starched cuffs and a strangely preoccupied mien. As she drew Mr. Montgomery's beer and scraped off the foam with the lather stick, she emitted a thin, whispery sigh.

"Aha!" said the mate to himself. "The young lydy's lovesick, that's wot!" And then, aloud, "Nice little plyce you 'ave 'ere, Miss—er—Miss ——"

"Miss Bootle," said the barmaid absently, her eyes fixed upon the opposite wall.

"Pleased to myke your acquyntance, Miss Bootle. I'm Mr. Montgomery of the Inchcliffe Castle."

At the name, the barmaid almost dropped a glass. "Inchcliffe Castle? Oh, why, yus, Mr. Montgomery, I've 'eard Mr. Glencannon speak of you."

"Oh, Mr. Glencannon!" said Mr. Montgomery enthusiastically. "A very charming gempman. 'E's a rare spirit, and the brightest man on our ship, miss; indeed 'e's probably the grytest engineer on the seven seas tod'y."

At this praise of Mr. Glencannon, Miss Hortense stopped polishing glasses and leaned eagerly on the bar. Mr. Montgomery, warming to his task, waxed eloquent. According to him, the engineer was a paragon of all the manly virtues, and even of those customarily reserved for saints. Miss Hortense drank it all in, though along toward the end, had Mr. Montgomery only observed it, she was swallowing hard. Also, what he mistook for the sparkle of love light in her eyes might well have been a rising tide of tears. But he paid for his drink and departed, flattering himself upon a job well done.

"There," he said. "Now I know 'oo she is. And she knows that 'e's the grytest man 'oo ever lived—though of course 'e's told 'er so 'imself. Oh, I'll 'elp 'er 'ook 'im, I will!"

Meanwhile, Miss Hortense had crossed the room and cautiously pushed open a wicket in the wall through which, upon occasion, drinks could be passed to the private parlor in the rear.

Through the opening she beheld Mr. Glencannon, seated in a red plush chair. Miss Myrtle Bootle was massaging his head with Macassar oil, a considerable quantity of which flowed down to lubricate his celluloid collar.

"'E's in 'er clutches," sniffled Miss Hortense, dabbing at the corner of her eye with the bar towel. "It's just the syme as Samson and Delilah. Orl she's arfter is more business for the 'ouse."

"Ah, yes, my hair's a wee bit thin on the top, I ken it weel," Mr. Glencannon was saying. "It got blown awa', if ye'll believe me, Muss Bootle, in the course o' the hurricane which deevasted the unhappy island o' Porto Rico in the year nineteen hoonderd an' twenty-seeven. Ah, whoosh, but yon was a feerocious wind!" He groped in his pocket for his pipe, and when he had found it, Miss Bootle playfully captured it, filled it for him, and then held the match until it was gurglingly aglow.

"Oh, you seafaring men do 'ave such thrilling hexperiences!" she said. "I do wish you'd tell orl your

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Through the Opening She Beheld Mr. Glencannon, Seated in a Red Plush Chair. Miss Myrtle Bootle Was Massaging His Head With Macassar Oil

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues), Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $5.00 the Year, Two Years for $9.00, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

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Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 25, 1930

The Revolution in Argentina

THE revolution in Argentina affords another illustration of the social effect of a heavy reduction of the national income. Whenever prosperity is low the temptation to change the government rises. Sometimes merely the responsible officials of the government are changed; in more extreme cases the form of government. In Poland a dictator was set up; in Spain a dictator was set up and later removed; in Argentina the president and the members of his administration were removed in a popular revolt which did not change the form of government. If one uses the term "revolution" to describe any change in government by force, then the removal of the president of Argentina was a revolution. The deposed president was an extremist in many respects, and had carried through many arbitrary and erratic executive acts. But behind the dissatisfaction with the president stood the profound agricultural depression of the country.

Argentina, like Australia and South Africa, is a debtor country, still in the extractive stage of development. Her imports must be paid for largely by exports of farm products. Unlike Australia and South Africa, Argentina produces no gold to export. When exports do not more than cover imports, then the interest on foreign borrowings, and possibly imports, must be financed through fresh borrowings, or at least through refundings, or gold exported.

The heavy decline in prices of wool, wheat and other raw materials has greatly reduced the value of exports and the national income of Argentina and Australia. The corresponding effect upon the balance of trade provoked the inevitable reflection in the exchange rates. In order to sustain imports gold had to be exported and credits contracted abroad. When imports were restrained in order to reduce the adverse balance of trade, as was especially undertaken in Australia, the revenue of the state was reduced. To the agriculturists of these countries particularly, but also to all classes, the profound disappointment in the situation lay in the fact that, though the prices of the finished goods they exported were low, the prices of the finished goods they imported remained relatively high. In a particular manner Argentina and Australia have suffered under the disparity between the prices of raw materials and of finished goods, which involved the balance of international trade, the revenue of the state and the domestic income of the country.

Behind this agricultural distress stands a more or less indefinite, but important, conflict between the large landowners—the estate or plantation owners—and the small landowner, or individual farmer. This is clearly revealed in Argentina, Australia and South Africa, as well as in Brazil, the West Indies and the East Indies. The prices of wool, wheat, hides, coffee, rubber and sugar have declined greatly as a result of relative overproduction. In order to check these declines and restore better prices, the producers, with or without the governments, endeavor to control marketing, or adjust supply to demand, or both. Such measures tend to spring from the large estates rather than from the small growers. They tend, possibly, to favor large rather than small landowners, or at least the small producers so interpret the controls. Behind the picture of agricultural distress in Argentina also stands the social conflict between the large *estancia* and the movement for subdivision of the land. The new Argentine government is conservative.

It is interesting to contrast the reactions of Argentina and Australia under stress of economic crisis. Australia invites a conference with her leading creditor, Great Britain; a responsible representative of British banking visits Australia, confers with the Commonwealth and state governments, and works out a financial and fiscal program designed to meet the needs of that continent. In Argentina the president is deposed. Obviously, the economic problem of Argentina, and the value of the peso, remain untouched. In Australia the governments may be changed through orderly election, but the economic problem is approached first.

Short-Term Fallacy

ONE courageous result of the late-summer and early-fall primary elections was the rejection by the voters of the Republican Party in a New England State of the supposedly sacred tradition that no man should fill the very short gubernatorial term of office more than once. There were three candidates for the nomination, the likely choice lying between two, each a man of high character and ability. One, however, had already served as governor most acceptably, but he was vigorously attacked on that very ground, as though high public office should be passed around from person to person. This crude and naïve theory of government was rejected by a sufficient number of voters, many of them casting their ballots as they did for the very purpose of destroying a tradition which inevitably discounts experience and demonstrated ability to attend to the state's business.

One of the strange relics left over from the anti-class theories and practices of our early pioneer democracy is the idea that as many people as possible should hold office. Thus we have the one-term prepossession and the short term as crystallized in law. Surely anyone familiar with the intricacies of modern government must realize the lack of fitness in electing governors and legislators for terms of two years only. Too heavy a premium is placed on political expediency as well as inexperience. Just as the incumbent begins to learn how to handle his job he is forced to campaign for reëlection. Indeed, the suggestion is worth discussing whether the presidential term itself should not be extended to six years. In such case it might be necessary to limit the incumbency of any one man to a single term, but he would then have a reasonable span of years to carry out his program, with no necessity, as now, to begin a campaign for reëlection when only halfway through.

We merely suggest this in passing. Our main idea is to emphasize the weakness in the old system of handing around offices and in paying meager salaries for expert work. The idea is antiquated, and the payment of ridiculously inadequate salaries to governors, prosecuting attorneys and other similar public servants is no longer even democratic; it is merely slipshod and stupid. How can states, counties and cities expect to compete with the criminal on anything like even terms when reliance is placed so largely upon young, inexperienced and nearly always scantily paid prosecutors? There are localities in which the prosecutors' shabby salaries might have got by in 1830, but which serve no purpose in 1930 except to give young lawyers training. No craftsman can work effectively with poor tools. If society wishes to cope with crime and other pressing problems it must provide itself with up-to-date equipment. If it wants protection the work must not only be decently paid for but must have about it the permanency of a career, which alone insures experience, skill and prestige.

Baby Golf

DURING a period when such grave subjects as unemployment, the drought and prohibition enforcement have engaged general attention, a form of necessary relief in the way of light comedy has been furnished by the sudden craze for miniature golf. We do not mean to speak at all disrespectfully of bob, baby or Lilliputian golf, as it is variously termed. As a game or sport, it no doubt has a real place, or at least a right to win its way. The American people do not believe in monopolies, or vested interests, or fixed aristocracies. This is a democratic country, and the central idea applies to sport no less than to government and equal opportunity. The automobile did not remain the property of any one group or class except for a very short time. It has become completely democratized, and apparently golf is in a fair way of becoming equally available, in one form or another.

Such, at least, might be described as the larger and more charitable view of the subject. But a sneaking serpent of suspicion enters the Eden of democratic golf. Many new games prove to be mere passing fads. They run through a craze or fever and then depart as suddenly and unexpectedly as they came. Miniature golf may prove to be such, or it may not. But the uncertainty is real enough to make the judicious grieve at the rapidity with which land has succumbed to the epidemic. For, after all, many of these courses are far from beautiful. There are notable exceptions; miniature courses are of all kinds and descriptions.

What they will resemble after the craze abates, if it should die down, is quite beyond our power to say. And here is where the subject takes on a measure of seriousness. We admit that it is wholesome for people to have new amusements and even to be amused at their own amusement. Cartoonists and humorists must have fresh material to work with. But there is real economic waste in overdoing these new forms of entertainment. Assume that miniature golf is not a mere passing fad, and even then it may be safely asserted that too many of the new courses have been built in certain localities.

When courses are rushed to completion late in September in northern altitudes where snow may fly within a month or so, there is wonder concerning the distribution of ordinary common sense. The sane relation of supply to demand seems almost beyond the powers of the human race. The way a good thing is done to death and the way in which bitter disappointment and loss of capital follow the heedless, ignorant rush into a new business are among the most tragic realities of life.

The Price Level of Raw Materials

By ALONZO E. TAYLOR

BUSINESS stands in a quandary, provoked by international decline in prices of raw materials. Is the decline to continue, is recovery to be anticipated, or are prices to become stabilized around the present level? It is not possible to hold an opinion on the outcome without some reference to the cause. The topic has provoked considerable warmth of discussion, but it is light and not heat which is needed.

We do not possess a really representative index number of the international price level of raw materials. Such an international index number would need to be weighted to take account of wide differences in value levels, in quantities of production and methods of price registration, whether on commodity exchanges, on auction markets, or through trade associations. Also, artificial controls and regulations would need to be taken into account. The index number of The Economist—a British index number, heavily weighted with raw materials—has declined from 153 at the close of 1925 to 112 in midsummer of 1930, with 1913 equal to 100. This corresponds to a decline of about 27 per cent.

The prices of raw materials declined precipitously during 1920–21. Thereafter developed over several years—for many materials, at least—a tendency toward improvement. Most of the unsettled currencies of the important countries were restabilized before 1926.

In most countries the all-commodity, wholesale-price index numbers were transferred from 1913 to 1926 as the base line, because it appeared that price levels had become relatively restabilized. Since then, however, the prices of many important raw materials have declined, and the recessions have been accentuated during the fiscal year 1929–30.

Examples are more illustrative than blanket figures. The prices of a number of commodities have approached, equaled, or fallen below the lowest dollar prices of the century. Prominent in the list are silver, sugar, rubber, zinc, copper, tin, silk, rye and wool. The general level of farm prices in July was the lowest since 1921, and this probably held for all countries. Wheat at eighty-some cents is significantly low. The price of steel—composite price given in The Iron Age—is the lowest since 1922. There are several conspicuous exceptions, like flax. Broadly stated, the decline has involved products of forests, of the cultivated soil, and of deposits beneath the soil. A true measure of the decline is of course only to be obtained when current prices are deflated and made comparable with prewar prices on the basis of the 1913 dollar.

There are two interpretations, opposite though not entirely exclusive. According to the one view, the cause of the decline in prices of raw materials is to be sought in shortage of money, resting on shortage of gold. According to the other view, the cause is to be found on the commodity side, in relations of supply and demand. To put the question tersely, has the decline in prices of raw materials been due to shortage of money, or to surplus of goods relative to demand?

When production and trade expand, there must

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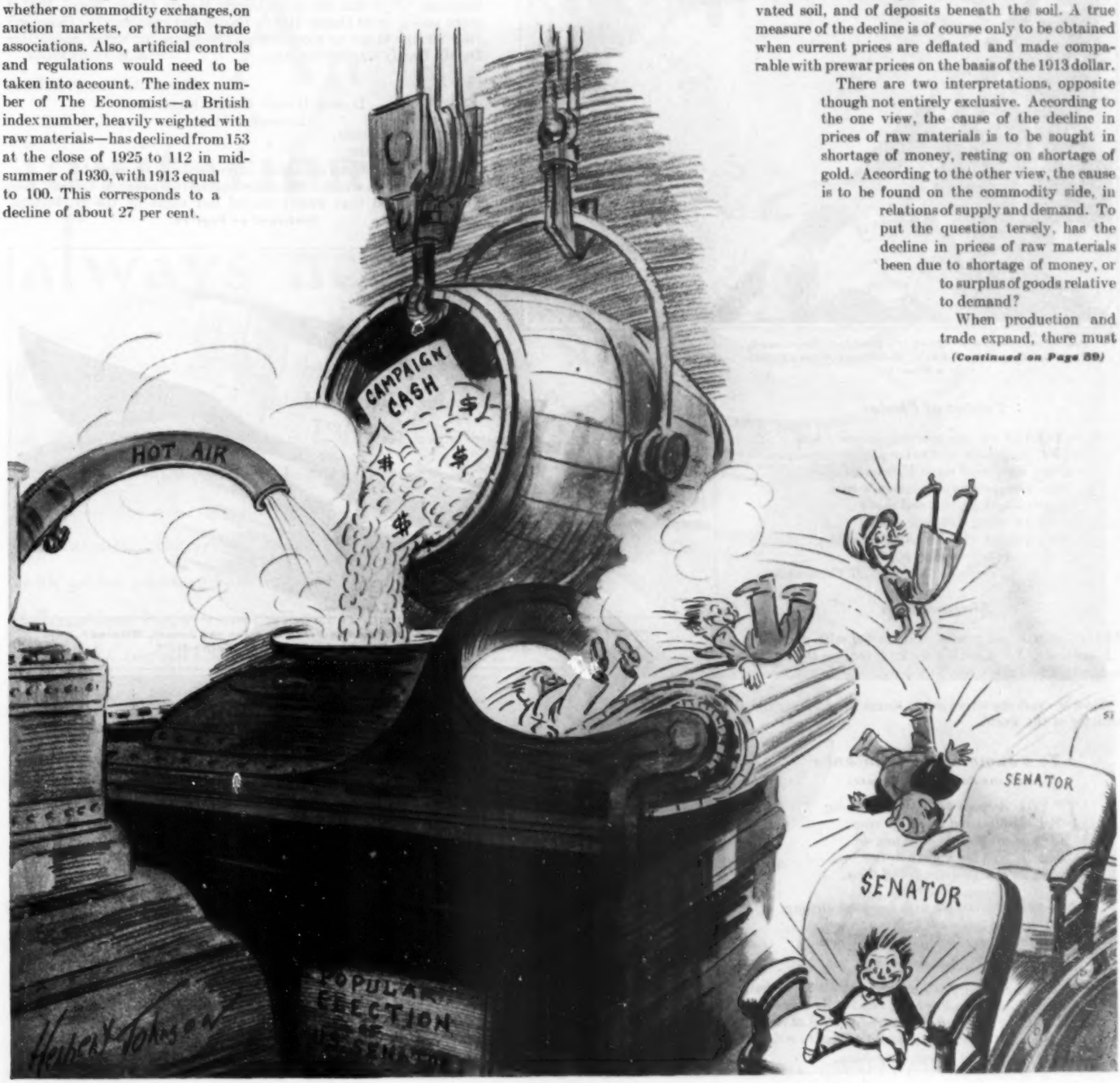


MASS PRODUCTION

DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

Toy Manufacturer: "Then it's Decided, Gentlemen, That the Slogan is to Read, 'Our Popsy-Wopsy Bunny is a Wow'?"

POST SCRIPTS

Program Notes

Office of the President.
DANDY HANDY CANDY BARS, INC.
Interoffice Memo

FROM: J. A. Tishweiler.
TO: All officers and employes.
RE: Radio Advertising

The Dandy Handy Candy Barbarians will be on the air for the third time tonight at 9:30 over Station WUP. It is my earnest wish that you, your friends and relatives listen to this broadcast. I then want you to memo me your reactions. Say to yourself all the time you are listening: "Will this sell more Dandy Handy Candy Bars? Will it make people more Dandy Handy Candy Bar conscious?" Please get your memos to me as soon as possible. Yours for bigger and better Dandy Handy Candy Bar sales, J. A. TISHWEILER.

Office of the Vice Presidents.
DANDY HANDY CANDY BARS, INC.
Interoffice Memo

FROM: Orville Munix.
TO: J. A. Tishweiler.
RE: Memo requested on yesterday's broadcast

I heard a song at a movie the other night. It was called Exactly Like You. I noticed that wasn't played last night by the Barbarians.

(Continued on Page 79)

Triolet of Choler

MALE cut-ups who don women's hats
At picnics or similar places
Rouse my ire—I could kick in the slats
Male cut-ups who don women's hats.
A yearning I harbor, and that's
To banish to Antarctic spaces
Male cut-ups who don women's hats
At picnics or similar places.

—E. B. Crosswhite.

Murmurings

THE way to hell is said to be paved with good intentions. I wonder if they keep tearing the pavement up down there too?

How to cross the street safely seems to be the eighth wonder of the world.

To a Summer Acquaintance

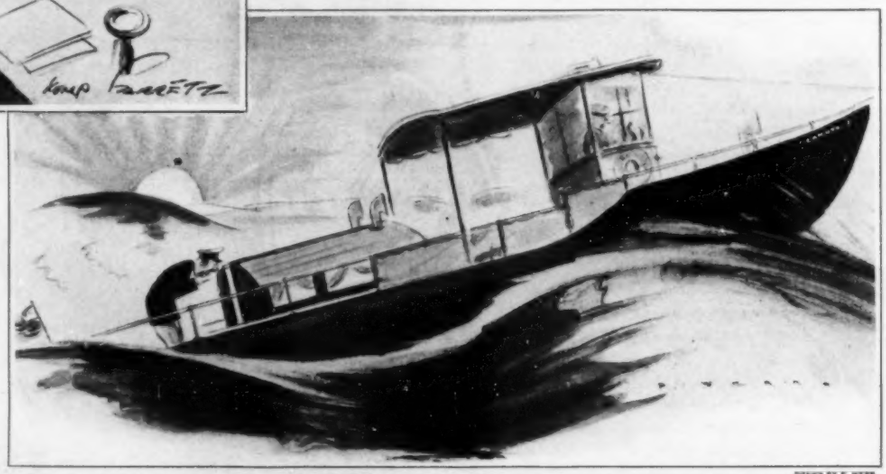
(At the End of the Summer)

IF YOU drop in to town next spring
You simply must give us a ring;
Remember now, we hope you do
Stay with us for a week or two
And let us give you one grand fling.

Please make quite free with our latch string;
Bring anyone you want to bring;
We'll make you feel like someone new
If you drop in.

We have a cozy garden swing,
A tennis court to suit a king,
And then, besides a gorgeous view,
We have a swimming pool, where you
Can drown, for all we care, old thing,
If you drop in.

—Myra M. Waterman.



DRAWN BY F. WEBB

"Don't You Think You'd Better Come Out on the Porch and See the Sunset, Mildred? After All, That's What We Bought the Boat for—Wasn't It?"

DRAWN BY CHESTER I. GARDE

"It's Nothin', Bill—I've Been Kicked Harder Under a Bridge Table"

An invitation you always accept!

And how could any appetite decline it! For in this famous soup is all the sparkle, all the gladness, all the tonic goodness of Nature's own sunshine. Tomatoes are remarkable for their healthfulness. Here you have them at their very perfection—in a soup that your appetite never forgets. The invigorating tomato juices. The really luscious tomato "meat". Blended with golden creamery butter. Seasoned to give the flavor its fullest charm. No, you can't resist it! And there are 20 other delightful Campbell's Soups for your choice.

Your choice

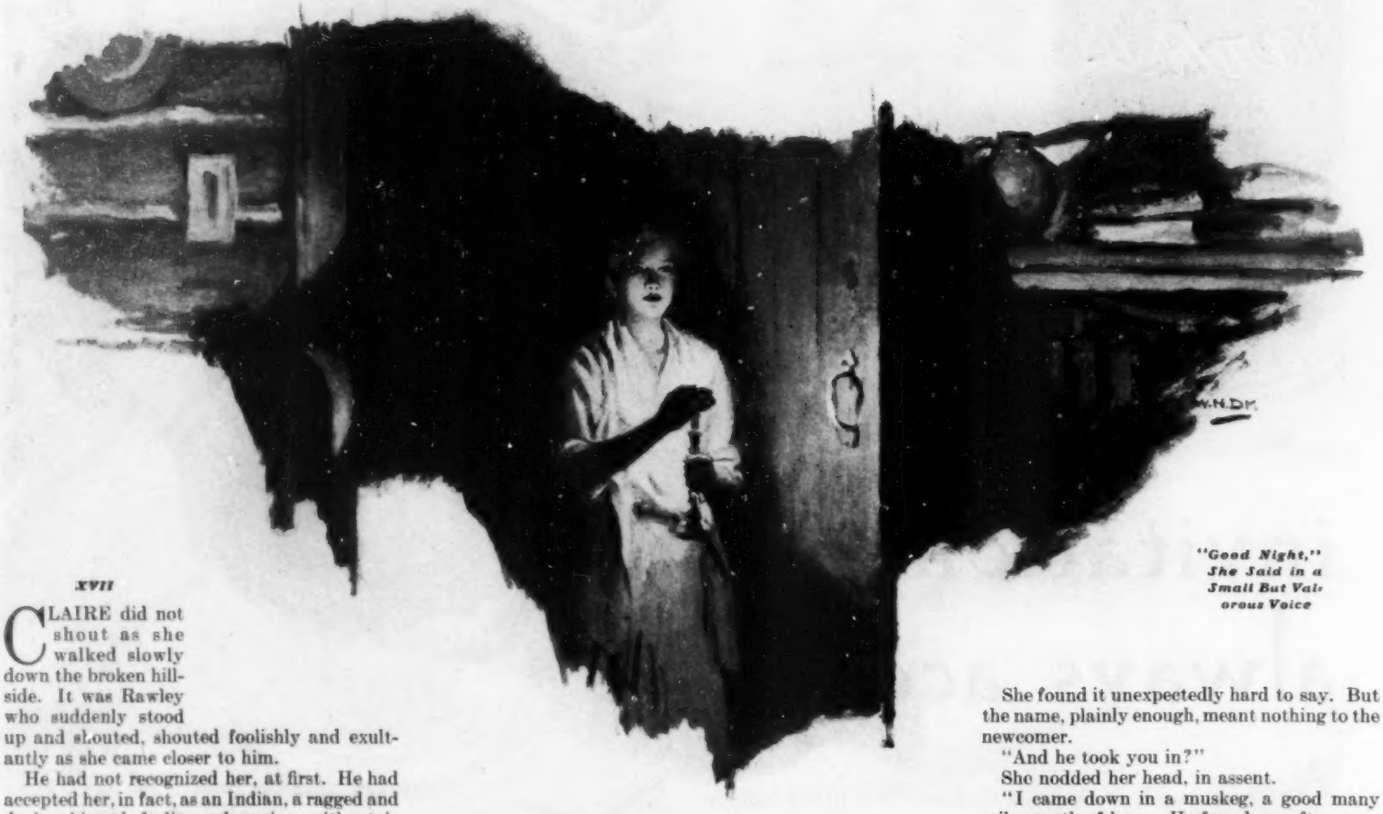
Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the Red-and-White Label

I'll climb the skies to advertise
This Soup to all the nation.
I'll spread the fame of Campbell's name
Throughout the whole creation!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE SQUAW WOMAN



"Good Night," She Said in a Small But Valorous Voice

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVII

CLAIRE did not shout as she walked slowly down the broken hillside. It was Rawley who suddenly stood up and shouted, shouted foolishly and exultantly as she came closer to him.

He had not recognized her, at first. He had accepted her, in fact, as an Indian, a ragged and dusky-skinned Indian advancing with stoic calm to meet a paleface. But when she stopped, within ten paces of him, he remembered the poise of the back-thrust shoulder, the imperious swing of the arm, the cloudy glance of the cool gray eyes from under the shadowing brow that had a tendency, in sunlight, to give her face a statuelike aspect. And again he gave vent to a shout that was both profane and triumphant.

"It's you!" he gasped, staring at her still again, as though to confirm the incredible. "I've found you!"

Claire, as she confronted him, found herself swept by strangely mixed feelings. Those feelings, she knew, should have been simple and direct. But she was experiencing, as she studied the face under the upthrust goggles, both an unexpected sense of abasement and a phantasmal twinge of jealousy. The solitude which he had invaded, of a sudden, became a tremendously perplexing and complicated thing.

"How did you get here?" she asked, confounded by her own absence of elation. More than once, in her idle moments, she had tried to picture some such scene as this. She had always, in her attempts to dramatize that final moment of rescue, seen herself swept away by a great wave of emotion. She had imagined that any such abrupt intimation of deliverance would find expression in a flurry of frantic shouting and waving, in tears and handclasps and laughter and tears again. But no such wave of feeling swept through her. What was happening, at the moment, even impressed her as something forlornly picturesque yet detached from her actual interests, like a rural funeral cortège glimpsed through the window glass of a speeding Pullman.

She was not rising to the occasion as she ought. And her failure to do so was plainly dampening the ardor of her rescuer. "How did you get here?" she half-listlessly repeated.

"Why, we saw the buildings there, and came down," Rawley told her, frowning over her quietness.

"We?" questioned Claire in a sharpened voice.

"I've Pinkie Holton out there working on the old bus," he explained. "Pinkie's an ex-smoke hawk from the forest-patrol outfit. And he'll sure go crazy when he knows we've made good on this flight."

"And my father?" asked Claire, doing her best to keep her voice steady.

"He'll be as crazy as the rest of 'em!" announced Rawley, still perplexed by her quietness. "You know, Miss Newcomb, your father is rather a wonderful man. He was right in this, all through. He was the only one of us who refused to give up. He's been combing everything this side of the Pole with two ships from the Trans-Canada Company and three different smoke hawks from the forestry patrol. Personally, I'd figured it out that you were a goner, after the first six weeks. And then you bob up like this and show 'em all I'm wrong!"

What held her arrested was the "Miss Newcomb." That, when she came to think of it, was still her own name.

She laughed shortly as Rawley insisted on shaking hands with her for the second time. But her eyes were soon sober again.

"Where's my father now?" she asked.

"He should be in Winnipeg this week. And in two days we can be burning the wire up with the good news. And it sure will be news!"

"I'd like you to get that message out to him just as soon as you can," proclaimed the solemn-eyed woman confronting him.

"But what's the arrangement here, anyway?" demanded young Rawley, with a more estimative glance about the little cluster of buildings. "Whose camp is this?"

Claire, for some reason not entirely clear to her own mind, hesitated a moment. The old simplicities, she found, had abruptly taken wing.

"It belongs to a man named Boyd Darrow."

She found it unexpectedly hard to say. But the name, plainly enough, meant nothing to the newcomer.

"And he took you in?"

She nodded her head, in assent.

"I came down in a muskeg, a good many miles south of here. He found me after some lone-fire Crees succeeded in stealing about everything I had. He's a settler here. I cook and wash and work for him. And he gives me food and shelter."

Rawley looked up quickly at the note of hardness in her voice.

"Is he the right sort?" demanded the young flier. "I mean, how's he been treating you?"

"He's been very fair," was Claire's distinct but slightly delayed reply.

"But not generous!" proclaimed Rawley, with still another inspection of her ragged figure.

"He's given me only what I've asked of him," she said, her barricaded eyes turning for a moment toward the lengthening shadows along the shore of Lake Sequomack.

Rawley

"Well, we'll soon change all that," announced the ardent-eyed youth. "How soon can you get ready to be taken out?"

She considered that question, strangely stirred yet studious-eyed. She may have been in soiled and ragged deerskin, Rawley told himself, but she still had the habit of retaining unto herself a goodly share of the Newcomb dignity.

"I'm not going out—just yet," she quietly affirmed.

"You're not going out?" asked the incredulous Rawley. He gestured scornfully toward her ragged moccasins. "Haven't you had about enough of all this? And right now you're about the hungriest-looking woman I ever clapped eyes on."

"Yes," she acknowledged with her wan smile, "you're quite right, I need food."

(Continued on Page 30)

Swift's Premium · · · so mild, so savory

YES, it's bacon and fried mush, homiest of old-fashioned dishes, but it's bacon and mush with a difference. For the mush is cut with a cookie cutter into crisp little golden brown crescents. And the bacon is a very special kind, at once pleasingly mild and unusually savory. It is Swift's Premium Bacon—served with tawny sections of orange stuck with cloves and boiled in sugar syrup until the rind is tender.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *Premium Bacon comes in pound and half pound cartons, also in the slab, bearing the familiar blue Premium label. The whole Hams and Bacon slabs carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 28)

"Can I see this man Darrow?"

"He's not here now."

"Where is he?"

"He's still out on the trail," she told her would-be rescuer. She realized, as she spoke, the impossibility of adequate explanation. There were too many things which she could not explain to herself.

"Then what do you want me to do?" demanded Rawley, sobering before reserves which he was only too plainly expected to respect.

"I want you to take a message out to father, telling him I'm all right. That's the first thing we must think of. Then I want you to come back."

"Why can't you come with me now?"

She essayed no immediate answer to that question.

"I'll need some clothes and things," she informed him, instead. "And when you come back I want you to bring along with you six four-point Hudson Bay blankets. The blankets, remember, are very important. How soon could you do that?"

Rawley, still frowning, looked at the lowering sun, at the wide-winged plane along the lake front, at the lonely tiers of spruce hills that ran in blue-misted monotony between him and the southern sky line. And he was inwardly observing, at the same time, that Claire Newcomb still retained a trace of her old father's imperiousness.

"With luck, I could be back here the day after tomorrow," he told her. "Or on the morning of the following day, at the outside. That's if I can get gas at Goose Lake and Pinkie can get a feed pipe properly fixed. You see, I've been covering considerable territory in this old boat of mine."

"And if you can't get gas at Goose Lake?" she asked.

"I'll have to go on to the post at Spruce Falls. From there I can get a northwest-patrol plane to carry a message on to the Winiska and Northern operator, who'll at once have Winnipeg on the wire."

"That's wonderful," said the shadowy-eyed woman beside him. But in that exclamation he detected a cadence of doubt.

"And you insist on this?" he questioned.

"If you'll do that much for me," was her quietly determined response.

"That's what I'm here for," he affirmed, following her as she moved slowly toward the lodge.

She stopped, halfway up the slope. "How did you happen to fly this way?" she inquired.

"One of the Trans-Canada men talked to an Indian child not far from a backwater encampment called Laird's Point. The girl said a white woman had been seen traveling by paddle canoe a few hundred miles farther down country. It didn't mean much. But I considered it worth looking into."

"That would be Singing Pine," Claire ruminated aloud. "It's odd, isn't it, how blindly life gropes along?"

But young Rawley was not listening to her. "You know, it would make a much better show if you came out with me," he suggested, almost pleadingly.

"That is not possible," she told him, the old imperiousness once more in her voice.

"But isn't there something ——" he began.

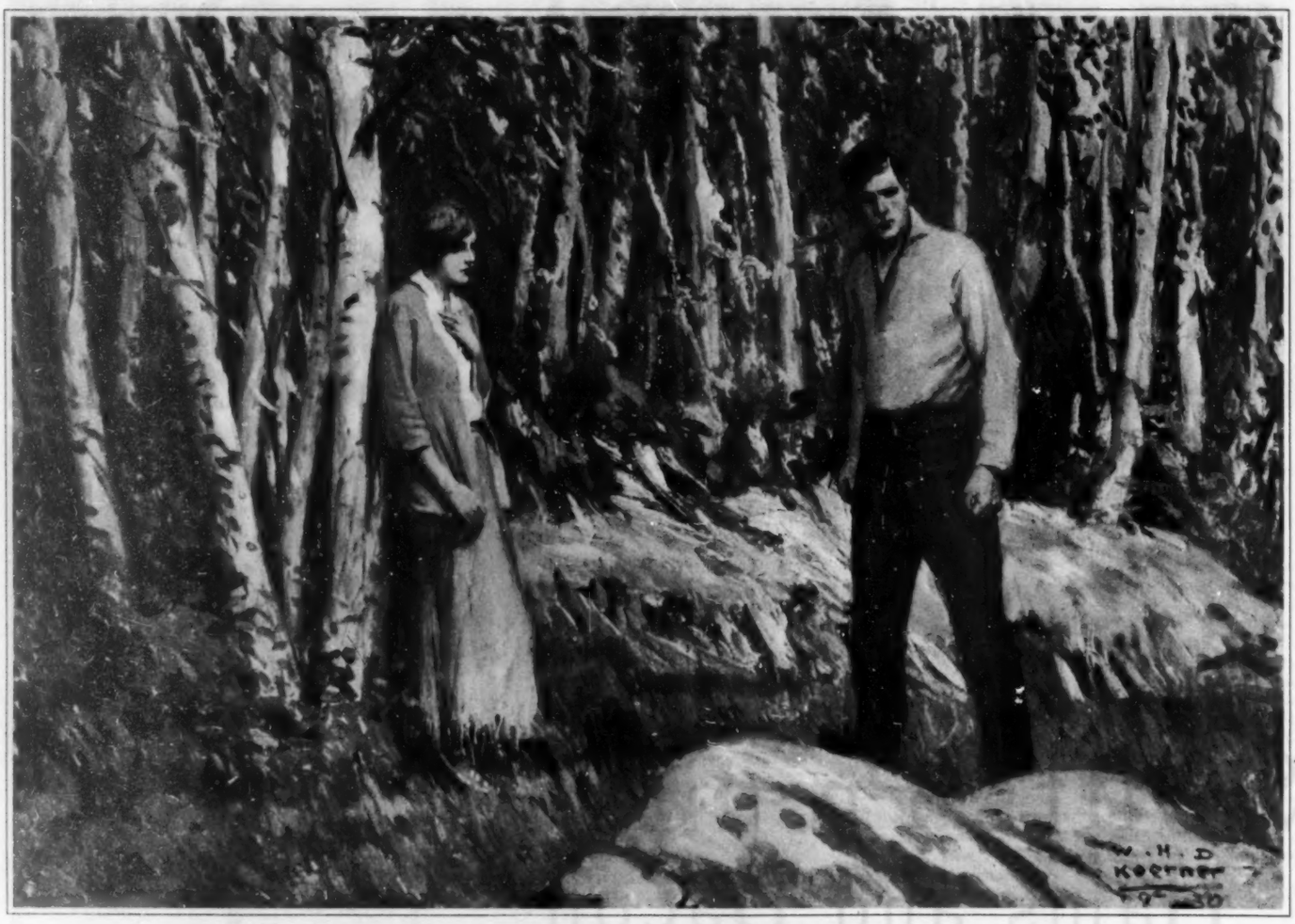
"Nothing whatever," she answered with her perplexing quietness. "Only I want you to hurry with that message."

She stood for a moment in the lodge doorway, watching the plane as the mooring line was drawn in and the engine was started. It made her think of a giant dragon-fly. She could see, in the low autumn sunlight, the flash of the whirring propeller, with its concentric curves of glint as the speed grew greater and the engine roared louder. That roar, to the poised and watching woman, seemed purposeful and businesslike. It reminded her of the machine age from which it had so recently emerged, the age of power and speed out of which she too in her time had stepped. It had seemed like stepping from a labyrinth of contentious wheels back into some simpler era where life could still flow in a single stream, where man could still pit the simple strength of his muscles against the strength of Nature.

But Claire did not wait for the plane to rise. It was, after all, an intruder in that newer world of hers where life still flowed in a single stream. It impressed her, as she turned to face the silence of the lodge, as an emissary from a ghostlike and far-off country which did not immediately concern her. It already seemed as remote as a wild swan, winging ever southward, circling the curve of the world to where those anthills known as cities, threaded together on wires of steel, clustered so companionably along the darkening prairie. It would carry back to that other world the news that a woman, lost for a summer, had been found again. But the woman who had been found, she felt, was not the same woman who had so light-heartedly taken flight from the amber-green water of Lake Malign. It was, in a way, like dying and being born again. Too much had happened, in those intervening months of tumult, to leave her memories of that earlier existence as clear-cut as they might have been. They would come back, in time: and some day, perhaps, her mind pictures of all this northern exile of hers would take their turn at fading away and losing their contours.

But a few of them, she passionately insisted, she would do what she could to keep fresh. And in the meantime she had a more personal and immediate task before her. Her camp mate, she remembered, was still out on the trail, hungry and exhausted and helpless. Darrow was out there in the gathering dusk,

(Continued on Page 66)



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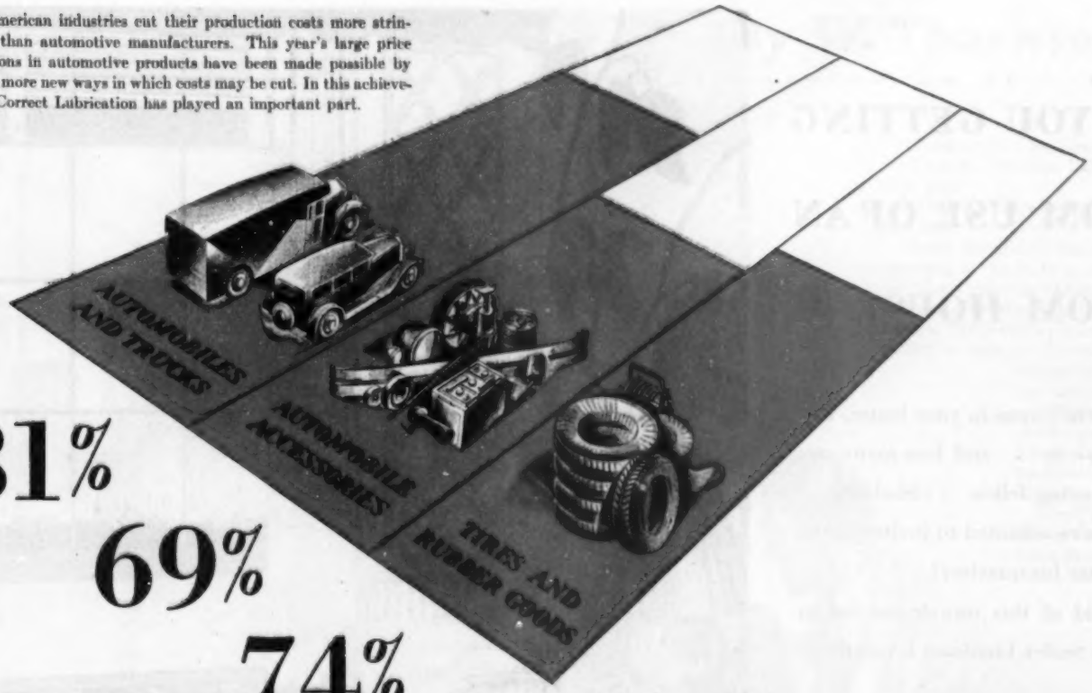

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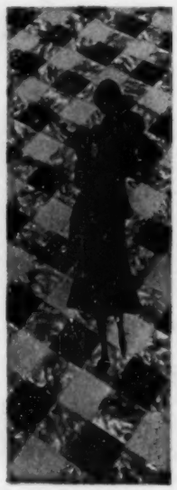

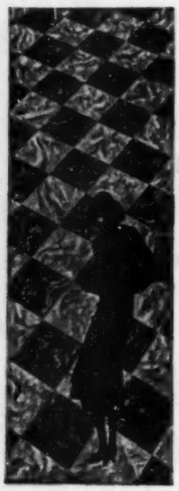

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SIMON PURE

By W. Thornton Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"Moby," She Said, "I've Got to Tell You Something, and You're Probably Not Going to Like It"

XXII

A MAN with BAGGAGE TRANSFER stamped into a brass sign on his cap came through the train, and after he was gone Moby got up, put on his hat and coat, and let the porter rub a rag over his shoes. The train went past back yards full of fluttering clothes hung from ropes that ran on pulleys, went between dirt embankments and plunged into a tunnel. Something clicked in Moby's ears. He swallowed and made his eardrums all right again.

The wall of the tunnel ran past the window like a sooty curtain. As he closed his eyes and waited for the tunnel to stop, the letter MacNaught had written to him in answer to his telegram crinkled in his pocket. It had come by return mail and had told him to come ahead.

Moby checked his suitcase at the station and hailed a taxi. The taxi shot out into the street and the driver looked at him inquiringly.

"The Midtown Athletic Club," Moby told him.

The taxi bounced over some cobblestones and turned left. At the end of the street it swept out into a wide boulevard with buildings on either side. The cab turned right, stopped for a traffic light, started again and drew up in front of a building with a big M in stone over the door.

The driver pushed down on his metal flag and said, "Here you are, brother."

Moby passed a doorman in a green-and-gold overcoat and pushed through a whirling plate-glass door.

A voice said, "Who do you want to see?"

The voice came from another green-and-gold figure with pink scalp showing through sparse gray hair.

"I want to see Mr. MacNaught."

"Have you an appointment?"

"No." The eyes under the sparse fringe of hair were suddenly forbidding.

"He wrote me a letter," Moby hastened to explain.

The green-and-gold figure picked up a phone and told somebody to get him Mr. MacNaught. Moby looked around the lobby. On the right was a glass case containing boxes of cigars, cigarettes and candy. The boxes were all adorned with a green M on a gold background. Through a door he could glimpse white porcelain and hear the slap-slap of rags stiffened with shoe polish against leather.

Sounds came out of the telephone and the figure in green and gold said reluctantly, "It's all right. You'll find Mr. MacNaught in his office."

The elevator left him in a dark hallway opening upon a floor littered with wrestling mats, iron gym horses, parallel bars, hurdles and jumping standards. Moby walked across the floor to a ground-glass door and knocked.

Somebody said, "Come in," and Pat MacNaught got up and shook hands with him.

"Glad to see you," he said.

He looked at Moby with appraising eyes, wrinkled at the corners. It made Moby feel as if he was suddenly standing with a towel around his waist waiting for Doc Waters to give him his annual physical examination. Moby's stomach was lean and flat, but he instinctively sucked it in and tensed his leg and thigh muscles.

The wrinkles went away from the corners of MacNaught's eyes and he pushed a chair at Moby with his foot.

"Looking fit," he said.

"I am fit. My bum knee is O. K. It's as good as it ever was."

"That was nice time you made in the Tristates last year."

Moby thought it was good time, too, but it was contrary to the code to say so.

"They had five watches on me," he said.

Evidently MacNaught wasn't worried about the timers. He probably knew one or two of them. "I've talked to some of the members of the membership committee about you, and I guess we can take care of you all right."

"That's swell," Moby said. He made up his mind not to beat around the bush and pretend. He looked directly at MacNaught and said, "What does the membership include?"

MacNaught grinned. He was, Moby decided, a good egg. He had been dealing with athletes for years and years. Probably he knew what they were thinking about before they knew themselves.

"Well," MacNaught said, "it means you have all the club privileges except the privilege of voting. I can put you on the training table and fix you up with equipment. Have you got a job lined up?"

"I was sort of hoping you could help me on that."

MacNaught wrote a name on a pad of paper and tore off the sheet.

"This man is superintendent up at the Consolidated Warehouse and Dockage Company. He's a member of the athletic committee here. He'll fix you up with a job that will leave you time for practice in the afternoons and give you a little something for spending money. He'll probably make you timekeeper or checker. The job pays forty-five a week."

Moby folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

"I can fix you up with a bed here at the club until you get settled and find a place to sleep. Where's your bag?"

"I left it at the station."

MacNaught stood up. "Well, we'll get a bite to eat and I'll show you your bunk."

He followed MacNaught, who picked his way between obese shapes walking around in sheets like Roman togas, and rubbers and attendants in sleeveless white jerseys and white ducks, and threw open the door of a tiny white cubicle. In it were a white enameled bed, a stool and a mirror. Along the walls were hooks.

"This is one of the Turkish bathrooms," he said. "This is where the dooks catch a little shut-eye after

(Continued on Page 35)

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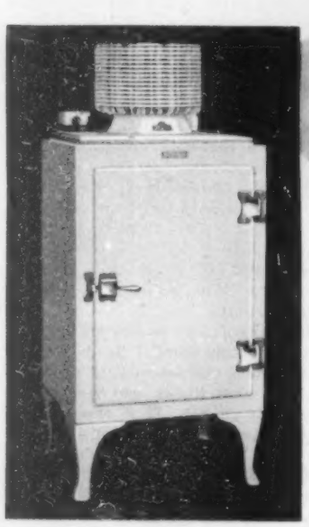

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(Continued from Page 33)

the lads get through working out on 'em. I'll tell Joe, the head attendant, to lay off this room for a while. You can use it to sleep in. It will do until you get squared away."

They sat down at a little iron table on the green-and-gold mosaic floor in a green-and-gold mosaic grillroom and MacNaught ordered small steak platters for two. Out of the corner of his eye Moby could see him write "Chg. track fund" on the slip.

"This Warehouse and Dockage Company you are going to work for has a track team that enters in closed meets with other industrial teams. The West Side Traction Company has a team, and the Beers-Hawley Department Store has a team. You can run for the company. There won't be much doing here anyhow until the winter, and you won't be eligible to run for the club for four months anyhow. But you'll be eligible for the first big winter meet. It's a dual meet with the Inlet Club from up state. We'd rather beat them than cop the nationals. We don't start working out in the fall until a few weeks before Christmas. They really do right by you in those closed industrial meets. You'll be running against a lot of ham-and-eggers and it will be soft pickings."

Moby asked a policeman at the corner about street cars running past the station and got his suitcase from the baggage checker. He walked up Front Street until the suitcase began to put on weight, when he dropped into the Mammoth and sat through a movie. The job could wait for a day or two, he thought. There wasn't any likelihood of its running away from him. It would be there all right when he wanted it. In the meanwhile he had a few dollars in the University Trust Company at Trent to draw on.

After the movie he put his suitcase in the little room behind the Turkish baths and went up to the gym, and MacNaught gave him a pair of track shoes, a track suit and a pair of vivid emerald sweat pants fastened at the ankle, and a golden sweat shirt with a gigantic M on the chest, and introduced him to Marvel Teague, a pole-vaulter, and a bespectacled chap named Freeman. Moby had seen Freeman run in the Invitation 500.

"Let's make a ball game," Freeman said.

"How do you get out to the park?" Moby asked them.

"We take a taxi," Freeman told him.

"How far is it?"

"Who cares? The club has its own taxi service. You can charge it."

Teague, Moby discovered, had a job at the Johnson Car Works. He wanted to ask Teague if one of the firm at the car works belonged to the club, but Teague saved him the trouble of asking.

"I've got a soft thing out there," he said. "Lying around under cars on my back. The only thing wrong with it is sometimes I get a kink in my shoulder muscles from sleeping too hard."

Moby began to see that running for a club was different in a lot of ways. He decided to ask Teague about charging taxis.

"Don't they send you bills?" he asked.

Teague grinned. "Sure they send you bills once in a while," he said. "They send you bills for theater tickets and cigarettes and candy and haircuts, too, but you don't let it worry you. Sometimes when you feel like it, pay 'em a little something on account. They don't say anything about it."

"What do you mean—theater tickets and haircuts?"

"They have a ticket agency in the club," Teague patiently explained, "and a barber shop, and you can charge candy at the cigar counter. Boy, you're a member of a regular outfit."

"It looks that way," Moby said.

XXIII

MOBY lay with his stomach pressed against the gravel and tar surface of the train-shed roof and watched a black stream of oil gush out of a metal pipe. The black stream splashed heavily inside of a tank car just below him. He was supposed to watch the car until it was full and turn off the oil before it ran over. He liked the days when his job was watching oil tanks fill. On the days when his job consisted of sitting all morning on a box and making little marks on a piece of paper, he didn't have a chance to think. He made one mark for each barrel or truckload of crates that rolled by. When he had four little marks in a row he drew a line through them for the fifth mark and started all over again. Sometimes in the early afternoon he went around with a sheet of paper clamped to a board, and the Austrian and Polack laborers called out their numbers, and he wrote them down on the sheet and turned it over to the head timekeeper. On Saturday he collected four ten-dollar bills and a five-dollar bill for service rendered.

The tank was about two-thirds full. He watched the solid smooth column disappear through the little opening in the camel's hump on top of the car and thought about Molly Barnes. He had met Molly after the closed meet with the traction company. As MacNaught had said, the industrial meets were easy picking. He had been the only contestant in the high hurdles to wear a pair of spiked shoes. He was also the only runner to complete the flight of ten high hurdles without knocking over at least one. Although his only possible expense was car fare from the city out to the athletic field, he had asked for and received fifty dollars for expenses. Teague had put the shot for the traction company. He had also won the

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hammer throw and the fifty-six-pound weight. In the dressing room after the meet Teague was feeling good.

"Moby," he said, "let's take our expense money and step out."

Moby, under the shower, rubbed soap into his hair and said, "Who with?"

"Got a doll out in the suburbs. I'll give her a buzz and get her to make it for two."

Moby blew a flake of soapsuds from the end of his nose and considered the matter. He had been pretty lonely for a few weeks after his arrival. He had gone to movies after dinner until his mind was a rogues' gallery of shadow faces, and he had seen stage presentations until some of the first acts he had seen in June had come back over the circuit of presentation houses and he had seen them for the second time. He had shot pool with Teague and Freeman at the club until he could hear the soft click of ivory balls in his sleep. He had looked at the narrow walls of his cubby-hole behind the Turkish baths until they seemed to be closing in on him and smothering him. The fact that he and Teague had at last found a fairly decent hall bedroom had helped some. Still, he felt like stepping out. Only a little of the exaltation of winning a race at Trent had come to him as a result of running in the industrial meet. It was altogether different. There was nothing stimulating or glamorous about it, and probably the meet would get only a few lines in the papers, but it had felt good to stretch his muscles once more and clip over the hurdles toward a white tape at the end.

"Sure," he said. "Make it for two."

Teague went into a phone booth and Moby could hear the ding of his coin as it jingled in the coin box.

If Teague's girl was any good at all, he thought, her friend would probably be a wet smack. Attractive girls always seemed to travel with plain, dumb ones. Probably they did it for a purpose. Probably they had it all figured out that a girl who was a third strike would act as a sort of foil for their own charms. He didn't expect Teague's girl would turn up with anything attractive, and not expecting anything would keep him from being disappointed. If worse came to worst, he could make a play for Teague's girl. Teague had girls all over the town. He wouldn't mind.

When he saw Molly Barnes he knew that all his theories about blind dates being wet smacks were wrong. Molly was a trim, black-haired girl with big, credulous eyes. Her eyes and her shoulders contradicted each other, and Moby found the contrast vaguely intriguing. Her eyes looked soft and pleading, and her shoulders looked strong and competent, and capable of delivering a sock to the button. She was Irish and her brother worked in the prosecuting attorney's office and she kept house for her father. Her father had started with a trowelful of mortar and a plumb line, and owned his own construction company. It wasn't a big construction company, but Molly was proud of her father and proud of the construction company.

Teague and his date and Moby and Molly went to the Mandarin Café and ate Chinese food and drank tea from cups without handles and danced in the mock Oriental gloom to the music of Charley Gates' Mandarin Café Orchestra. Molly, Moby discovered, knew all about dancing. She didn't lean on him, and she didn't try to guide him, and she didn't try to make up trick steps and rhythms of her own. At the same time he was conscious of her pliant body in his arms and curly tendrils of hair against his chin.

When Charley Gates and his boys folded up their music and put their instruments away in shabby cases, Moby had decided that he liked to dance with her very much. On his way back to the hotel he decided that he would like to see more of her. After that he saw as much of her as he could, and he thought about her a great deal of the time. He thought about her at night after he had gone to bed and lay awake waiting for Teague to make the last train in from a date in the suburbs, and in the mornings when he was checking off the never-ending procession of barrels and trucks, and especially when he lay on his stomach on the train-shed roof and listened to the heavy, thick sound of oil falling into a tank car.

XXIV

ON A SATURDAY evening Moby took Molly to Joyland and rode on the roller coaster and walked, stumbling and laughing, through the crazy house. They rode home on top of a bus under the stars, bareheaded. The night air played in their hair and ran down their necks and cooled their bodies.

They climbed down the circular metal stairs at the back of the bus and walked through the echoing quiet to Molly's front door. Moby stood at the bottom of the steps and looked at her face, on a level with his. She was standing on the first step. A street car rattled past the corner of the cross street, and when it was gone she was in his arms and he was kissing her.

"Oh!" she said, and "Oh!"

He held her tight and tried to kiss her again, but she turned her head away. He kissed her on the cheek and on her forehead and neck, while she remained limp and still in his arms; then he put his hand behind her head and turned her face toward his. He saw then that she was crying.

"What's the matter?" he said.

She didn't answer. Her crying was noiseless.

"What's the matter?" he asked again.

"Let me go," she said in a very small voice that had a strength in it somewhere.

He released her and she leaned against the door. He couldn't tell whether she was still crying or not.

After at least two minutes he said, "I'm sorry."

She was silent.

"I'm sorry," he said again. "I didn't know you'd carry on so much about it."

Then she said, "It's all right," but her voice didn't sound as if it was all right.

He was embarrassed. He had never had a girl act just like this with him. He didn't know what to do. Finally he said: "I suppose I ruined everything, Molly, but I couldn't help it. I didn't know you were going to act this way about it. But I don't want to spoil everything; so how about just forgetting it? I won't do that again."

She hadn't moved, but he felt that there was a change in her attitude. He said, "It wouldn't be so hard to forget one kiss, would it?"

Then she moved so quickly that he jumped back, and suddenly she was gone and the door was slammed in his face and he was left standing there on the doorstep.

XXV

MOBY lay in bed and listened to Teague snoring in the other bed, and tried to think and keep his thoughts from jumping around like trained fleas under glass. After a while he got them under control.

In the first place, he felt different about Molly. He hadn't felt that way about any other girl. Even Marcella. Being in love with Marcella had been like trying to win a hurdle race. There had been stiff competition, and the competition had made the race exciting. He had been keener about the idea of having Marcella in love with him than he had been about Marcella herself. She had been coolly aloof and unobtainable, and because she had been unobtainable she had been a challenge and all the more desirable.

His feeling for Molly hadn't been calculated. It hadn't been part of a program of self-advancement. He hadn't thought about being in love with her. He had liked being with her. She was a swell person to play with. She was honest and regular, and all at once he had kissed her and had found out about being crazy about her. With the realization that he was in love with her came the disturbing conviction that he would marry her if she would take him. It was the first time marriage had ever entered his head.

Naturally, after he had kissed her and then hadn't said anything about being in love with her, she had got the idea that he was just trying to get a little free affection. That would explain the way she had acted about it.

He was awake at eight o'clock. It was Sunday and the only day on which he could sleep till noon, but he didn't want to go to sleep again. He got out of bed with his mind made up.

She opened the door for him, and he saw that she was surprised to see him.

"I've got to talk to you," he said. "How about coming out?"

She hesitated a moment, then said "Wait" and pulled a brown felt helmet over her hair. They walked over to the square of green park behind the bus terminal and found a bench.

"Well?" she said.

It was harder than he had thought it would be. He rammed his fists in his pockets and stared fixedly at a sign that said: "All busses stop here."

"You remember what I said last night about being sorry, and forgetting about it and all that?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm not sorry and I don't want to forget about it. I hadn't made any deep-laid plans to stage a petting party. I don't know why I did it, but now that I have done it I have found out all about how I feel about you. I think you are swell. I'm crazy about you."

He looked at the sign and waited for her reply.

"I'm glad you are, Moby," she said. "It would be fierce if I were the only one that felt that way about it."

He made a little ball of her fingers and squeezed it very hard.

They sat very close together, so that their shoulders touched. They didn't see the busses stopping and people walking by and the people that passed them with a half smile.

"Moby," she said, "I've got to tell you something, and you're probably not going to like it."

He squeezed her hand and grinned at her. "Oh, I'll like it," he said.

"All right." Her knuckles were white on his hand. "It's just this: Where are you going to be five years from now?"

Moby looked blank. "I don't know," he said. He had a bright thought: "With you, I guess."

(Continued on Page 38)

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IPANA

THE LITTLE WOMAN AND YOU

The little woman searches for the best and most economical soap, she finds the most comfortable arm chair, she picks the most tempting foods. She is a person with a thousand jobs, and one of them is to buy the family tooth paste.

She buys, perhaps, Ipana. Hundreds of thousands of women do. She prefers it, perhaps, to all other kinds, for dentists preach its benefits and women know its virtues.

But, in case she does not, show her, please, this quick summation of Ipana's extra benefits.

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation well known and long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

•

So Ipana gives you double protection—protection for your gums, as well as for your teeth. And its huge success is a tribute to its benefits. If you'd like to try this marvelous tooth paste, just give the suggestion below to her who does your shopping.

Fair Lady . . .

With the highest admiration for your abilities as the purchasing agent of this family, may I suggest that, the next time tooth paste is on your list, you ask for a tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

(Continued from Page 36)

She didn't smile. She didn't seem to think it was so funny.

"No," she said softly—"no, you're not. Not unless you snap out of it."

He dropped her hand and looked at her. "What do you mean—'Snap out of it'?"

"I mean this: I mean you're probably having a lot of fun, and probably a lot of people envy you and say, 'Take Moby Bryant, now. He's got it pretty soft. He's a lucky stiff'—but I don't happen to feel that way about it. It can't last forever, Moby. You can't always run for the Midtown, and after you get through running they'll have another boy just out of college that'll want your job at the warehouse company, and even if they don't want it for somebody else, it's a punk job anyhow and you're not getting anywhere working at it. Maybe you think I'm calculating, but I'm not, Moby. People in love with other people aren't calculating. I just want you to be somebody and do something. I want you to graduate."

Moby opened his mouth. Words trembled in a torrent on his tongue.

"I don't mean go back and get your diploma," she said hastily. "I don't mean that. I mean graduate mentally. I mean grow out of a college-boy frame of mind. Oh, I don't know how to say it! You probably think I'm crazy!"

She looked up at him with eyes in which imminent tears and appeal were mingled.

Moby stood up. "I've enjoyed listening to you," he said. "Maybe you can offer some constructive advice about how to achieve this mental graduation you're talking about."

When she spoke her eyes were calm and level again, and her voice was matter-of-fact: "Maybe you'd better figure that out for yourself."

XXVI

HE TRIED to wet his lips with his tongue. His tongue was dry, and felt and tasted, he thought, like a motorman's large, very brown glove. He opened one eye and tried to see the alarm clock on the table by the bed without lifting his head from the pillow. The pillow cut the alarm clock exactly in half. He could see the minute hand at five minutes after, but he couldn't see the hour hand, and it might be five minutes after anything. He got his head slowly and cautiously off the pillow and sank back and waited for the bed to stop waving itself up and down and the walls of the room to get back to their appointed places.

In the brief interval between raising his head from the pillow and letting it fall back again he had seen Teague's disheveled empty bed. Teague, he thought, was a horse. He had probably got up at seven o'clock, taken a cold bath and gone out whistling Sweet Kisses That Came in the Night.

The party had started at the Calverton House. He had gone over to the Calverton with Teague to see Freeman. They sat on the edge of Freeman's bed and put their feet on Freeman's one chair and threw cigarette ashes on Freeman's carpet and listened to Freeman call up girls on the telephone. All the girls Freeman knew, it seemed, were busy. He threw his little black leather address book on the bed beside Teague and said, "Little liars," in a disgusted voice, and bit his finger nails.

After a while Teague said, "Let's go to the Cosmos."

Freeman said, "I've got five dollars."

"I was counting on you to put out for me," Teague told him.

Moby turned his pockets out on the bed. He had two dollars in bills and forty-five cents in change.

"How's to write a check?" Freeman said. Moby got out his check book and looked at the stubs.

"No soap," he said. "I've got a balance of ninety-five cents."

"Write one anyhow," Freeman said, "and cash it at the club. You get paid Saturday. You can give 'em the jack and tell 'em you thought you had more in the bank than you had."

The man at the club cigar counter didn't seem too glad about it. He looked at the check for a while before he gave them the money.

Moby had his first drink in the taxi outside of the drug store on North Street that sold spiritus frumenti to old customers like Freeman. The bottle came in an ornate paper box with "For debility one tablespoonful after meals" written on it. Two hours later Teague finished the bottle in a South Street joint, and Freeman took some of Moby's check money and went out to talk to the cloakroom man.

They had had an argument with a singer at the Cosmos because she wouldn't sing Put Your Arms Where They Belong, for They Belong to Me, and had got up with great dignity and "given Mr. Cosmos the air."

Now they sat in a low-ceilinged room full of smoke and noise and watched the crowd on the dance floor. Heads bobbed up and down and made the floor look like a net full of strange round fish with frizzly hair and white eyeballs and dazzling teeth—fish all caught in a net of barbaric music.

Black cheeks distended like twin black balloons on each side of a trombone. Little black pianist keeping time with his body on the piano stool. Saxophone pointing first at the ceiling and then at the floor. Drum tumptumping and cellist slapping at the strings with a hand the color of ashes. Noise of shuffling feet keeping time to the beat of the drum and the strum of the cello. Different from Charley Gates' Mandarin Café Orchestra. Moby was glad it was different. He didn't want to think about the Mandarin Café or about Molly. Thinking about Molly interfered with his peace of mind. He found himself thinking out loud to Teague:

"Nobody's got a right to interfere with your peace of mind."

Teague turned around and looked at him vacantly. "Yeah?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Thought you said something."

"I didn't say anything."

Teague turned away. The music stopped and the floor was presently a little pool of waxed wood, and the fish sat down at tables at its edge.

Freeman came back with a bulge under his coat and put something under the table and beckoned to a waiter.

"Three set-ups and some ice."

"Old Jesse James tried to stick me. Talked him down to six dollars."

Moby wasn't listening to Freeman. It wasn't important that the cloakroom man had tried to gouge him. The important thing was the argument going on inside of his head. A voice like his voice was arguing with a voice that nagged and scolded and pleaded.

"A man that lets a woman get under his skin is not much better than a baby. Women have a perverted sense of ethics. It's all right for them to find a diamond brooch in a theater and keep it and not read the lost-and-found ads because they are afraid they will find somebody advertising for it; but it is wrong for a fellow to be smart and take things that come his way"—that was his voice.

"It can't last forever, Moby. You can't always run for the Midtown, and after you get through running they'll have another boy just out of college that'll want your job at the warehouse company, and even if they don't want it for somebody else, it's a punk job anyhow and you're not getting anywhere working at it. . . . I just want you to be somebody and do something. . . . I want you to grow out of a college-boy frame of mind"—that was Molly's voice.

The waiter put a glass in front of him. He scooped up a lump of ice with a spoon, dropped it into the glass and pushed it across to Freeman. Freeman did something with the glass under the table and pushed it back across the table to him, and he poured ginger ale into it.

The orchestra leader slapped the floor with his feet twice and the orchestra spread its musical net across the little pool of wax and the fish got up from the tables around the pool and filled the net again.

Moby watched them over the rim of his glass and dumped the liquid against the back of his throat.

His voice: "The hell of it all is that men fall in love with women in spite of the fact that they are illogical creatures, and because a man is in love he subjugates his common sense to their emotions and does what they want him to do, and spends the rest of his life wishing he had had sense enough to keep on being whatever it was they didn't want him to be."

Molly's voice: "Where is your common sense getting you?"

Moby's voice: "Why bring that up?"

Molly's voice: "You can't pay rent with medals."

Moby's voice: "So you're interested in money."

Molly's voice: "How about that cold check you gave the cigar man? Was that nice? How about getting tight in a South Side joint? Good old common sense do that?"

Moby's voice said something, but an unseen audience was applauding Molly's voice and drowned out his reply. The applause got louder and louder and wasn't in his mind any more. The music had stopped and the fish stood still in the net as if reluctant to get out, and flapped their fins together.

His glass was empty.

"This place is getting gummy," Freeman said.

"It's a lousy place," Moby said. "It's too hot in here."

They paid for the ginger ale and stood up. Moby's upper lip felt stiff, and the noise from the dance floor made a faint, far-away, roaring noise in his ears. A table moved from its place and hit the scar on his knee, and he fixed his eyes on a doorway and moved toward it.

He remembered getting into a taxi and turning corners that left his stomach in one corner of the back seat while his body moved swiftly into the other corner. He remembered digging into his pocket for money and having to look through all his pockets before finding enough for the taxi.

He raised his head again. This time he saw the clock. It was twenty minutes after ten.

XXVII

ON SATURDAY afternoon he left the money with the cigar man to take care of the check "if it came back," and went out to the ball park to

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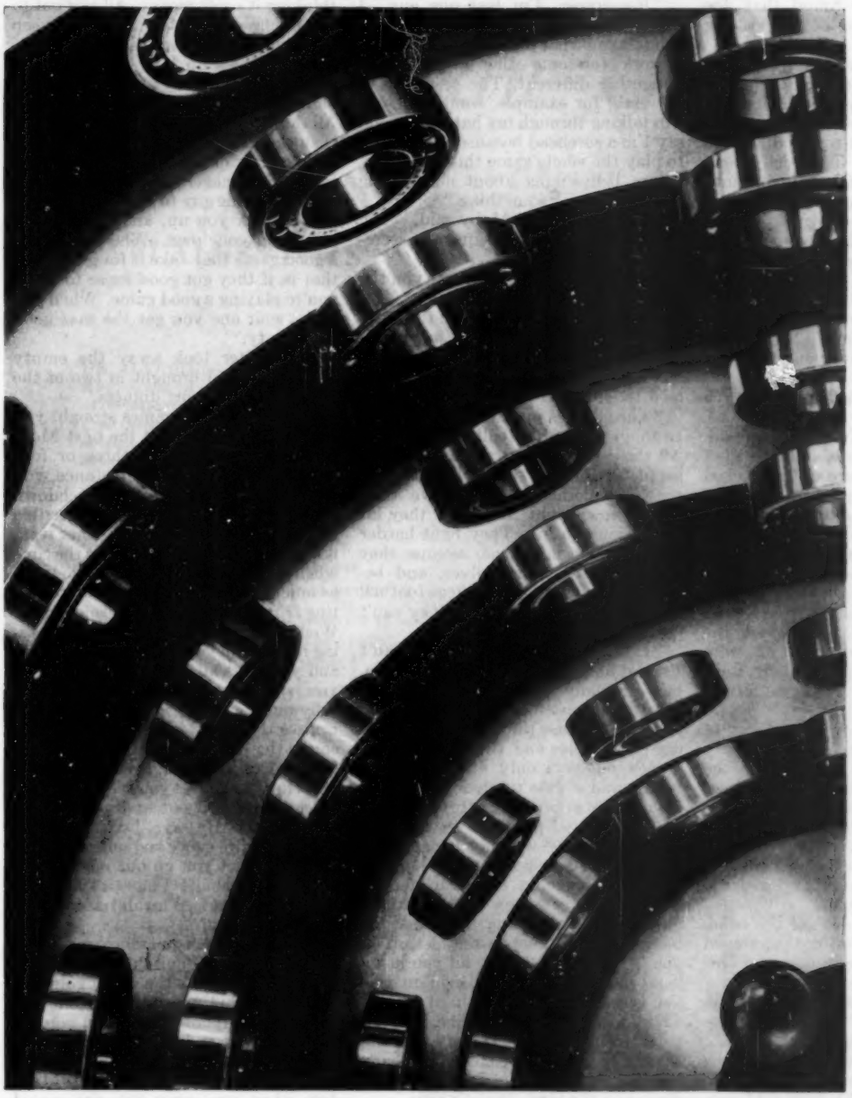
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

ROLLING, ROLLING, ROLLING, endlessly—wearlessly in sturdy raceways of polished steel—New Departure Ball Bearings insure continued fine performance in any type of machine they serve. For all bearing requirements—whether in small electric motors, automobiles or massive industrial machines—New Departure Ball Bearings outlast the mechanism of which they are a part . . . Because they are built to inconceivably precise standards of workmanship . . . Because they are made of the finest bearing steel . . . Because they are built on the indisputable scientific principle that nothing rolls like a ball.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

«Gee--it lifts out in a jiffy!»

Send for free samples and see for yourself

YOU needn't hold your breath while you open the milk if the cap is a Sealright Liftright. The little patented groove at the tip of the tab makes it easy to raise. Then the cap lifts right out—quick. No trouble. No splashing. Not a drop of the rich top cream wasted. Liftrights keep the goodness in and fingers out. You can use them over and over until the bottle is empty.

Sealright Liftright Caps are used by progressive dairies everywhere. If your dairy does not use them, send us the coupon below, giving the dairy's name and address, and we'll be glad to send you free samples of these better caps for home use on your bottled milk.

SEALRIGHT Liftright MILK BOTTLE CAPS

FOR FREE SAMPLES

Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SP-10, Fulton, N. Y.
Please send me free samples of Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle Caps.

Name .....
Address .....
Name of Dairy .....
Address .....

In Canada—Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd. Peterborough, Ontario.

MAIL THIS TODAY

(Continued from Page 38)

see the first pro football game of the season.

He watched every move the players made very carefully. He tried to compare their play with the play of the teams he had played against in college, and wondered if the stories about the salaries paid the players were just newspaper copy. Thumbing the leaves of the program, he found that Joe Black was a member of the visiting team.

He went under the stands after the game and found the dressing room reserved for the visiting team. Joe was dabbing at a raw spot on his shin with a wad of cotton soaked in iodine. He had a bruise shaped like a jelly bean over his kidney. It was a deep magenta in the middle and shaded off to green and yellow around the edges.

Joe threw down the wad of cotton and stuck out his hand.

"Hi, Moby, how's the boy?"

"Can't complain," Moby said.

"We weren't so hot, were we?"

"Terrible refereeing," Moby told him. "They didn't give you much of a break, Joe."

Joe's mouth shaped itself into a crooked grin.

"Got the break of my life," he said. "Got kicked in the side, and instead of making me stay in there and get kicked in the same place about fourteen times more, they took me out to put in the boss' pet halfback. I haven't had so much luck since I was born."

Joe took a roll of adhesive and a little wad of dirty absorbent cotton out of his suitcase and made a bandage for his leg. Moby looked around the dressing room. The lockers were double-decked instead of being individual lockers like the ones in the locker room at Trent.

The players, in various stages of undress, were talking in tired, surly monosyllables. The men under the showers weren't singing and whooping. They were going about the business of working up a lather and washing it off in a businesslike, preoccupied way. The familiar smell of salve, witch hazel and sweat hung mingled with the steam from the showers.

Joe pushed at the ends of the adhesive tape with his thumbs, straightened up and stepped into the legs of his trousers.

"Catching the 10:20 back home. Got to be on hand for a game at the home lot tomorrow afternoon."

On the way downtown Moby was preoccupied. He let Joe do all the talking. Seeing Moby had evidently made Joe remember long-forgotten incidents. Moby let Joe ramble on and smiled occasionally, and said, "Yeah, I remember," at the right places. Joe's words formed a sort of audible backdrop for his thoughts. Playing two games in two days didn't sound like soft money. The men he had just left in the locker room didn't seem all pepped up over their luck. They didn't have the happy-go-lucky, to-hell-with-tomorrow air that men riding a gravy train ought to be wearing.

They took a table downstairs in the Vandervoort and gave a waiter their orders.

Moby turned a teaspoon over and over between his fingers and looked at the pool of light caught in its miniature silver bowl.

"Give me the low-down on this pro football," he said. "I'm thinking about taking a crack at it."

Joe had been talking steadily all the way in from the field, but now he was suddenly quiet. Moby looked up and saw that his eyes were suddenly narrower and the smile was wiped from his face, leaving it quite devoid of expression.

Then Joe said, "Do you really want the dope, or are you just making conversation, and are going ahead and take a crack at it no matter what I say?"

"Sure I want to know."

"Remember, I'm just one guy. I can tell you what I think about it. I can tell you what it did to me. The way it works for some other guy might be altogether different. The secretary of my club, for example, would tell you I'm talking through my hat. He would say I'm a sorehead because I didn't get to play the whole game this afternoon, or am bellyaching about not getting enough jack, or something."

"What the hell," Moby said. "I'm asking you. I'm not asking the secretary of your club."

"O. K.," Joe said. "I'll give you the works."

The waiter came back with the soup, but Joe pushed it aside and put his elbows on the table. His head came forward and moved slightly up and down as if to emphasize his words.

"The going is just about three times as tough in pro football as in college. All those guys have trained their bodies for five or six years. Most of them are All-Americans. They have their timing down right, and when they hit you it ain't in fun. They fight harder than they do in college, because they are fighting for themselves, and because, having fought in college football for four years, it's a habit they can't change.

"If you are built like I am you can't stand it long. You go good for a season, but gradually you get slowed down. You get a twisted leg and you have to play on it, 'cause they haven't got any use for cripples and they can't waste money on guys only fit to sit on a bench, and it gets twisted again soon. You take a pounding from a line of two-hundred pounders twenty-four times a season—we play twenty-four games—and you get so you're punch groggy. Somehow they can feel it when you begin to slow down a little or maybe aren't standing up under the beating so well, but do they let up on you? They do not. They hit you just a little harder, and they begin to ride you verbally. Boy, that's hard to take. They stop you cold at the line of scrimmage and you hear some guy say, 'So that's the great All-American. That's the Red Grange of the East.' Then he gives you the bird. Oh, it's nice."

He dipped his spoon in his soup and raised it to his lips. He had let the soup get cold and a skin of cooling vegetable juices and meat stock had formed on its surface. He was too intent on his subject to notice it.

"We get pretty good money. I get between one hundred and twenty-five and one-fifty a game, and we play around twenty-four games. You play Saturday, and you hop on the train all stiff and sore and play again the next day. The trouble is these guys don't save their money, and it makes you plumb lazy. You sleep most all day and you are out monkeying around at night, and when the season is over and you got to get another job it's hard making yourself hold on to one for any length of time.

"Then, when you get slowed up and the speed just ain't there when you ask your legs for it, one day you get gently tossed out on your ear and you sign up with a local small-time team for seventy-five a game, and in the summertime you get a bummer and bummer job each time. It's sort of a scheme of diminishing returns. . . . Why don't we quit? Boy, when you've been taking care of yourself for four or five years in prep and four years in college and three or four in pro by lugging a football, it seems like just about all you know how to do. And it seems easy. That is, you kid yourself into thinking it's soft money. All you got to sell is playing football, and you keep peddling it until you feel old and battered and beat up.

"You got to buy your own pants and shoes and head guard on my team. All the management furnishes you with is stockings and jersey. And you don't have a crew of rubbers and team doctors and managers to baby you. You got maybe one guy to stick adhesive on you and fix you up, and for the rest you're on your own. When you play a good game they take it for granted—that is, if they got good sense to know you're playing a good game. When you pull a sour one you get the razz good and plenty."

The waiter took away the empty soup bowls and brought in two of the famous Vandervoort dinners.

"If you lose two games straight you can count on going out the next Monday and finding about three or four guys missing. Take, for instance, you come in at half time one touchdown behind. You've been taking a terrible physical beating. When the other team is a little better than you are is the time when you really get it. You take twice as much punishment when you are getting trimmed as when you are winning. Well, you are sitting there in the dressing room, with your head hanging down and your legs all spread out in front of you, sprawling, and you feel sore mentally and your side is all covered with bruises the size of some guy's knee. In comes the boss. See? He comes busting through the door, raving mad, and tears into you. But you are just sitting there all petered out and you just sit and take it. He says, 'What a lousy team! I'll fire every last one of you! I won't even let you go out on the field for the second half! You can't wear my suits any more! Why did I ever get into this racket?'

"Well, you can imagine how much good that sort of noise does you. You just think, 'What's the use of going on with it? If this apple don't fire me I'm gonna quit anyhow.' And then you get up and go out and sop up another half hour's beating from these guys who've already got you on the run. Next Monday, when you come out, the center and halfback and two ends will be missing, and nine times out of ten they are the only fellows who showed anything in the game on Saturday. You remember Pat Gallagher? You know how he went this year. He's a sweet center. The best one in the league. Well, the boss let him out two years ago because the fans didn't like him. He was one of these talkative players. You know, always in there hollering his head off and saying, 'Watch for a pass,' and 'I got it.' Well, the fans started riding him, and they rode him right out of the league."

He impaled a wedge of steak on his fork and swallowed hastily.

"After Thanksgiving, when you guys are sitting around banquet tables and listening to how good you are, we got six or seven more games to play, and we play 'em on frozen ground. When you hit frozen ground it cuts the skin off of your legs and side right through your jersey and pants. You go around

(Continued on Page 42)

Clear away Body Poisons, and the *Skin Clears up*, too . .

EXPLAINS THIS NOTED VIENNA DERMATOLOGIST

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, of the Academy of Medicine of Austria, is head of the department for skin diseases in the great Vienna General Policlinic. He has written a number of important books and hundreds of articles on skin diseases.

WHAT wouldn't you give to be rid of those ugly complexion blemishes . . . to restore your skin to lovely smoothness . . . to recapture the delicate coloring of youth!

Then will you follow the simple advice of one of the world's greatest skin specialists . . . Dr. Alfred Brandweiner, of Vienna?

"Skin troubles," Dr. Brandweiner says, "are usually associated with and the result of digestive and intestinal disturbances, including, of course, constipation.

"Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean and free of the poisons that cloud the skin.

"The effects of yeast on the general health," he adds, "are well known."

Simple advice, yes. But how sensible! Just a remarkable *food* treatment—3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—that tones up and purifies your intestines . . . that aids digestion . . . that actually corrects the *cause* of your complexion ills.

Try it—and see how much better you feel . . . how much better you *look*. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today—and keep it up!

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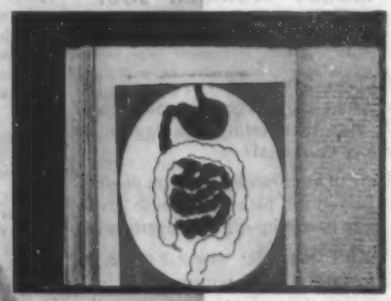


POISONS that form here cause most skin troubles, doctors say! "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of these poisons," Dr. Brandweiner explains.

"I was worried about my appearance," *writes* Mrs. Maebelle Thompson *from Winnipeg, Man.* "My doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast to clear up my system. Soon everyone remarked how much better I looked. And I felt better, too."

(*Right*) Try this new way to glowing, clear-skinned health! Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (cold or hot) or any way you like. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.

Purify the System with Fresh Yeast, These Skin Specialists urge . . .

DR. ERNST KROMAYER, of Berlin, head of the famous Kromayer Sanitarium for skin diseases, declares, "Fresh yeast purifies the whole intestinal tract . . . corrects common skin disorders."

PROF. DR. PIO PEDICONI, chief physician of the San Gallicano Hospital for Skin Diseases in Rome, says: "Fresh yeast keeps the system 'regular'. . . stimulates the appetite . . . helps prevent digestive disturbances and resulting skin troubles."

Follow these famous physicians' advice! Eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Each cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Write for booklet. Health Research Department, Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York.

TOO MUCH ACID

makes stomach sour causes sluggishness

After lunch, do you always feel refreshed and energetic as you should? Or does that feeling of sluggishness follow your meal?

If any of your meals slow you down—make you feel bloated or cause gas or a sour stomach, it's usually the sign of too much acid.

Excess acid is at the bottom of so much poor digestion. Food ferments in the stomach; there is pain and distress after eating. Biliousness and sick headaches are often due to the same cause. The tongue becomes coated and the breath may be bad. Intestines become sluggish and waste is held too long. There may be frequent colds. You never feel as well as the one whose digestive system is properly alkaline.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia provides the needed alkali to correct excess acids. One spoonful neutralizes many times its volume of acid. It soothes the stomach. It is good for the intestines. Authorities say it is the ideal antiacid for old and young. Its pleasant taste and gentle action make it just the thing for children.

Get the genuine with the signature of Chas. H. Phillips on label and wrapper. It's a liquid—not made in tablet form.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

(Continued from Page 40)

half raw most of the time and some horse doctor slaps a dose of iodine on it and you're supposed to like it. Oh, it's a sweet racket. It's sweet and clean and wholesome and romantic. You ought to get in it."

The waiter put the check on the table face down and Moby reached for it.

"Anything else you want to know about it?" Joe asked.

"No," Moby said. "That's plenty."

XXVIII

AS HE passed the desk in the club lobby his eyes automatically went behind the desk to the battery of little wooden cubby-holes, each topped by a letter. He couldn't expect a letter from Big Moby for another five days. Big Moby wrote once a week or had Nelly write for him. His eye flicked over the cubby-hole with B over it, passed on and came back again.

"There's a letter for me," he told the clerk—"Bryant."

In the locker room he examined it. On the upper left-hand corner was printed:

Office of Trent University General Athletic Association

He sat down without taking off his topcoat. It read:

Dear Bryant: I haven't forgotten that little talk you had with Flannigan in June. As he told you, our scholarship allotment was all used up for this year, but I have been working on the case and I think we will be able to take care of you if you want to come back for the spring semester. Several things have turned up that we didn't know about in the summer.

No doubt you will be interested to know that we have a very attractive schedule lined up for this season. In addition to the regular meets, we are sending a team out to dedicate the stadium at Cascade College. It will be a swell trip, and we will take in the movie studios and the Grand Canyon on the way back.

I have been following your running in the papers and I see you are back in form again. There will be absolutely no difficulty about your making the trip to Cascade.

Please let me know at once what you think. We have put in a retroactive leave of absence for you, dated last June, and there will be no trouble about your eligibility.

Sincerely yours,
Doc.

Moby read the letter over twice. Then he let it fall to the floor beside the chair. One by one the layers of resentment that had grown up in his mind around the thought of Trent softened and melted away.

In a lot of ways, running for Trent was better than running for a club. At Trent he would have a definite niche in the campus life. He would be a big man on the campus. Freshmen would feel flattered to have him notice them. The other members of the team would look upon him as a veteran to be respected and feared.

Lately, at the club, he had noticed one or two things that bothered him. There was, he had discovered, a faction in the club that didn't like to have playing members always occupying the pool tables and the bowling alleys and the handball courts when they wanted to play.

Once or twice he had overheard remarks about tramp athletes and had tried not to notice them. There was something about the attitude of the doorman and the girl at the cigarette counter too. There was a definite, if subtle, difference in their voices when they spoke to him. Different from the way they spoke to the regular members. He had mentioned it to Teague, but Teague had laughed him out of it.

"What do you care?" Teague had said. "Who are doormen and cigarette girls?"

But Teague was just a big dumb ox, with a hide like walrus skin. Teague had not gone to Miss Tish Venable's School for Young Ladies and Gentlemen when he was seven years old. Teague had come through sand lots to high school and through summer track meets to the club. Teague hadn't been a big man on the campus. He hadn't been taken for week-ends to country clubs to get himself in the right frame of mind before a football game or a big meet. Teague hadn't been taught to take lower berths in Pullmans and special cars and the best hotels and the best food as matters of course. He hadn't been filled with ideas of social importance by a fraternity. Teague probably had received one-fifth the newspaper publicity that he, Moby, had taken as his just portion. Being a club runner was something novel and exciting to Teague. He wasn't a club runner because it was a sort of postgraduate course for retired athletes. Teague was able to take trips to distant cities and expense money as a constant succession of Christmas gifts. He didn't miss the glamour and the excitement and strain of college competition, because he had never had them.

Suddenly Moby was filled with a tremendous nostalgia for Trent. The matter-of-fact acceptance of athletic arrangements at the club that had seemed so refreshingly honest and open and aboveboard to him now seemed cold and calculating. He wanted to be back in the training house, where such things were decently covered up and camouflaged. At Trent he had had no responsibilities, no future to face. In college the present had been everything, the future nothing. You dozed through days and months in the careless certainty that nobody expected anything of you except a few points in a track meet, a little yardage in a football game and a passing grade in your studies. Life had been softly cushioned for him. Tutors had turned the wheels of his mind for him, and the G. A. A. had taken care of his more material wants.

He had supposed that running for a club would be but a continuation of this scheme of life. But things like the attitude of the doorman and whispered remarks about tramp athletes were pin pricks in the armor of his peace of mind. Falling in love with Molly had completed the destruction of this peace. In desperation he had turned to the idea of pro football in an effort to recover it, but Joe had spoiled that for him.

The offer to return to Trent was a pleasing loophole. But even when he felt himself yielding to the temptation, the thought of Molly came into his mind and made him hesitate. Feebly he tried to convince himself that he was going back to Trent primarily to complete his college course and get a degree. Even Molly couldn't object to that. He told himself half-heartedly that if Molly didn't want him to go back and graduate she wasn't really in love with him.

All at once an idea came to him. It was a swell idea. A marvelous idea. If it worked it would take care of everything. He put his hat on and went downstairs to the telegraph desk and wrote hastily on a yellow pad of paper:

MR FLANNIGAN
TRENT UNIVERSITY
IF YOU CAN LINE ME UP JOB HERE IN JUNE WILL COME BACK MOBY

He paid the girl and told her to send it as a straight telegram.

XXIX

MOBY sat on a bench beside a little swinging gate in a mahogany fence and waited for the girl at the information desk to tell him that Mr. Spears would see him. Flannigan had fixed it for him to have an interview with Spears. The answer to his wire had come within a week:

I have been in touch with Henry C. Morton, one of our alumni in Midtown. Mr. Morton is head of a big investment house and a loyal alumnus. He has written me that he has secured an appointment with a Mr. Spears for you, in regard to a job. Mr. Spears will be glad to see you at your convenience.

Molly had been noncommittal about the whole thing. She was, of course, glad that he was eventually going to work, but didn't seem to believe that he was going back to Trent merely because he wanted his degree, and she had acted funny about Spears.

"You'll be like Benny Johnson," she said.

"What do you mean—I'll be like Benny Johnson?" Moby asked her.

"There was a piece in the paper a week or two ago about it. It was all about how Benny Johnson, the All-American quarter from State, had been taken into a bond house. There was a half column about his athletic record, and the fact that he hadn't taken a business course at State didn't seem to have any bearing on the fact that he would be a good man to tell you how to invest your money."

"What's that got to do with it? Does the fact that a man has been a big athlete in school automatically debar him from selling bonds if people want to buy them from him?"

Molly had been very patient about it: "Can't you see, Moby, that Johnson is still riding on the gravy train, as you call it? Can't you see that they took him in for the publicity it would give the firm, and because a lot of fans, men who sit in the stands and yell on Thanksgiving Day, would rather buy their bonds from the great Benny Johnson than buy them from a hard-working, unspectacular fellow who hasn't made the All-American, but who knows more about bonds than Benny Johnson will ever know?"

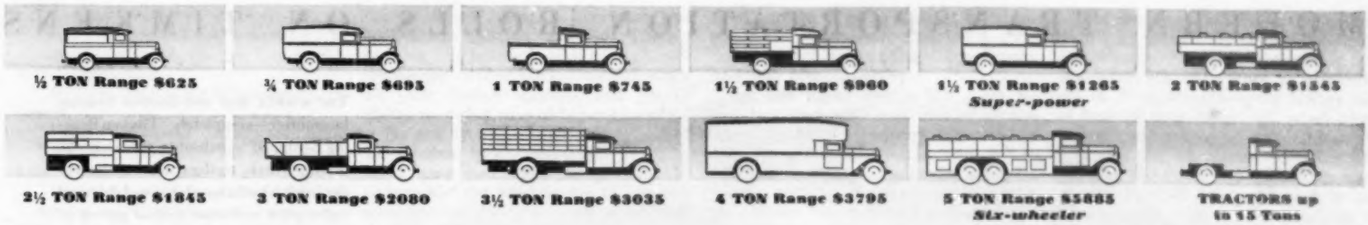
She was, he told her, being very unreasonable. And she had said that if she was unreasonable it was because she thought he was swell and she wanted to marry him very much, but not enough to ride the gravy train with him. He had lost his temper and had told her she was being a fool about things.

The girl held the swinging gate open and told him that Mr. Spears would see him now. He crossed a little vestibule covered with a sort of cork composition and went into a big room that seemed all windows and white Colonial woodwork. At the far end of the room, placed so that Moby had to walk across a huge carpet to approach it, was a gleaming mahogany desk. Behind the desk sat a man who seemed all jaw and keen, penetrating eyes. He stood up to shake hands with Moby, and Moby had a momentary shock at realizing that he wasn't as tall as his square shoulders and chin seemed to indicate. Moby sat down and Spears lit a cigarette and leaned back in his swivel chair.

"Sorry I had to keep you waiting," he said.

"Oh, that's all right."

(Continued on Page 45)



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1) Minimum investment, in equipment that will give you lowest haulage cost, and highest profits, over a period of years.

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We have just completed this nation-wide analysis of haulage costs, methods, and economies in these industries. Send for your copy, without obligation. Similar surveys in other lines—now completed or in process—will be sent to those asking for them. Address: GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO., Pontiac, Mich. (*Subsidiary of* Yellow Truck & Coach Mfg. Co.). GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS, YELLOW CABS, COACHES. *Factory branches, distributors, dealers in over 3000 principal cities and towns.*

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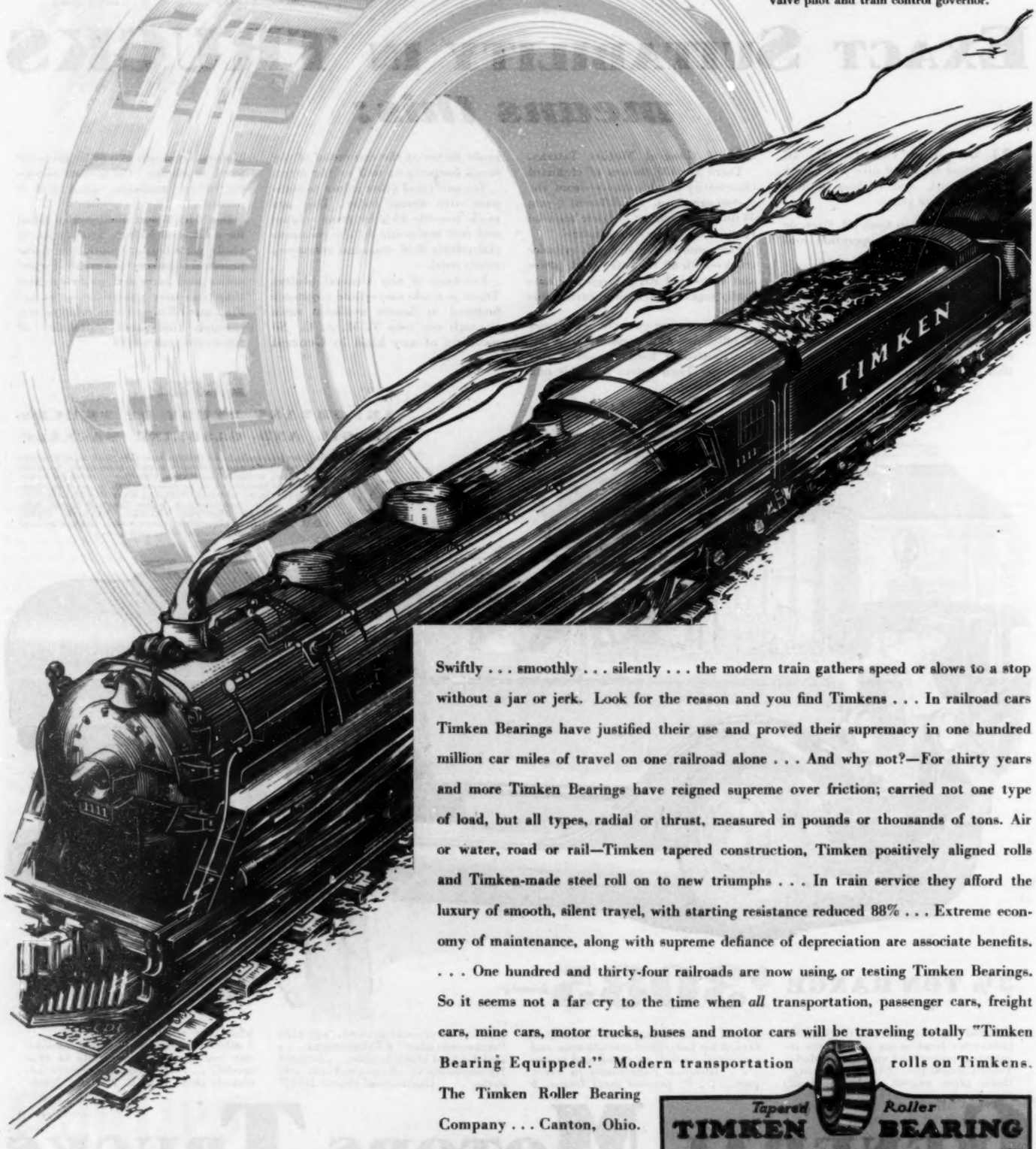
The world's first anti-friction bearing locomotive—completely "Timken Bearing Equipped"—in leading truck wheels, driving wheels, trailer truck wheels, tender truck wheels, booster, speed driver of valve pilot and train control governor.



Swiftly . . . smoothly . . . silently . . . the modern train gathers speed or slows to a stop without a jar or jerk. Look for the reason and you find Timkens . . . In railroad cars Timken Bearings have justified their use and proved their supremacy in one hundred million car miles of travel on one railroad alone . . . And why not?—For thirty years and more Timken Bearings have reigned supreme over friction; carried not one type of load, but all types, radial or thrust, measured in pounds or thousands of tons. Air or water, road or rail—Timken tapered construction, Timken positively aligned rolls and Timken-made steel roll on to new triumphs . . . In train service they afford the luxury of smooth, silent travel, with starting resistance reduced 88% . . . Extreme economy of maintenance, along with supreme defiance of depreciation are associate benefits. . . . One hundred and thirty-four railroads are now using or testing Timken Bearings. So it seems not a far cry to the time when *all* transportation, passenger cars, freight cars, mine cars, motor trucks, buses and motor cars will be traveling totally "Timken Bearing Equipped." Modern transportation rolls on Timkens.

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Tapered Roller
TIMKEN BEARING
EQUIPPED

(Continued from Page 42)

His eyes seemed half closed, but Moby felt them go through him to the wall behind him.

"So you want to go into stocks and bonds?"

"I think I'd like to," Moby told him.

"Why?" Spears shot the question at him.

"Because I want to get married."

Spears' eyes lost some of their sharpness. The line of his lips softened.

"As reasons go," he said, "that's not a bad one."

He pressed the end of his cigarette against the surface of a brass tray and lit another one.

"I might as well tell you," he said, "that I know something about you. I've had a man checking up on you. To be honest about it, I had just about made up my mind that we didn't want you with us." He saw the expression on Moby's face and hurried on: "I'm not one of those people who think that just because a young man takes part in college athletics he is branded as a tramp athlete and a grafter. I know that's all boloney. I used to put the shot a little myself, and I've kept in touch with things since then. I know that there are boys on college teams who are playing for fun and because they like it and, strange as it may seem, for glory. I know there are schools which make an honest effort to keep things straight, and I know that there are boys now, who are working like nailers to put themselves through college at jobs athletic associations may or may not have arranged for them. Just as they did in my day. If they are real jobs and if a boy really knuckles down at one of them and hits the ball it usually puts iron in his blood and stiffening in his backbone.

"As a matter of fact, two of the best bets I've got in my organization played on the championship State team of '15. They didn't have a nickel when they went to State, but they pulled in their belts and stuck out their lower teeth and with the aid of a strong back and a certain amount of guts they got through O. K. I like to have men like that working for me.

"But I know, too, that there are other boys who are out to get all they can as easy as they can. And it's those lads who make it hard for the ones who really try, and have to sweat for what they get. And the unfair part of it all is that the great American public, or at least a portion of it, is inclined to judge the sheep by the goats, and figure all of them are on the make. From what I had heard of you I figured you were one of that sort.

"I've had boys like that with my organization. Some of them are strong enough to stand it and keep their heads. Some of them come down to earth in a year or two and find out what it's all about. When they do, there's no stopping them. Before they get through, a lot of them are sitting around directors' tables. But some of them never get over it and go through life cherishing a scrapbook and an old sweater, and going to alumni reunions once every four years, looking a little seedier each time."

Spears leaned back in his chair and tapped on his desk with a paper clip.

"When a college athlete comes to me for a job I make it my business to find out which category he falls into before I hire him. But I haven't got time to fool with the latter. I like what you said about getting married. There's nothing like falling in love with a level-headed girl with an ability to see through all your foolish conceits and phony ideas, to cure a case of big-athletis."

He got up and stood looking out of the window behind his desk.

"I hear you want to go back to college and get your degree before you start to work. Do you want to get that degree or are you going back to run on the track team?"

He turned, and Moby felt his eyes, now grown keen and searching, on him again.

Thoughts chased themselves through Moby's head in a jumbled tangle. For a moment he couldn't speak.

"You go home and think it over," Spears said. "If you want this job you'll have to take it within ten days. I won't hold it for you any longer than that. If this job is more important to you than going back to school and running for Flannigan, I'm willing to take a chance on you. I won't send you out peddling bonds. You won't be able to crash the offices of any football fans on your athletic reputation and hand them a pen while they're still dazzled by the fact that Moby Bryant, the Trent star, is calling on them. You'll go to a six months' training school. And after that I'll start you in the buying end, where you'll start from scratch with the rest of the boys. You won't be making enough to get married on for a while. But if you hit the ball and show any stuff you might be able to swing it in a year or so."

He picked up the papers from his desk, and the interview, Moby knew, was over. He stood up and twisted the rim of his hat in his fingers.

"I guess I'll think about it for a while," he said.

XXX

HE WAS still thinking about it on the following Saturday, when Midtown and Inlet staged their annual dual meet in the Armory. MacNaught had entered him in the high hurdles. He had kept on training in the afternoons after his interview with Spears. It gave him something to do. It helped him take his mind off himself and made him tired enough to go to sleep at night instead of lying awake and going over and over in his mind the things Spears had told him.

On the night before the meet he couldn't sleep and had walked all the way from his hotel up the boulevard to the old pumping station and across town to Steadman Park. He sat on a bench, with his overcoat collar turned up around his ears, and looked at the big granite building at the end of the park and the black mounds where the flower beds were in the summertime, and let his thoughts pound along on a treadmill.

After thinking with few intermissions for almost a week he had arrived at a conclusion. Spears was right. Hearing about Spence Daley had helped him make his decision. Somehow, that had brought home the truth of Spears' talk better than any amount of thinking could have done. MacNaught had sent him over to the hotel to deliver to Smith, the Inlet Club coach, a list of entries for the dual-meet program. He had found Smith in a shower, his body pink and dripping. Smith had turned off the shower long enough to say, "Leave 'em with Daley."

A little bell rang in Moby's mind.

"Who's Daley?" he asked.

"You'll find him around somewhere. He's a sort of handy man. Everybody's assistant."

Moby put off asking the question as long as he could, "What's his first name?"

Smith eyed him curiously through the clouds of steam. "Spence Daley," he said, "old Trent quarter."

Moby gave the list to the doorman and asked him to see that Mr. Daley got it safely. He didn't want to see Daley running around at everybody's beck and call, with a slightly baffled, slightly defeated look on his face. He wanted to remember him with a gigantic white T on his chest, walking jauntily in front of his team with the rays of the early afternoon sun, slanting over Kearney's Mountain, on his head. Somehow that vision of Daley typified all the things he had expected to find in college and had never found. He wanted to hang on to it.

But deciding that Spears was right didn't fix things. He had, he felt, an obligation to Flannigan for getting him the interview with Spears. He owed the G. A. A. something for taking care of him for four years. He owed MacNaught something for getting him the job with the warehouse company and putting him up in the little room back of the Turkish bath. Flannigan and MacNaught were both counting on him. It didn't seem square to let either of them down. On the other hand, if he took Spears up on the job he could go around and tell Molly about it and everything would be jake.

Once he had decided that Spears had given him the straight dope on things, the flame of industry and ambition that had made him work Saturday afternoons and ten hours a day in the summertime to help Big Moby put him through high school grew into a tiny spark again inside of him and made him want to accept the challenge Spears had thrown him. He had to make up his mind by Tuesday. The ten days' grace period would be up on Tuesday. But even the necessity of arriving at some conclusion brought him no closer to a decision.

When he ate his lamb chops and baked potato and drank his tea at the club before the meet, his mind was still wearily turning the problem over in his mind. He sat in the reading room on the fifth floor with Teague and Freeman after dinner and listened to their talk of time trials and heats, and watched them make a dope sheet on a piece of club stationery and award the meet, on paper, to Midtown by three points.

They took a taxi to the armory, showed their contestants' tickets at a side entrance and got their contestants' numbers from an officer at a table.

"The name is Bryant," Moby told him.

The man looked up from his list and said, "What initials?"

"M. C."

The man handed him his number and a yellow envelope. "Telegram for you," he said.

The line of contestants waiting for numbers pushed against him and he followed Teague and Freeman into the dressing room and opened the envelope.

MR M C BRYANT
TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT ARMORY
HAVE JUST LEARNED YOU ARE RUNNING TONIGHT STOP COMPETING FOR M A C WILL JEOPARDIZE YOUR ELIGIBILITY IF YOU RETURN TO TRENT DOC

He had forgotten about the four months' transfer rule. Running in the closed industrial meets hadn't made him ineligible to run for Trent. The industrial meets did not count. But running for the Midtown A. C. would make him ineligible to run for Trent for four months.

Doc knew that he had accepted training, food and running equipment from the Midtown A. C. He knew that MacNaught was counting on him to run. Yet he was urging him to walk out on MacNaught and leave him flat. He wanted him to go up to MacNaught and tell him, "I've enjoyed your food and your room, and I would like to run for you tonight, but I'm afraid I won't be eligible to run for Trent if I do."

He made his decision. He took off his clothes and got into a green jersey with a big gold M on its front.

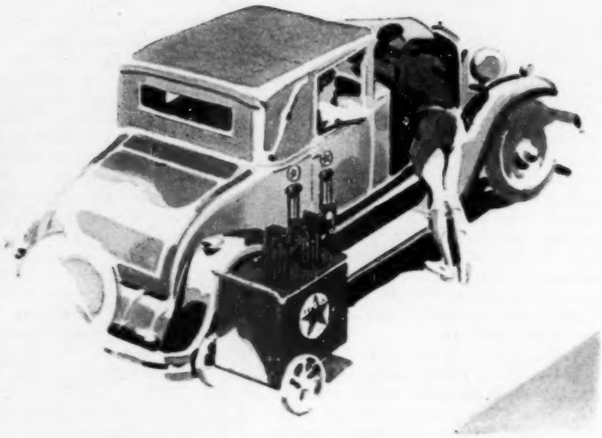
(Continued on Page 48)

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

The Aviator Who Broke a Record and Expected a Big Welcome

DRAIN

Colder days will soon be here. The oil you used this summer should not be expected to fully protect your engine, any more than light summer clothing should be expected to protect you in the frosty days to come. Besides, that oil may have been exposed to considerable wear and mileage—enough to render it less than completely effective.



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Fill with the correct winter grade of the new Texaco Motor Oil — longer-lasting, crack-proof. Every Texaco dealer has an accurate chart which shows exactly the grade for your car. Alert, free-flowing at zero, this revolutionary new golden motor oil will reduce winter engine wear to a minimum.

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THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

After an etching by Morgan Dennis

then..LISTEN

HEAR the difference before you feel it at the wheel. Sheathed in a clean velvety film of the new Texaco, every moving part of your engine glides smoothly, easily, quietly. Gone are the complaining engine murmurs—gone are those irritating motor noises that speak of needless wear; in their place, the steady rhythmic hum of a perfectly lubricated engine.

"How," you ask, "can this new Texaco make so much difference in the sound of my engine?" Because it is full-bodied and crack-proof! The new Texaco protects thoroughly, completely, from the first cold thrust of flashing pistons to the last mile of a long fast drive. It is free from all cold sensitive impurities—free from all hard-carbon-forming elements.

Drain and refill with the correct winter grade of the new Texaco Motor Oil today—*then listen!* Remember that new quietness means more than better daily performance. It means that in the crankcase of your engine is a tougher, longer-lasting motor oil that cuts dollars from your lubrication expense and adds miles to the life of your car. This new golden motor oil is available in all of our 48 States under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing

LONGER-LASTING..."CRACK-PROOF"

(Continued from Page 45)

He found an extra pair of sweat pants somebody had discarded and folded it into a sort of pad and sat down near the chute that led to the dressing rooms and watched the special one-mile race between the Flying Frenchman and Miller of the Inlet Club. The Frenchman traveled with a manager who did his interpreting for him, arranged his bookings and collected his expense money for him before his races.

Miller, at the time of the appearance of the Flying Frenchman, was the best miler in America. The Inlet management, Moby knew, must have had a mental struggle making up their minds whether it would be better to save Miller for the dual mile between the clubs and make sure of five more points, or match him in a special mile race against the foreigner. At the crucial moment in their deliberations they must have thought about the crowd that such a race would be sure to draw, and thinking about that had been too much for them.

A man in a dinner coat made an announcement through a big megaphone and the undercurrent of noise from the crowd stopped and the crowd was still, watching the opening beside Moby, through which the runners must pass on their way to the track.

A figure in a jersey with a suggestion of sleeve at each shoulder went past him and a roar started near him and spread around the armory.

The Frenchman ran around the track, holding his body erect instead of leaning forward slightly like the American runners, and had his picture taken with Miller. Then they got down on their marks and flash-light powder boomed and glared. Coleman, the president of the Inlet Club, came out with a bouquet of roses and handed them to Miller, and the crowd cheered.

The runners stood erect for a moment at the starting mark and the mayor pulled the trigger of the starting gun. A few seconds later they pounded past in front of Moby, the Frenchman in front and Miller one stride behind him.

Moby had taken no part in the cheering and he didn't care very much who won. He viewed the whole thing with a feeling of detachment, as if he were wearing an invisible cloak which made him a spectator, yet not one with the crowd or the contestants.

A great light seemed to burst inside of his head. In it the pieces of the jig-saw puzzle he had been struggling with for a week seemed to put themselves together.

Maybe Flannigan and the G. A. A. hadn't been so big-hearted after all. For the first time it occurred to him to wonder about their sudden change of face about seeing that he get his degree. If they had taken care of him during the fall term they would have got nothing for their money. He had played three years of varsity football and wouldn't have been of any use to them, and in February he would have had a degree and the degree rule would have made it impossible for him to stay on at Trent to run on the track team in the spring. By holding out on him through the fall and offering to take care of him through the spring semester, they could count on him for the track team, since his bum knee had made him miss one year of track altogether.

Thinking about things that way threw a new light on his obligation to them for getting him an interview with Spears. Maybe they weren't doing it because they wanted to see him taken care of in June. Maybe they hadn't done it because he had run his legs off for them for two years and had slammed into the line on the football field for three. Maybe they were doing it because they wanted him to come back to Trent and run on a team they were sending West, and if they had had another hurdler fast enough to make sure of winning they probably wouldn't have bothered about him at all.

If he took the job with Spears and didn't go back to Trent they would say that he had used them as cat's-paws to get him a good job. The fact that he had worked for them while he was in school would be forgotten, and when his name came up Doc or Flannigan would have something to say about "That was a fast one Bryant pulled on us. That's what you get for trying to help fellows out."

Somehow, suddenly he wasn't bothered about his obligation to Trent any more. He had given them an even exchange for their money. If they wanted to crab about his using them to get a job with Spears, let 'em crab. He had himself to look out for. And by golly, he had Molly to look out for too. They didn't care if he stood up MacNaught and the M. A. C. Let 'em see how it felt to be stood up themselves.

Neither the roar of the crowd nor the boom of the flash lights could drown out a little voice in the back of his head. The voice was saying over and over, "It's your last race. It's your last race," and after a while the voice stopped saying, "It's your last race," and said, "I'll win—I'll win."

A gun went off on the other side of the hall and he realized that it was the last lap and that he only remembered seeing the runners pass in front of him once. The Frenchman was winning easily. He was leading Miller by fifty yards and Miller had obviously given up. He broke the tape with his chest and walked across the floor and past Moby into the chute, without looking at the crowd or waiting to shake hands with Miller. He didn't look pleased or elated over beating Miller, and Moby supposed that he was griped about Miller's having got the flowers, when he was advertised as the big drawing card.

Runners got out on the track and jogged up and down, and attendants started to put up hurdles down the middle of the floor. He put on his shoes and went over to the hurdles and stood beside one of them and snapped his right leg over it eight or nine times. The voice in his head was louder now, and filled his head and made it hard for him to think. He ran over the hurdles once and took off his sweat shirt and pants and tried to listen to the starter. All at once he was on his mark, with his head cushioned against a roll of muscles at the back of his neck and his eyes on the first hurdle. The voice in his head was yelling at him, and a noise pushed against his ears. The first hurdle left its place and came up to him, and he ducked his body until his chest touched his left knee. The hurdles came up to him so fast that he had a hard time ducking his body fast enough for them, and then there were no more hurdles, and he tried to stick out his chest at a white line of tape as he flashed past it ahead of the others in the race.

Walking slowly back to the dressing room he had a curious sense of belonging to himself. He had squared his obligation to the club. His reasoning told him that he owed the university nothing—that he had given them measure for measure.

Before him, now, remained only the pleasant task of squaring himself with a lady.

(THE END)

BEING HAPPY WITH WALTER

(Continued from Page 15)

not be cut off. So we got angry over it and we had a dreadful quarrel. He swore, Agatha, and I cried. We said some terrible things, and George stormed out of the house and slammed the door, and I began to pack my suitcase. And suddenly I thought what I said—'What does it matter?' Actually, Agatha, I sat on the floor and giggled. I don't believe I was hysterical; it was just that I had found my wedding slippers in the drawer, and they struck me as so funny—the happy life I was going to have when I wore them at the wedding. And that's when I thought, really for the first time, what it was George and I had been fighting over. Because it wasn't Junior's curls that we were fighting about—it was whether George was to have his way or I was to have mine."

"But Walter and I ——" Agatha began.

"I know," Betty said. "You talk things over. So did George and I. But that was how it worked, you see. You talk things over, and then, presently, you fight over things. Really, as I said, Agatha, it did not matter much whether Junior had curls or not. So I thought of my Aunt Jane and Uncle Henry, and I knew I didn't want to be like them—like Aunt Jane."

"I don't know her, of course," Agatha said.

"No," said Betty, "but Uncle Henry used to be just about as fond of having his own way as George is. But Aunt Jane conquered him. I'm very much like my Aunt Jane; I want to have things my way. But Aunt Jane isn't happy. She's a conqueror wife, but she isn't happy—she's grim, Agatha. She's hard—has a hard mouth and hard eyes. But my mother is the happiest woman I know; she's as happy as I am. And, sitting on the floor there, I understood why mother was so happy. She was always father's wife first."

"His wife first? I don't just understand ——"

"Let me tell you what I thought, sitting there on the floor," Betty said. "I thought it was not worth while living if I had to be unhappy. Then I thought, 'Why can't I be happy?' and I knew it was because I cared more to have my own way than to be just George's wife. I said to myself, 'You could be absolutely happy, Betty Blair, if you were satisfied to be George's wife and make that your job.' And, Agatha, I saw suddenly that being George's wife was enough of a job for me. Being a wife is enough of a job for any woman, isn't it? 'I'll let George have his way if he wants to,' I said; 'I'll be his wife first for a while and see how it goes.' And then the most remarkable thing happened."

"You were happy," said Agatha.

"Yes, but I don't mean that," Betty said. "I loved not having to decide things. Agatha, you can't imagine what a joy it was to do whatever George suggested, without arguing about it or discussing it all. I simply watched to see what he wanted and then did it. As soon as he suggested anything I agreed with it—eagerly, Agatha, as if I was pleased by the idea. If he said, 'Don't you think that window should be closed, Betty?' I would say, 'I certainly do, George!' or 'Yes, I'll close it.' I never argued—that's fatal. And presently I enjoyed not having to decide things. I enjoyed trying to do everything just as I thought George would like to have it done. You couldn't guess the difference it made in George; he stopped frowning and he stopped being irritated. He says, 'Thank heaven I have a good wife to come home to!' And I feel so—well, so warm and contented and blissful all the time, Agatha."

"But that means you make yourself nothing, Betty," Agatha said with dismay. "You give up all your independence, all your rights."

"Do I?" Betty smiled. "Perhaps I do—some of my rights—but I don't want them, Agatha. What is so awful about that? I'm happy, and George is happy. We're both happy. It's enough that I can be a good wife, Agatha. For one woman that is enough of a job. I don't know any more blessedly happy woman than mother is, and that is what has made her so happy all these years; mother's motto is 'Father First.' And that's our secret—all the secret we have."

"But it is abnegation; it is self-abasement; it is abdication!" exclaimed Agatha.

"Well, what of it?" smiled Betty. "I don't think I abdicated anything but a lot of miserable quarrels with George. I don't look self-abased, do I? I certainly don't feel abnegated—whatever that means. I simply don't have to worry about making a lot of decisions that George can make as well as I can, or better, and it gives me a lot more time to be happy in."

"Yes," Agatha said slowly, and then, "Yes!" she said understandingly. "A lot more time to be happy in. I see what you mean—giving all your time and effort and intelligence to being a wife, Betty."

As she thought of this the sense of irritation that had been annoying her for weeks left Agatha. She felt how soothing it would be to put aside all necessity for making decisions, and how much better it would be to avoid the discussions that were bringing frowns more and more frequently to Walter's formerly placid forehead.

"Try it, Agatha," Betty said, and looked at her watch. "But I must be going!" she exclaimed. "Try it, and let me know how it works," she said, and she kissed Agatha; "I want you to be as happy as I am."

She hurried away and Agatha busied herself putting things to rights. She stopped now and then and stood silently thinking. She could see now how their discussions had irritated Walter, and she began to sing an old song almost unconsciously—she had not sung at her work for weeks. There came into her mind an old fable or tale—The Old Man is Always Right—and she smiled and said, "The old man is always right!" She felt surprisingly

(Continued on Page 52)

CHANGE NOW TO ALEMITE WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT

TODAY OCT. 23RD

THE procedure is simple and is well worth the time because of the trouble, energy and money it will save you later on.

Go to any dealer displaying the Alemite sign. An expert attendant will wheel up an Alemite Gear Flusher. It will flush the gear case shining clean with kerosene. Then it will draw out all the old worn-out grease and the grit and dirt and filings of steel with it. Alemite SPECIAL WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT will then be forced in. And you're on your way to the finest winter driving you've ever known.

Why Change? Why Now? Why Alemite?

The right answer to most winter repair bills is wrong lubricant. Change now to a lubricant that will really protect your gears in even the coldest subzero temperatures. Be prepared against the sudden drops that are inevitable from now on.

Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant "clothes" your gears in a complete and constant coat of cushioning lubricant. It actually "flows" at zero temperatures. It therefore does not solidify and allow gears to pass through without lubrication. In other words, it never "channels." *And it allows you to shift gears at all times as easily as in summer.*

Make Sure of This

Alemite Service Dealers display the Alemite red, yellow and blue sign. They will supply you with Genuine Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant without danger of substitution. You make sure of the complete gear protection you want this winter when you are served by them.

There are other phases of Alemite-ing which these men alone will supply you with—

1. Gear Lubricant as outlined above.

2. Bearings: Genuine Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing.

3. Springs and Under-body Parts: Sprayed with Alemite-Vesuvius Liquid Graphite—every 500 miles. Eliminating all spring and body squeaks and making your car run silently and luxuriously.

Millions of motorists will insure themselves against needless expense and discomfort in driving their cars this winter by following out that program.

Test it out for yourself. Go in where you see the Alemite sign for a thorough Alemite-ing—TODAY—October 23rd!

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2672-a N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

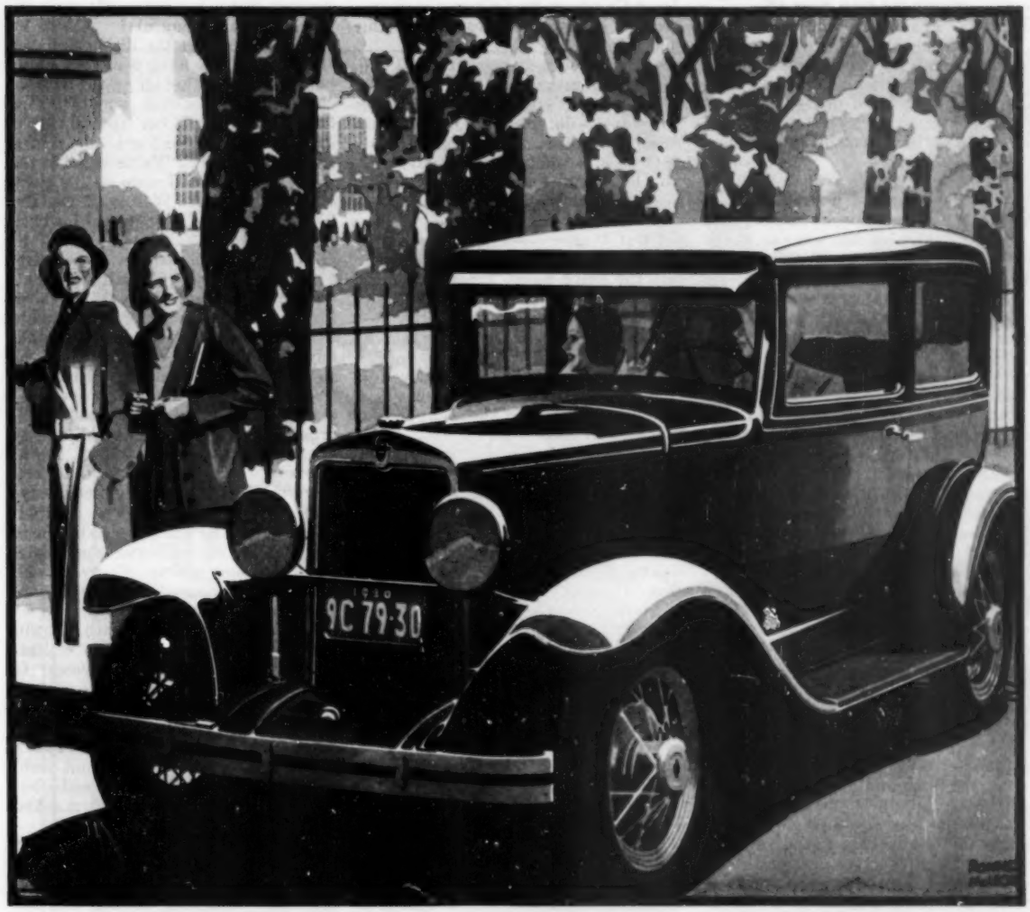
for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet's liberal service policy protects every owner wherever he goes

There is comfort and satisfaction in knowing—when you invest in a Chevrolet Six—that a liberal service policy will protect you wherever you care to drive. Under the terms of the Chevrolet Owner's Service Policy, any one of Chevrolet's 10,000 dealers anywhere in the United States or Canada will make regular free

Every Chevrolet buyer receives, upon delivery of his car, a signed agreement called the Owner's Service Policy.



The Chevrolet 6-cylinder coach. Smart-looking, comfortable, smooth-running. Wire wheels standard equipment.

inspections every thousand miles throughout the life of the car. Any Chevrolet dealer will make replacements with no charge for parts or *labor*, as specified in the new Chevrolet Owner's Service Policy! Think how much more satisfying it is to own a car with this protection—how much more economical! Think how dependable a car must be to *warrant* such a liberal service policy!

CHEVROLET SIX

It's wise to choose a six!

FEATURES: 50-horsepower six-cylinder motor . . . de luxe wire wheels at no extra cost . . . a variety of attractive colors modern, long, semi-elliptic springs . . . fully-enclosed four-wheel brakes . . . Fisher hardwood-and-steel bodies safety gasoline tank in the rear . . . and, for your protection, a new and liberal Chevrolet service policy.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

James Cruze and Jim Henry on location. Cruze is directing a mob scene by radio

"Two more shaves? **Raise the ante, Jim!"**

JAMES CRUZE,

Director, Tiffany Super Productions

I asked this famous director to test out the Mennen guarantee of "2 more shaves from every blade—or money back". Gentlemen, Mr. Cruze:

"... It must be right—that guarantee of yours. Even a directorial skeptic like myself cannot get away from the facts. I checked you up, Jim—made the test at home and on location. Actually—I get from 3 to 4 more shaves per blade with Mennen. And since all of these shaves—the first to the last—were comfortable, quick, and clean, it's Mennen for me from now on..."

Maybe it's 3. Maybe it's 4. The important fact is that Mennen *does* give you extra shaves from every blade. Mennen so thoroughly softens hair that the blade actually has less work to do. Result—more shaves—and more comfortable shaves. But even that isn't all...

Mennen gives your skin a real health treatment. The lather penetrating into the pores, loosens, then washes out, pore-imbedded dirt. Thus, regular use of Mennen helps you to prevent pimples, blackheads and other skin blemishes...

Get a tube now. Then compare and count shaves. 2 Mennen creams to choose from: (1) *Menthol-iced*, with its triple cool, invigorating tingle; (2) Original, with the famous smooth, rich lather.

Jim Henry

Mennen Salesman

MENNEN

SHAVING CREAMS

2 KINDS: ORIGINAL—MENTHOL-ICED

SALES show that *Mennen Skin Balm* with the new improved formula, is more popular than ever. It cools and stimulates facial nerves, heals tiny razor nicks, protects your face against the weather. Comes in a handy tube and is absolutely non-greasy. Try it—after your next Mennen shave.

(Continued from Page 48)

happy. "From now on," she said, "Walter is always right, whether he is right or not. It doesn't really mean abdicating anything, or doing anything like that," she told herself. "All it means is being the sort of wife a wife ought to be. A wife ought to be second to her husband."

She was ready for Walter when he came. She had never, she felt, enjoyed preparing a dinner as she had enjoyed preparing this one, and she was at the window, watching for Walter, when she saw him coming up the street. He was with Mr. Belter, who lived next door, and he was chatting with him quite cheerfully. He stopped at Mr. Belter's gate a moment and laughed with Mr. Belter at something Mr. Belter had said; but as Walter looked up and saw Agatha his face changed instantly. The frown came between his brows again, and although he kissed Agatha when she opened the door she saw the look of irritation she so much dreaded. He looked suddenly tired.

"Nice and early!" Agatha exclaimed brightly. "And I've got such a good dinner!"

"How was your party?" he asked as if grudgingly. "Everything go off all right?"

"Just lovely!" she cried. "I'll tell you all about it when you come down. Take your time, Walter; dinner will be ready when you come down. Did you have a hard day, Walter?"

"No," he said, and went up the stairs.

She told him, at dinner, all about the party, but not about Betty. She gave him all the bits of small gossip that might interest him, and gradually the frown left his face. He became quite interested in Agatha's explanation of Sara Spence's description of the new house she and her husband were planning, and was animated in the matter of the relative value of different heating plants. He told Agatha the story Mr. Belter had told him—the one that had made him laugh—and he laughed again at it. It was not until Agatha was sipping her black coffee that she spoke of the Benchways Company's letter.

"What have you decided about the Benchways Company's letter, Walter?" she asked, and instantly the annoyance returned to Walter's face.

"Nothing, of course," he said, frowning again. "I wouldn't without talking it over more with you. That's what we decided to do, isn't it?"

"But what do you think we should do, Walter? What do you think would be best?" Agatha asked. "I want to do whatever you want to do."

"That's not discussing it," Walter said. "You said we would think it over and discuss it. I want to do whatever you want to do too. You certainly know that."

"Yes, but I want to do absolutely what you want to do, Walter," Agatha insisted. "I want you to decide, and whatever you decide will satisfy me completely. It's much more important to you than it could possibly be to me. It is you who will have the work to do, Walter."

"Oh, work!" he exclaimed. "I can work anywhere. Leave that out of it. If we go to Dellbrook all these friends of yours here in Belmar ——"

"Now, that must not be considered for a moment," declared Agatha. "I can make other friends in Dellbrook; but the salary ——"

"I don't know that I'd suit the Benchways people; I might be fired out of there in a month, or a year. The Janes Company may give me more in a year or so. You've always liked this house."

"It's not the only house I might like, Walter," Agatha said. "Now, please, Walter; I want you to do just whatever you want to do. I can get along in any kind of a house. I can make friends anywhere. I want you to decide."

"Oh, don't let's talk about it!" Walter cried with an impatient gesture.

"But, Walter ——"

He got up from the table and went into the living room. Agatha sat for a minute longer looking at his vacant chair. He had been angry! His face had been red! What had she said to make him angry? Why was he angry? She got out of her chair slowly and stood for a moment with her finger laid across her lips; then she went to the living-room door.

"Walter," she said, "you aren't angry, are you?"

"No!" he said from behind his newspaper.

"Because I wouldn't do anything, not for worlds, to offend you. I just want you to understand, Walter, dear, that it doesn't make any difference whatever how you decide the Benchways offer. I'll be happy if you decide to go to them, and I'll be happy if we stay here."

She was going to say more, but Walter threw down the paper petulantly.

"Oh, quit!" he exclaimed. "I told you I'm not going to decide this alone. I don't know what you want to do. You can't come out and say one thing or the other—you've got to hedge and hum and haw ——"

"Walter!"

He pushed past her, brushing aside the hand she put out to hold him, and went up the stairs to the small room he used as a laboratory. He went in and closed the door and Agatha heard the key turn in the lock. It was their first real quarrel. She put a foot on the bottom step and then turned away from the stairs and went to the dining room and began to gather up the dishes with tears in her eyes.

In the small laboratory Walter threw himself on a couch he had there. He threw himself face downward with his head on the crook of an arm and lay motionless. He closed his eyes and tried not to think of anything, but presently his mind took up the experiment on which he had been working at the Janes laboratory for two weeks. He forgot Agatha as his brain began going over this and that combination he had tested, and he turned and sat up and got to his feet. He walked to his bench and took down three bottles and lighted his gas jet. He felt in his pocket and drew out a fold of papers and laid this on the bench, bending over it. He turned to the third sheet of figures and symbols and studied it, and reached for a fourth bottle. He forgot Belmar and Dellbrook and Agatha and himself. He forgot the annoyance of having to make decisions in matters that were immaterial to him. He remembered only the one thing to which his life was devoted—chemistry and the problems and possibilities of chemistry in modern civilization.

In the kitchen, over the pan of steaming water, Agatha leaned and washed the thin china and the thinner glasses. For a few minutes her tears dropped into the dishwater, but she wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron. She heard Walter moving around in the room above and a wave of resentment swept through her, leaving her lips pressed tight together. He was up there with his chemicals!

Agatha finished the dishes and put them away. She hung her apron on its hook and seated herself on the wooden chair by the kitchen window. She folded her hands in her lap and looked out at the darkening yard. She might, she thought, for all Walter cared at the moment, be a hired maid sitting there on a kitchen chair. Well, what else did it amount to if Walter turned his back on her like this?

If they took the Benchways position, with the better salary, Agatha thought, her mind wandering away from Walter for a moment, it might be a hired maid sitting on the kitchen chair. How could anyone possibly hesitate between the Janes Company and the Benchways Company? Friends? One always made plenty of friends. The house? Dellbrook had any number of pretty houses—it was a prettier town. It was in every way a better town than Belmar. If Walter went to the Benchways Company their future was assured; everyone said he was going to be one of the greatest experimental chemists if he had a proper chance. Everyone said that Walter was not in the right place with the Janes Company.

Agatha drew a deep breath, drowning a sigh. Being second to Walter! You simply could not be second to Walter; he wouldn't let you be second. He ——

A thought came to Agatha that startled her; Walter had never made a decision of his own free will—not once! Except when he had proposed—but then he had not decided, he had asked and Agatha had decided.

"Why, he doesn't like to decide!" Agatha's thought exclaimed, surprised. "It worries him to decide; it makes him cross to have to decide," and her head went up. She heard Walter still moving here and there in the laboratory above. "He's like a professor," she thought; "he is so interested in his work that everything else is less important. He's really wonderful that way."

Agatha went upstairs. She went into the bedroom and arranged her hair before her mirror, and walked to Walter's laboratory door. She tapped on the door.

"Walter!" she said.

"Yes? Hello!" he answered.

"Open the door."

"Yes; in a minute. Just got to fix this and I'll be done, honey; just a second!"

She waited and in not over two minutes he opened the door.

"Walter," she said, "I've made up my mind; we're going to Dellbrook."

"Fine!" said Walter, and then he said, "Ah—forgive me, Agatha, I was thinking of something else; did you say we were going or were not going?"

"We're going," Agatha repeated.

"Fine!" Walter said again. "Fine either way, as long as you are satisfied."

"I am," said Agatha.

She met Betty Blair some days later and Betty beamed on her.

"You look happy, Agatha," Betty said.

"I am," Agatha told her. "Everything is as right as right can be at our house now. I don't believe we'll ever have another worry."

"So my plan worked?" Betty smiled.

"Just splendidly!" Agatha said. "With changes, of course."

"With changes?" Betty asked, puzzled. "What do you mean, Agatha?"

"Walters are not always Georges," said Agatha. "Sometimes Agathas have to be."

The continent that became a neighborhood

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THROUGH slim wires etched against the sky . . . through cables laid in the earth under cities and fields . . . millions of Americans, miles or days' journeys apart, speak to each other as readily as though they stood face to face.

Over her telephone, a housewife in a Wisconsin town inquires about a dress pattern from a friend who lives nearby. Over his telephone, a business man in Philadelphia talks to another in Denver. Over her telephone, a mother in Kansas asks her son at college fifty miles away if he will come home for the week-end. Over his telephone, a cabinet member in Washington gives instructions to an assistant in Seattle. Regardless of distance and the complexity of modern living, they talk directly and immediately with any one, anywhere, at any time they choose.

The function of the Bell Telephone System is the vital one of making it possible to maintain social and business contacts in cities that contain many times more people than this nation once boasted . . . in a neighborhood which the Census reports to hold 127 million people. Year after year from its beginning, the Bell System has increased its facilities, its personnel and its usefulness. Looking ahead and planning for the future, it has forwarded the growth of this nation by meeting its communication needs fully and economically. Today it overcomes the hindrances of distance and time . . . and unifies a civilization geared to the habit of instantaneous communication.

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AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

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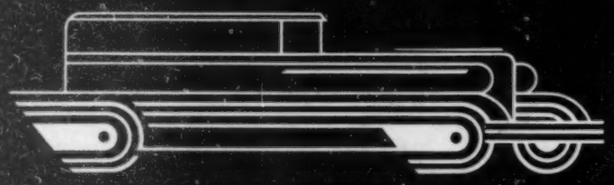


LEADING VALUES

Just one ride will show you the astonishing differences between Plymouth and established ideas about lowest-priced cars—how much bigger, steadier and smoother Plymouth is—what a difference its internal hydraulic brakes make—the advantages of its Safety-Steel body, hydraulic shock absorbers, rubber engine mountings and Chrysler Motors engineering—why the public in increasing numbers is recognizing that Plymouth is today's leading value in the field of lowest-priced cars.

Roadster $535; Coupe $565; Sedan, 2-Door, $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4-Door, 3-Window) $625; Coupe (*with rumble seat*) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

RED LEAVES

(Continued from Page 7)

rooms and littered with bones and refuse, set in ten thousand acres of matchless parklike forest where deer grazed like domestic cattle. Doom and the woman were married there a short time before Issetibbeha was born, by a combination itinerant minister and slave trader who arrived on a mule to the saddle of which was lashed a cotton umbrella and a three-gallon demijohn of whisky. After that, Doom began to acquire more slaves and to cultivate some of his land, as the white people did. But he never had enough for them to do. In utter idleness the greater part of them led lives transplanted whole out of African jungles, save on the occasions when, entertaining guests, Doom coursed them with dogs.

When Doom died, Issetibbeha, his son, was nineteen. He became proprietor of the land and of a quintupled herd of blacks for which he had no use at all. Though the title of Man rested with him, there was a hierarchy of cousins and uncles who ruled the clan and who finally gathered in squatting conclave over the Negro question, squatting profoundly beneath the golden names above the doors of the deck house.

"We cannot eat them," one said.

"Why not?"

"There are too many of them."

"That's true," a third said. "Once we started, we should have to eat them all. And that much flesh diet is not good for man."

"Perhaps they will be like deer flesh. That cannot hurt you."

"We might kill a few of them and not eat them," Issetibbeha said.

They looked at him for a moment. "What for?" the first said.

"That is true," the second said. "We cannot do that. They are too valuable; remember all the bother they have caused us, finding things for them to do. We must do as the white men do."

"How is that?" Issetibbeha said.

"Raise more Negroes by clearing more land, then sell them. We will clear the land and plant it with food and raise Negroes, and sell them to the white men for money."

"But what will we do with all this money?" a third said. They considered for a while.

"We will see," the first said. They squatted, profound, grave.

"It means work," the third said.

"Let the Negroes do it," the first said.

"Yao. Let them. To sweat is bad. It is damp. It opens the pores."

"And then the night air enters."

"Yao. Let the Negroes do it. They appear to like sweating."

So they cleared the land with the Negroes, and planted it in grain. Up to that time the slaves had lived in a huge pen with a lean-to roof over one corner, like a pen for pigs. But now they began to build quarters, cabins, putting the young Negroes into the cabins in pairs to mate; five years later Issetibbeha sold forty head to a Memphis trader, and he took the money and went abroad upon it, his maternal uncle from New Orleans conducting the trip. At that time the Chevalier Sœur Blonde de Vitry was an old man in Paris, in a toupee and a corset and a careful toothless old face fixed in a grimace quizzical and profoundly tragic. He borrowed three hundred dollars from Issetibbeha and in return introduced him among certain circles; a year later Issetibbeha returned home with a gilt bed, a pair of girandoles by whose light it was said Pompadour had arranged her hair while Louis smirked at his own mirrored face across her powdered shoulder, and a pair of slippers with red heels. They were too small for him, since he had not worn shoes at all until he reached New Orleans on his way abroad.

He brought the slippers home in tissue paper and kept them in the remaining pocket of a pair of saddlebags filled with cedar shavings, save when he took them out on occasion for his son to play with. The son's name was Moketubbe. At three years of age he had a broad, flat Mongolian face that appeared to exist in a complete and unfathomable lethargy, until confronted by the slippers.

Moketubbe's mother was a comely girl whom Issetibbeha had seen one day working in her shift in a melon patch. He stopped and watched her for a while—the broad, solid thighs, the sound back, the serene face. He was on his way to the creek to fish that day, but he didn't go any farther; perhaps while he stood there watching the unaware girl he may have remembered his own mother, the city woman, the fugitive with her fans and laces and her Negro blood, and all the tawdry shabbiness of that sorry affair. Within the year Moketubbe was born; even at three he could not get his feet into the slippers. Watching him in the still hot afternoons as he struggled with the slippers with a certain monstrous repudiation of fact, Issetibbeha laughed quietly to himself. He laughed at Moketubbe and the shoes for several years, because Moketubbe did not give up trying to put them on until he was sixteen. Then he quit. Or Issetibbeha thought he had. But he had merely quit trying before Issetibbeha. Issetibbeha's newest wife told him that Moketubbe had stolen and hidden the shoes. Issetibbeha quit laughing then, and he sent the woman away, so that he was alone. "Yao," he said. "I too like being alive, it seems." He sent for Moketubbe. "I give them to you," he said.

Moketubbe was twenty-five then, unmarried. Issetibbeha was not tall, but he was taller by six inches than his son and almost a hundred pounds lighter. Moketubbe was already diseased with flesh, with a pale, broad, inert face and dropsical hands and feet. "They are yours now," Issetibbeha said, watching him. Moketubbe had looked at him once when he entered, a glance brief, discreet, veiled.

"Thanks," he said.

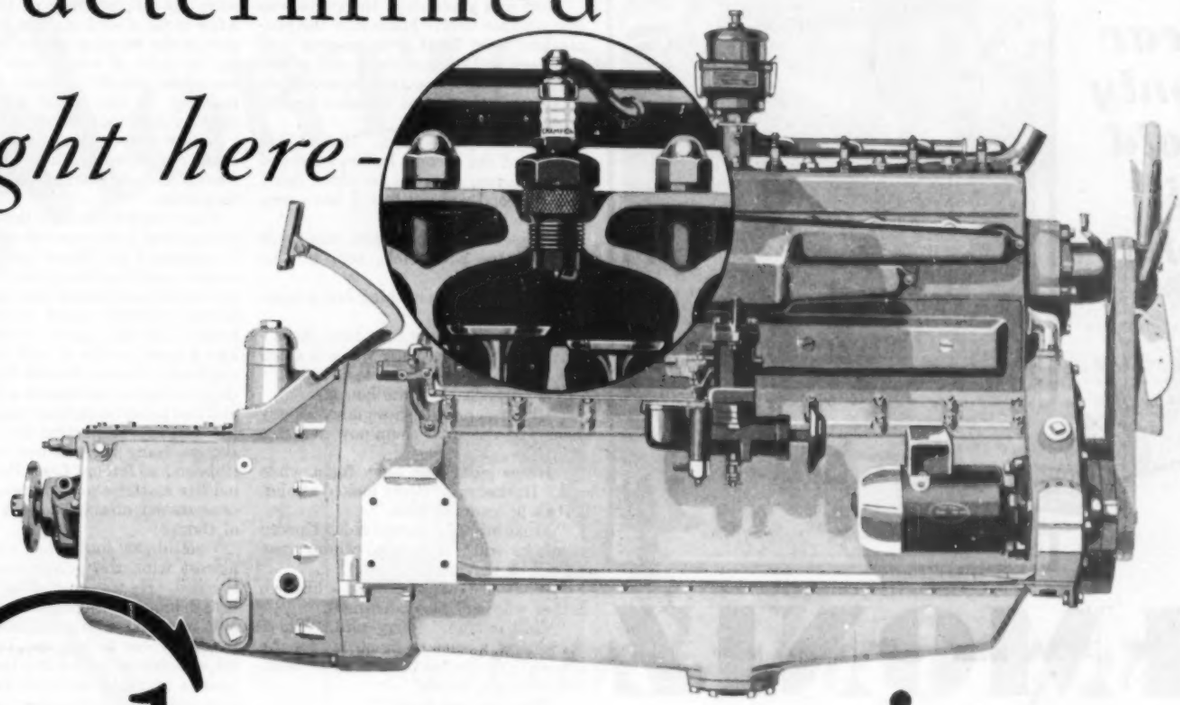
Issetibbeha looked at him. He could never tell if Moketubbe saw anything, looked at anything. "Why will it not be the same, if I give them to you?" he said.

"Thanks," Moketubbe said. Issetibbeha was using snuff at the time; a white man had shown him how to put the powder into his lip and scour it against his teeth with a twig of gum or of alphea.

"Well," he said, "a man cannot live forever." He looked at his son, then his gaze went blank in turn, unseeing, and he mused for an instant. You could not tell what he was thinking, save that he said half aloud: "Yao. But Doom's uncle had no shoes with red heels." He looked at his son again, fat, inert. "Buried, hidden beneath all that, a man might think of doing anything."

(Continued on Page 56)

better performance is determined *right here-*



Champion

the better spark plug

ACCELERATION, economy, power, speed and the flexibility which make it a pleasure to drive your car are all determined in the combustion chamber.

Once you visualize the combustion process, it is not difficult to understand the all-important part which spark plugs play in engine performance.

Champions are the better spark plugs because they incorporate exclusive features which cannot be duplicated, and because they are designed for the rigorous service of present-day motors.

For the life of a spark plug is no easy one. It operates over a heat range of more than 1300 degrees of temperature. It is called upon to function properly at all altitudes and in all kinds of weather.

It must operate with various qualities of gasoline and oil and with varying wear on cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings, and valves. It must fight the evils of carbon almost from its first day. Dirt and water on the exterior, which enter through the radiator openings, tend to lower the electrical efficiency.

When you realize that each spark plug fires at least 15,000,000 times in 10,000 miles, and that it must deliver each vital spark under intense heat and stress, it becomes easy to understand why you should select spark plugs which meet all these conditions and do give better performance.

Champions ended their seventh consecutive year of better performance on land and water by adding these great victories to their long list of 1930 achievements:

Gar Wood's new world record for the Harmsworth Trophy; Billy Arnold's A. A. A. racing championship; Glen Shults' victory at Pike's Peak; Victor Kliesrath's and Richard F. Hoyt's Gold Cup victory in Hotay Totay.

It is obvious, also, that all spark plugs —even Champions—must deteriorate under such terrific operation stresses, and ultimately reach a point where it is economy and efficiency to replace them.

All motor car manufacturers, as well as millions of motor car owners, have proved that a new set of spark plugs every 10,000 miles restores engine power, speed and pick-up, and more than pays for itself in gas and oil saved, alone.

Because Champion Spark Plugs do give better performance in every engine, under every condition, they excel and outsell the world over.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

A car is only as old as it looks

SIMONIZ

will keep your car looking new

YOU can depend upon Simoniz to keep your car always looking sparkling and beautiful. Millions of motorists do, and they say "nothing takes its place." And it is the truth, for every car really needs Simoniz to protect the finish from dust, dirt and other injurious elements that otherwise dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre.

Simoniz is very durable and an application lasts for months. It withstands the ravages of time and weather. Protects the finish from injury. Makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. So the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better.

Anyone can Simoniz a car, for it is easy to get wonderful results with Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. If your car is dulled and discolored the wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily cleans off all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way of restoring the original lustre to the finish. And Simoniz provides the long-lasting protection that has made it so famous.

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Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and drive a car that always looks new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 54)

He sat in a splint chair, hammocked with deer thongs. "He cannot even get them on; he and I are both frustrated by the same gross meat. He cannot even get them on. But is that my fault?"

He lived for five years longer, then he died. He was sick for one night, and though the doctor came in a skunkskin vest and burned sticks, he died before noon.

That was yesterday; the grave was dug, and for twelve hours now the people had been coming in wagons and carriages and on horseback and afoot, to eat the baked dog and the succotash and the yams cooked in ashes and to attend the burial.

"It will be three days," Basket said as he and the second Indian returned to the house. "It will be three days, and the food will not last; I have seen it before."

The second Indian's name was Louis Berry. "He will smell, too, in this weather."

"Yao. They are nothing but a trouble and a care."

"Maybe it will not take three days."

"They run far. Yao. We will smell the Man before he enters the earth."

They approached the house.

"He can wear the shoes now," Berry said. "He can wear them now in man's sight."

"He cannot wear them for a while yet," Basket said. Berry looked at him. "He will lead the hunt."

"Moketubbe?" Berry said. "Do you think he will? A man to whom even talking is travail?"

"What else can he do? It is his own father who will begin to smell."

"That is true," Berry said. "There is even yet a price he must pay for the shoes. Yao. He has truly bought them. What do you think?"

"What do you think?"

"What do you think?"

"I think nothing."

"Nor do I. Issetibbeha will not need the shoes now. Let Moketubbe have them; Issetibbeha will not care."

"Yao. Man must die anyway."

"Yao. Let him; there is still the Man."

The bark roof of the porch was supported by peeled cypress poles, high above the texas of the steamboat house, clearing it by a height of twelve feet, where on the trodden earth there horses and mules were tethered during the wet days. On the forward end of the steamboat deck sat an old man and two women. One of the women was dressing a fowl, the other shelling corn. The old man was talking. He was barefoot, in a long linen frock coat and a worn beaver hat.

"This world is going to the dogs," he said. "It is being ruined by white men. We got along for years and years, before the white men foisted their Negroes upon us. In the old days the old men sat in the shade and ate stewed deer's meat and corn and smoked tobacco and talked of honor and grave affairs; now what do we do? Even the old wear themselves into the grave taking care of those who like sweating." When Basket and Berry crossed the deck he ceased and looked up at them. His eyes were querulous, bleared; his face myriad with a million tiny wrinkles. "He is fled also," he said.

"Yes," Berry said, "he is gone."

"I knew it. I told them so. It will take three weeks, like when Doom died. You watch and see."

"That was three days, not three weeks," Berry said.

"Were you there?"

"No," Berry said, "but I have heard."

"Well, I was there," the old man said. "For three whole weeks, through the swamps and the briers ——" They went on and left him talking.

What had been the saloon of the steamboat was now a shell, rotting slowly; the polished mahogany, the carving glinting momentarily and fading through the mold in figures cabalistic and profound; the gutted windows were like cataracted eyes. It contained a few sacks of seed or grain, and the fore part of the running gear of a barouche, to the axle of which two C springs rusted in graceful curves, supporting nothing. In one corner a fox cub ran steadily and soundlessly up and down a willow cage; three scrawny game cocks moved in the dust, and the place was pocked and marked with their dried droppings.

They passed through the brick wall and entered a big room of chinked logs. It contained the hinder part of the barouche, and the dismantled body lying on its side and slatted over with willow withes, through which protruded the heads, the still, beady, outraged eyes and frayed combs of still more game chickens. It was floored with packed clay; in one corner leaned a crude plow and two hand-hewn boat paddles. From the ceiling, suspended by four deer thongs, hung the gilt bed which Issetibbeha had fetched from Paris. It had neither mattress nor springs, the frame crisscrossed now by a neat hammock of thongs.

Issetibbeha had tried to have his newest wife, the young one, sleep in the bed. He was congenitally short of breath himself, and he passed the nights half reclining in his splint chair. He would see her to bed and, later, wakeful, sleeping as he did but three or four hours a night, he would sit in the darkness and simulate slumber and listen to her sneak infinitesimally from the gilt and ribboned bed, to stretch on a quilt pallet on the floor until just before daylight. Then she would enter the bed quietly again and in turn simulate slumber, while in the darkness beside her Issetibbeha quietly laughed and laughed.

The girandoles were lashed by thongs to two sticks propped in a corner where a ten-gallon whisky keg lay also. There was a clay hearth; facing it, in the splint chair, Moketubbe sat. He was maybe an inch better than five feet tall, and he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. He wore a broadcloth coat and no shirt, his round, smooth copper balloon of a belly swelling above the bottom piece of a suit of linen underwear. On his feet were the slippers with the red heels. Behind his chair stood a stripling with a punkahlike fan made of fringed paper. Moketubbe sat motionless, with his broad yellow face with its closed eyes and flat nostrils, his flipperlike arms extended. On his face was an expression profound, tragic and inert. He did not open his eyes when Basket and Berry came up.

"He has worn them since daylight?" Basket said.

"Since daylight," the stripling said. The fan did not cease. "You can see."

"Yao," Basket said. "We can see." Moketubbe did not move. He looked like an effigy, like a Malay god in frock coat, drawers, naked chest, the trivial scarlet-heeled shoes.

"I wouldn't disturb him, if I were you," the stripling said.

"Not if I were you," Basket said. He and Berry squatted. The stripling moved the fan steadily. "O Man,"

(Continued on Page 58)

THE SHOCK PROBAK ABSORBER ZONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.

TORTURED STEEL

...can't shave you gently

Probak blades are for Probak razor and other razors of this type

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PROBAK RAZOR and 8 BLADES for $1

Now you can have a Probak *razor*. Many years were spent perfecting this revolutionary shaving instrument. It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Modern chromium finish. The Probak razor is designed solely for the super-keen Probak blade. Discover how amazingly quick and comfortable a shave can be.

SHOCK-absorber construction is the reason Probak shaves you with a light, caressing touch. Edge distortion—common cause of drag, pull and vibration—positively cannot occur. Bending shock is entirely eliminated. The shaving edges are held in perfect alinement when you clamp this super-keen blade in the vise-like grip of your double-edge razor.

Butterfly channeling and duo-tempered steel are the patented features that make Probak the most sensational success in razor-blade history. The scientifically shaped perforation and specially tempered steel in the middle section of the blade take up stresses that normally occur when a blade is bent under heavy pressure. Here's why the shaving edges of this blade are just as keen and just as true in your razor as in the distinctive red, blue and green Probak package.

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False Glitter!

NOBODY is fooled by cheap jewelry or inferior playing cards. Just as the sparkle of spurious stones seems tawdry beside the frozen fire of a perfect gem, so are the splashy good looks of poor quality cards exposed by the superb beauty and playing qualities of

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Congress perfection is the result of fifty years' experience in making fine playing cards. Card players respond to the feel of these cards—their snap and flexibility in shuffling—the satin smoothness of their high lustrous finish that speeds up deal and play. To "rate" as a Bridge hostess give your guests the thrill of breaking the seals on new Congress packs. The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., and Windsor, Canada.

Smart new styles created by America's foremost designers on sale everywhere. Rich color backs. Gold edges. Bridge size.

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BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

They feel right, deal right, and stand the gaff of long, hard play. Clearly printed on pure white stock, specially made, specially treated, they have the perfect slip, the brisk, snappy shuffle, the easy pick-up, the quick, flexible fanning that men enjoy. Regular and Bridge sizes.

♠ DON'T INSULT YOUR GUESTS WITH POOR QUALITY CARDS ♠

(Continued from Page 56)

Basket said, "listen." Moketubbe did not move. "He is gone," Basket said.

"I told you so," the stripling said. "I knew he would flee. I told you."

"Yao," Basket said. "You are not the first. Why is it that some of you wiser ones took no steps yesterday?"

"He does not wish to die," Berry said.

"Why should he not wish it?" Basket said.

"Because he must die some day is no reason," the stripling said. "That would not convince me either, old man."

"Hold your tongue," Berry said.

"For twenty years, while others of his race sweat in the fields, he served the Man in the shade. Why should he not wish it, who did not wish to sweat?"

"And it will be quick," Berry said. "It will not take long."

"Catch him and tell him that," the stripling said.

"Hush," Berry said. They squatted, watching Moketubbe's face. He might have been dead himself. It was as though he were cased so in flesh that even breathing took place too deep within him to show.

"Listen, O Man," Basket said. "Issetibbeha is dead. He waits. His dog we have, and his horse. But his slave is fled. The one who held the pot for him, who ate of his food, from his dish, is fled. Issetibbeha waits."

"Yao," Berry said. "He waits."

Moketubbe had not moved; upon his face was that expression tragic, rapt, profound. "It is thy father, O Man," Basket said. "Thy father says, 'Why am I kept waiting?'"

"Yao," Berry said.

"This is not the first time. This happened when Doom, thy grandfather, lay waiting at the door to the earth. He lay three days, saying, 'Where is my Negro?' And Issetibbeha, thy father, answered. He said, 'I will find him. Rest; I will bring him to you so that you may begin the journey.'"

"Yao," Berry said.

Moketubbe had not moved, not opened his eyes.

"For three days Issetibbeha hunted the bottoms," Basket said. "He did not even return home for food, until the Negro was with him; then he said to Doom, his father, 'Here is thy dog, thy horse, thy Negro; rest.' Issetibbeha, who is dead since yesterday, said it. And now Issetibbeha's Negro has fled. His horse and his dog wait with him, but his Negro is fled."

"Yao," Berry said.

Moketubbe had not moved. His eyes were closed; upon his supine monstrous shape there was a colossal inertia, something profoundly immobile, beyond and impervious to flesh. They watched his face, squatting.

"When thy father was newly the Man, this happened," Basket said. "And it was Issetibbeha who brought back the slave to where his father waited." Moketubbe's face had not moved, his eyes had not moved. After a while Basket said, "Remove the shoes."

The stripling removed the shoes. Moketubbe began to pant, his bare chest moving deep, as though he were rising from beyond his unfathomed flesh back into life, like up from the water, the sea. But his eyes had not opened yet.

Berry said, "He will lead the hunt."

"Yao," Basket said. "He is the Man. He will lead the hunt."

III

ALL that day the Negro, Issetibbeha's body servant, hidden in the barn, watched Issetibbeha's dying. He was forty, a Guinea man. He had a flat nose, a close, small head; the inside corners of his eyelids showed red a little, and his prominent gums were a pale bluish red above his square, broad teeth. He had been taken at fourteen by a trader off Kamerun, before his teeth had been filed. He had been Issetibbeha's body servant for twenty-three years.

On the day before, the day on which Issetibbeha lay sick, he returned to the quarters at dusk. In that unhurried hour the smoke of the cooking fires blew slowly across the street from door to door, carrying into the opposite one the smell of the identical meat and bread. The women tended them; the men were gathered at the head of the lane, watching him as he came down the slope from the house. He came slowly, his close, small head high, his eyes watchful, putting his naked feet down carefully in a strange dusk. To the waiting men his eyeballs looked a little luminous.

"He is not yet dead," the headman said quietly.

"Not dead," the Negro said. "Who not dead?"

In the dusk they had faces like his, the different ages, the thoughts sealed inscrutable behind faces like the death masks of apes. The smell of the fires, the cooking, blew sharp and slow across the strange dusk, as from another world, above the lane and the pickaninnies naked in the dust there.

"If he lives past sundown, he will live until daybreak," one said.

"Who says?"

"Talk says."

"Yao. Talk says. We know but one thing." They looked at him as he stood among them, his eyeballs a little luminous. He was breathing slow and deep. His chest was bare; he was sweating a little. "He knows. He knows it."

"Let us let the drums talk."

"Yao. Let the drums tell it."

The drums began after dark. They kept them hidden in the creek bottom. They were made of hollowed cypress knees, and they kept them hidden—why, none knew. They were buried in the mud on the bank of a slough; a lad of fourteen guarded them. He was undersized, and a mute; he squatted in the mud there all day, clouded over with mosquitoes, naked save for the mud with which he coated himself against the mosquitoes, and about his neck a fiber bag containing a pig's rib to which black shreds of flesh still clung, and two scaly-barks on a wire. He slobbered onto his clutched knees, drooling; now and then Indians came noiselessly out of the bushes behind him and stood there and contemplated him for a while and went away, and he never knew it.

From the loft of the barn where he lay hidden until dark and after, the Negro could hear the drums. They were three miles away, but he could hear them as though they were below him in the barn itself, thudding and thudding. It was as though he could see the fire too, and the black limbs turning into and out of the red flames in copper gleams. Only there would be no fire. There would be no more light there than where he lay in the dusty loft, with the whispering arpeggios of rat feet along the warm and immemorial ax-squared rafters. The only fire there would be the smudge against mosquitoes where the women with nursing children crouched, their heavy sluggish breasts nippled full and smooth into the mouths of men children; contemplative, oblivious of the drumming, since a fire would signify life.

(Continued on Page 60)

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS DEALING WITH ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION IN THE HOME

What may we expect of ULTRA-VIOLET *Radiation?*

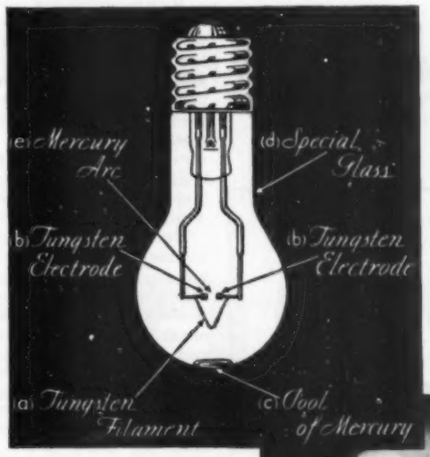
SCIENCE has analyzed the sun and found that, besides light and heat, it gives off tiny invisible waves (70,000 to the inch), known as Ultra-Violet rays, which have a profound effect upon all manner of life. Just as our eyes are receiving sets tuned to the mighty broadcasting of light given off by the sun, so our skin is tuned to the invisible health waves sent out by the same source. Though they penetrate the skin no deeper than the thickness of this sheet of paper, these rays are able to work deep changes throughout the entire body. Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin—is produced only under its influence. This vitamin is an aid in the depositing of calcium and phosphorus and other minerals in the bones.

These vital rays stir up many of us mentally. They help to build up resistance to disease. They tan our skins (though it is not necessary to tan to receive the benefits of ultra-violet radiation). They are a powerful aid in the maintenance of health.

But Ultra-Violet, artificially produced in the home, should not be regarded as a "medicine." It should be regarded in the same light as fresh air, pure water and wholesome food. And like all of these essentials of health it should be used with moderation.

Like all great discoveries, Ultra-Violet radiation has been the subject of much misconception and misunderstanding on the part of the public. Its curative powers, in general use, have been exaggerated, in some cases by commercial exploiters. Ultra-Violet radiation is not a "cure-all." It is not a substitute for the services of a physician in the case of illness or disease. In all cases where Ultra-Violet radiation is indicated *as a treatment of disease*, the attending physician should prescribe and supervise the treatment.

For many years, as the world's largest manufacturer of things electrical, the General Electric Company has sought, in its vast laboratories, a means of making the known, health-maintaining qualities of Ultra-Violet available to the general public. The result is the General Electric Sunlight (Type S-1) lamp.



THE G. E. SUNLIGHT (TYPE S-1) LAMP
Like the radio tube, the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) lamp only functions in equipment designed especially for its use. Though it looks like an ordinary incandescent lamp in many respects, this lamp contains (a) a "V" shaped tungsten filament (b) two tungsten electrodes (c) a pool of free mercury and (d) a bulb of special glass.

When the current is turned on, the filament is immediately heated to incandescence. A portion of the mercury then vaporizes and an arc (e) forms between the two electrodes. (See lower cut.)

To be worthy of a place in the long line of General Electric products, this lamp had to be efficient. It is. It is not merely a "heat" lamp. At a distance of three feet, from a standard utilizing the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) lamp the public may expect the same ultra-violet effectiveness as is found in midday, midsummer sunlight.

To be a G. E. product it had to be safe. It is. The bulb of the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) lamp is made of special glass which filters out nearly all radiation not found in the best natural sunshine. In any standard or fixture using the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) lamp (the lamp cannot be used in the ordinary lamp socket) the public may expect radiation which embodies the simplicity and economy of the modern MAZDA lamp with an adequate supply of safe ultra-violet.

They may expect to use such equipment freely—for irradiating the children as they play or dress—as a reading lamp beside their easy chairs—as a lamp to stretch out and relax under as it stands by the couch or bed—as a wonderful sewing light—as a means of obtaining "sunlight" in the bathroom while shaving—these and in many other ways.

Just as the vacuum tube is the heart of radio, so the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) lamp is the heart of modern man-made sunlight. Everyone who expects to obtain the *full* benefits of ultra-violet radiation this winter should insist that the sun lamp he buys uses the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) lamp as its source of energy. It is sold in accordance with the requirements of the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association and is backed by the greatest name in electricity.

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of General Electric Company
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SUNLIGHT (TYPE S-1) LAMP

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

ZEE, *100 extra sheets. Per roll,* **10c.** *3 rolls,* **25c.**

ZALO, *1000 sheets on a roll,* **15c.** *2 rolls,* **25c.**

Why risk harshness?

now Bathroom Tissues are "FLUFFED"

They're fluffed for softness ... fluffed for absorbency ... wrapped like hospital gauze

IF you care about real softness ... the gentle softness that you get in cold cream tissues ... include Zee and Zalo in your next order of bathroom tissues.

Women are delighted with the "fluffed" luxury of these bathroom tissues. Pleased to discover that they cost no more.

Why they're "Fluffed"

No fear of harshness with Zee or Zalo. No slippery glaze. Just before this tissue is dry, over the special "fluffing" roller it goes. Here each sheet is gently napped ... made petal-soft ... absolutely safe enough for a baby's skin.

Start a roll today

If you care about safety, give your family the benefit of this new protection at once. Quality considered, it doesn't cost a penny extra.

Ask your grocer, druggist, or any fine department store for Zalo, the pure white; or Zee, the pale ivory tissue—they're both fluffed.

Both Zee and Zalo fit all standard built-in and projecting fixtures.

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY
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FIVE GOOD REASONS WHY YOU'LL INSIST ON ZEE AND ZALO

1. Fluffing makes them softer, more absorbent.
2. Absolutely safe ... made from pure, new pulp.
3. Both rolls have tucked-in, sanitary wrappers.
4. Gaily wrapped ... to store with your lovely linens.
5. They cost no more than ordinary toilet paper.

POWDER PUFF GENTLE

Fluffed Zee and Zalo are as gentle as a big down puff ... absolutely safe enough and soft enough for a baby's tender skin. That means they're safe enough for anyone.

(Continued from Page 58)

There was a fire in the house where Issetibbeha lay dying among his wives, beneath the lashed girandoles and the suspended bed. He could see the smoke, and just before sunset he saw the doctor come out, in a waistcoat made of skunkskins, and set fire to two clay-daubed sticks at the edge of the porch. "So he's not dead yet," he said into the whispering gloom of the loft.

"Who not dead?"

"You are dead."

"Yao. I am dead," he said quietly. He wished to be where the drums were. He thought about himself springing out of the bushes, leaping among the drums on his bare, lean, greasy, invisible limbs. But he couldn't do that, because man leaped past life, into where death was; he dashed into death and didn't die, because when death took a man, it took him just this side of the end of living. It was when death overran him from behind, still in life. The thin whisper of rat feet died in fainting gusts along the rafters. Once he had eaten rat. He was a boy then, but just come to America. Squatting in the barn so, he had watched the rat, civilized, by association with man reft of its inherent cunning of limb and eye; he had caught it without difficulty, with scarce a movement of his hand, and he ate it slowly, wondering how any of the rats had escaped so long. At that time he was still wearing the single white garment which the New England trader, the deacon in a church, had given him, and he spoke then only his own tongue.

He was naked now, save for a pair of dungaree pants bought by Indians from white men, and an amulet slung on a thong about his hips. The amulet consisted of one half of a mother-of-pearl lorgnon which Issetibbeha had brought back from Paris, and the skull of a cottonmouth moccasin. He had killed the snake himself and eaten it, save the head. He lay in the loft, watching the house, listening to the drums, thinking of himself among the drums.

He lay there all night. The next morning he saw the doctor come out, in his skunk vest, and get on his mule and ride away, and he became quite still and watched the final dust from beneath the mule's delicate feet die away, and then he found that he was still breathing and it seemed strange to him that he still breathed air, still needed air. Then he lay and watched quietly, waiting to move, his eyeballs a little luminous, but with a quiet light, and his breathing light and regular, and saw Louis Berry come out and look at the sky. It was good light then, and already five Indians squatted in their Sunday clothes along the steamboat deck; by noon there were twenty-five there. That afternoon they dug the trench in which the meat would be baked, and the yams; by that time there were almost a hundred guests—decorous, quiet, patient in their stiff European finery—and he watched Berry lead Issetibbeha's mare from the stable and tie her to a tree, and then he watched Berry emerge from the house with the old hound that lay beside Issetibbeha's chair. He tied it to the tree too, and it sat there, looking gravely about the faces. Then it began to howl. It was still howling at sundown, when the Negro climbed down the back wall of the barn and into the spring branch, where it was already dusk. He began to run then. He could hear the hound howling behind him, and near the spring, already running, he passed another Negro. The two men, the one motionless and the other running, looked for an instant at each other as though across an actual boundary between two different worlds. He ran on into full darkness, mouth closed, fists doubled, his broad nostrils bellowsing steadily.

He ran on in the darkness. He knew the country well, because he had hunted it often with Issetibbeha, following on his mule the course of the fox beside Issetibbeha's mare; he knew it as well as the men who would pursue him. He saw them for the first time shortly before sunset of the second day. He had run thirty miles then, up the creek bottom, before doubling back; lying in a papaw thicket he saw the pursuit for the first time. There were two of them, in shirts and straw hats, carrying their neatly rolled trousers under their arms, and they had no weapons. They were middle-aged, paunchy, and they could not have moved very fast anyway; it would be twelve hours before they could return to where he lay watching them. "So I will have until midnight to rest," he said. He was near enough to the plantation to smell the cooking fires, and he thought how he ought to be hungry, since he had not eaten in thirty hours. "But it is more important to rest," he told himself. He continued to tell himself that, lying hidden in the papaw thicket, because the effort of resting, the need and the haste to rest, made his heart thud the same as the running had done. It was as though he had forgotten how to rest, as though the six hours were not long enough to do it in, to remember again how to do it.

As soon as dark came he moved again. He had thought to keep going steadily and quietly through the night, since there was nowhere for him to go, nowhere he knew to go or could go, but as soon as he moved he began to run at top speed, breasting his panting chest, his broad-flaring and closing nostrils through the choked and whipping darkness. He ran for an hour, lost by then, without direction, when suddenly he stopped, and after a time his thudding heart unraveled from the sound of the drums. By the sound they were not two miles away; he followed the sound until he could smell the smudge fire and taste the acrid smoke. When he stood among them the drums did not cease; only the headman came to him where he stood in the drifting smudge, panting, his nostrils flaring and pulsing, the hushed glare of his ceaseless eyeballs in his mud-daubed face as though they too were worked from lungs.

"We have expected thee," the headman said. "Go, now."

"Go?"

"Eat, and go. The dead may not consort with the living; thou knowest that."

"Yao. I know that." They did not look at each other. The drums had not ceased.

"Wilt thou eat?" the headman said.

"I am not hungry. I caught a rabbit this afternoon, and ate while I lay hidden."

"Take some cooked meat with thee, then."

He accepted the cooked meat, wrapped in leaves, and entered the creek bottom again; after a while the sound of the drums ceased. He walked steadily until daybreak. "I have twelve hours," he said. "Maybe more, since the trail was followed by night." He squatted and ate the meat and wiped his hands on his thighs. Then he rose and removed the dungaree pants and squatted again beside a slough and coated himself with

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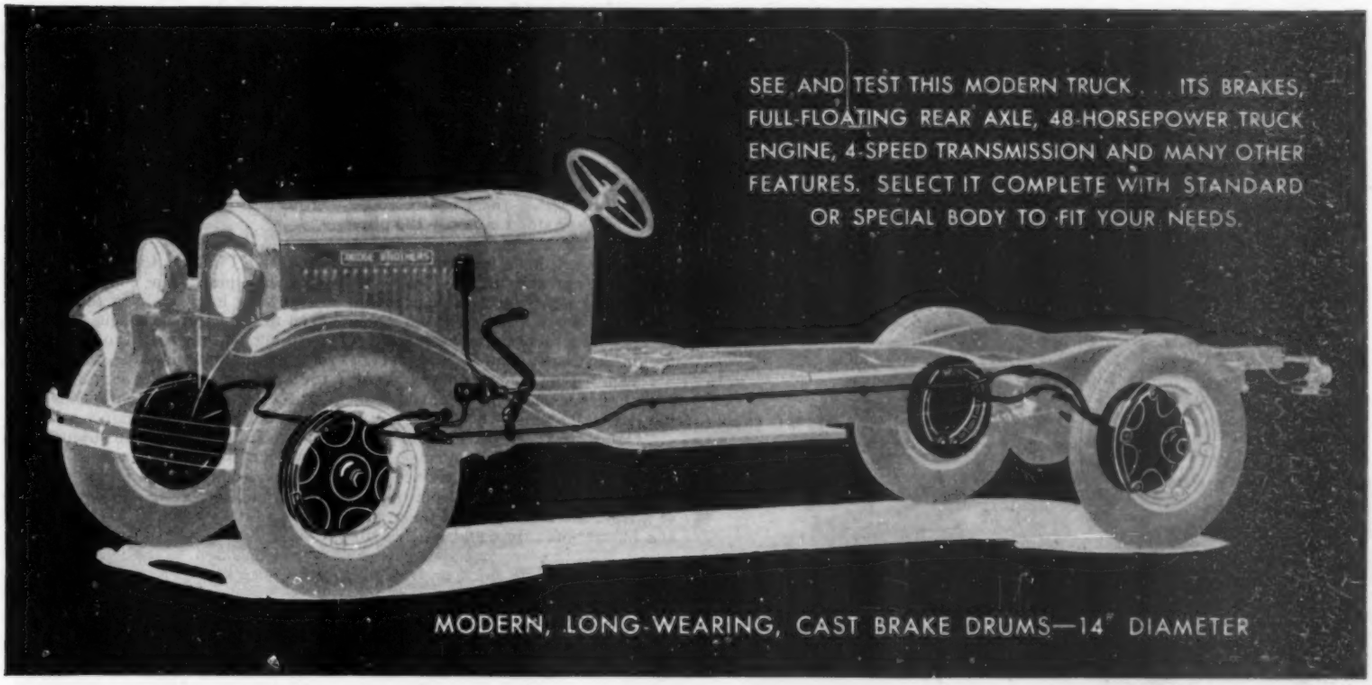
SEE AND TEST THIS MODERN TRUCK . . . ITS BRAKES, FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE, 48-HORSEPOWER TRUCK ENGINE, 4-SPEED TRANSMISSION AND MANY OTHER FEATURES. SELECT IT COMPLETE WITH STANDARD OR SPECIAL BODY TO FIT YOUR NEEDS.
MODERN, LONG-WEARING, CAST BRAKE DRUMS—14" DIAMETER

Compare the internal hydraulic brakes on the 1½ ton DODGE TRUCK

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DODGE TRUCKS RANGE IN PAYLOAD CAPACITIES FROM 1,200 TO 11,175 POUNDS

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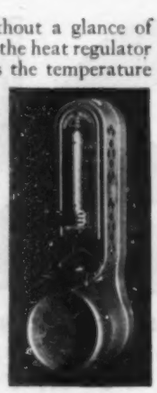

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Every Monday evening Minneapolis-Honeywell presents the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Henri Verbrugghen, conductor. Columbia Broadcasting System, 9 to 9:30 Eastern Standard Time.

MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

(Continued from Page 60)

mud—face, arms, body and legs—and squatted again, clasping his knees, his head bowed. When it was light enough to see he rose and moved back into the swamp and squatted again and went to sleep so. He did not dream at all. It was well that he moved, for, waking suddenly in broad daylight and the high sun, he saw the two Indians. They still carried their neatly rolled trousers; they stood opposite the place where he lay hidden, paunchy, thick, soft-looking, a little ludicrous in their straw hats and shirt tails.

"This is wearying work," one said.

"I'd rather be at home in the shade, myself. But there is the Man waiting beside the door to the earth."

"Yao." They looked quietly about; stooping, one of them removed from his shirt tail a clot of cockleburs.

"Damn that Negro," he said.

"Yao. When have they ever been anything but a trial and a care to us?"

In the early afternoon, from the top of a tree, the Negro looked down into the plantation. He could see Issetibbeha's body in a hammock between the two trees where the horse and the dog were tethered, and the concourse before the deck house was filled with wagons and horses and mules, with carts and saddle horses, while in bright clumps the women and the smaller children and the old men squatted about the long trench where the smoke from the barbecuing meat blew slow and thick. The men and the big boys would all be down there in the creek bottom behind him, on the trail, their Sunday clothes rolled carefully up and wedged into tree crotches. There was a clump of men near the door to the house, though, and he watched them, and after a while he saw them bring Moketubbe out in a litter made of buckskin and persimmon poles; high hidden in his leafed nook the Negro, the quarry, looked quietly down upon his irrevocable doom with an expression as profound as Moketubbe's own.

"Yao," he said quietly, "he will go, then. That man whose body has been dead for fifteen years, he will go also."

In the middle of the afternoon he came face to face with an Indian. They were both on a foot log across a slough—the Negro gaunt, lean, hard, tireless and desperate; the Indian thick, soft-looking, the apparent embodiment of the ultimate and the supreme reluctance and inertia. The Indian made no move, no sound; he stood on the log and watched the Negro plunge into the slough and swim ashore and crash away into the undergrowth.

Just before sunset he lay behind a down log. Up the log in slow procession moved a line of ants. He caught them and ate them slowly, with a kind of detachment, like that of a dinner guest eating salted nuts from a dish. They too had a salt taste, engendering a salivary reaction out of all proportion. He ate them slowly, watching the unbroken line move up the log and into oblivious doom with a steady and terrific undeviation. He had eaten nothing else all day; in his caked mud mask his eyes rolled in reddened rims. At sunset, creeping quietly along the creek bank toward where he had spotted a frog, a cottonmouth moccasin slashed him suddenly across the forearm with a thick, sluggish blow. It struck clumsily, leaving two long slashes across his arm like two razor slashes, and half sprawled with its own momentum, appearing for the moment utterly helpless with its own awkwardness and choleric outrage. "Olè, grandfather," he said. He touched its head and watched it slash him again across his arm, and again, with thick, raking awkward blows. "It's that I do not wish to die," he said. Then he said it again—"It's that I do not wish to die"—in a quiet tone, of slow and low amaze, as though it were something that, until the words had said themselves, he found that he had not known, or had not known the depth and extent of his desire.

IV

MOKETUBBE took the slippers with him. He could not wear them very long while in motion, not even in the litter where he was slung, reclining, so they rested upon a square of fawnskin upon his lap—the cracked, frail slippers a little shapeless now, with their scaled patent-leather surfaces and buckleless tongues and scarlet heels, lying upon the supine obese shape just barely alive, carried through swamp and brier by swinging relays of men who bore steadily all day long the crime and its object, on the business of the slain. To Moketubbe it must have been as though, himself immortal, he were being carried rapidly through hell by doomed spirits which, alive, had contemplated his disaster, and dead, were oblivious partners to his damnation.

After resting for a while, the litter propped in the center of a squatting circle and Moketubbe motionless in it, with closed eyes and his face at once peaceful for the instant and filled with inescapable foreknowledge, he could wear the slippers for a while. The stripling put them on him, forcing his big, tender, dropsical feet into them; whereupon into his face came again that expression—tragic, passive and profoundly attentive—which dyspeptics wear. Then they went on. He made no move, no sound, inert in the rhythmic litter out of some reserve of inertia, or maybe of some kingly virtue such as courage or fortitude. After a time they set the litter down and looked at him, at the yellow face like that of an idol, beaded over with sweat. Then Three Basket or John Had-Two-Fathers would say: "Take them off. Honor has been served." They would remove the shoes. Moketubbe's face would not alter, but only then would his breathing become perceptible, going in and out of the pale lips with a faint ah-ah-ah sound, and they would squat again while the couriers and runners came up.

"Not yet?"

"Not yet. He is going east. By sunset he will reach Mouth of Tippah. Then he will turn back. We may take him tomorrow."

"Let us hope so. It will not be too soon."

"Yao. It has been three days now."

"When Doom died, it took only three days."

"But that was an old man. This one is young."

"Yao. A good race. If he is taken tomorrow, I will win a horse."

"May you win it."

"Yao. This work is not pleasant."

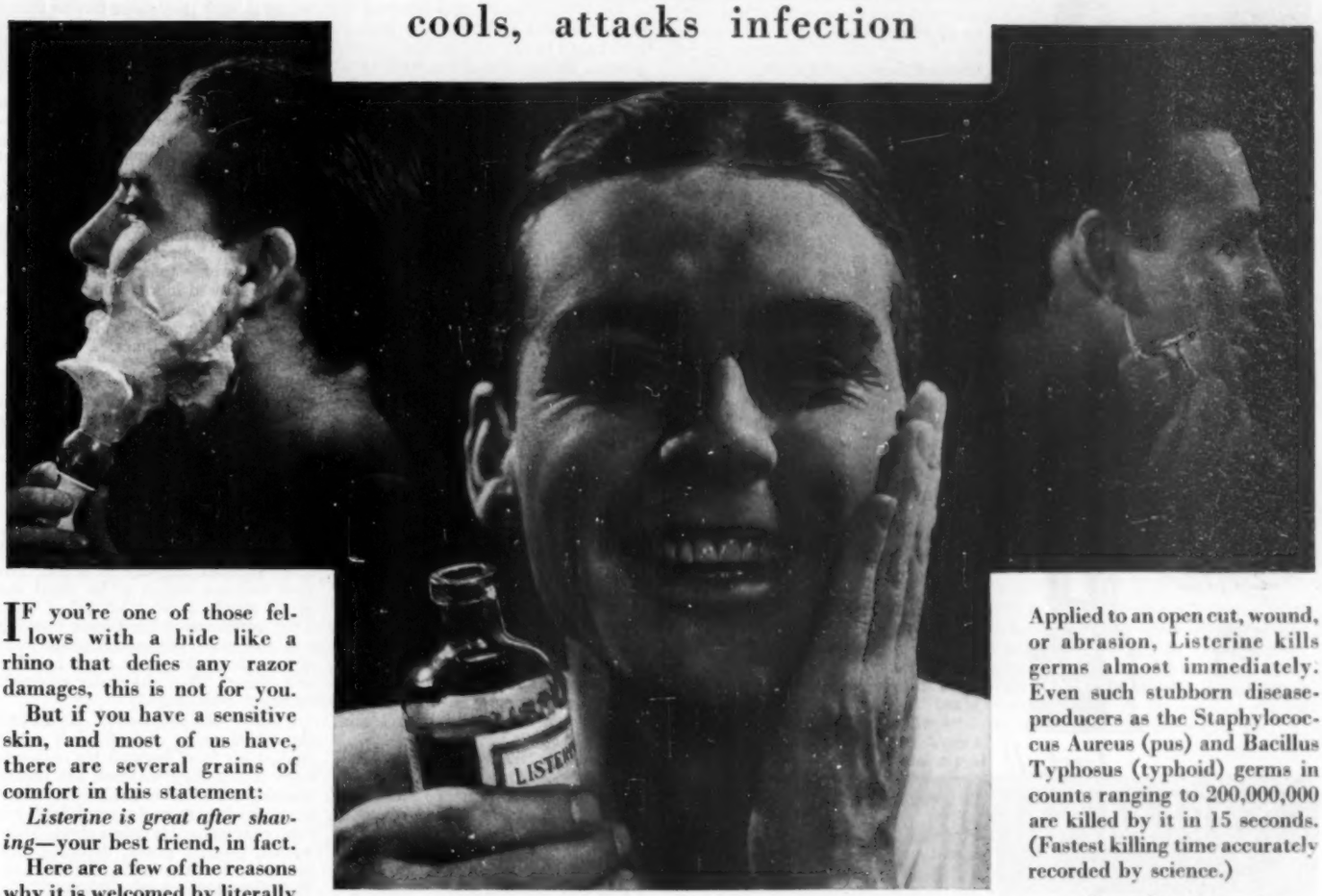
That was the day on which the food gave out at the plantation. The guests returned home and came back the next day with more food, enough for a week longer. On that day Issetibbeha began to smell; they could smell him for a long way up and down the bottom when it got hot toward noon and the wind blew. But they didn't capture the Negro on that day, nor on the next. It was about dusk on the sixth day when the couriers came up to the litter;

(Continued on Page 64)

A man's best friend AFTER SHAVING

LISTERINE

ends rawness, soothes and cools, attacks infection



IF you're one of those fellows with a hide like a rhino that defies any razor damages, this is not for you.

But if you have a sensitive skin, and most of us have, there are several grains of comfort in this statement:

Listerine is great after shaving—your best friend, in fact.

Here are a few of the reasons why it is welcomed by literally tens of thousands of men for whom it has made shaving pleasant:

1. *Listerine is a natural healing agent.* Physicians know it, and hospital records prove it. Applied full strength, it readily heals and soothes tissue inflamed by lather or razor, or both. Almost instantly Listerine gets rid of that unpleasant burning sensation, that irritating rawness which so often follows a shave.

2. *Listerine is cooling.* The skin feels wonderfully cool and relaxed after you apply Listerine. This remarkable cooling sensation is due to certain essential oils contained in this safe antiseptic.

3. *Listerine protects.* When you douse on Listerine full strength, you know that you are aiding nature and combating infection.

Applied to an open cut, wound, or abrasion, Listerine kills germs almost immediately. Even such stubborn disease-producers as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.)

It perks you up!

So welcome and so noticeable is the invigorating and cooling effect of Listerine on the face, that many men employ it as a facial pick-me-up. Immediately before a business or social engagement, it gives you the appearance of being alert, fresh and keen.

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Radiators hot 15 minutes after opening drafts.

Lasting Heat
For hours after you bank fires

Fuel Economy
Save as much as $5 per radiator per year

. . . . *Install*

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(Continued from Page 62)

they had found blood. "He has injured himself."

"Not bad, I hope," Basket said. "We cannot send with Issetibbeha one who will be of no service to him."

"Nor whom Issetibbeha himself will have to nurse and care for," Berry said.

"We do not know. He has hidden himself. He has crept back into the swamp. We have left pickets."

They trotted with the litter now. The place where the Negro had crept into the swamp was an hour away. In the hurry and excitement they had forgotten that Moketubbe still wore the slippers; when they reached the place Moketubbe had fainted. They removed the slippers and brought him to.

With dark they formed a circle about the swamp. They squatted, clouded over with gnats and mosquitoes; the evening star burned low and close down the west, and the constellations began to wheel overhead. "We will give him time," they said. "Tomorrow is just another name for today."

"Yao. Let him have time." Then they ceased, and gazed as one into the black darkness where the swamp lay. After a while the noise ceased, and soon the courier came out of the darkness.

"He tried to break out."

"But you turned him back?"

"He turned back. We feared for a moment, the three of us. We could smell him creeping in the darkness, and we could smell something else, which we did not know. That was why we feared, until he told us. He said to slay him there, since it would be dark and he would not have to see the face when it came. But it was not that which we smelled; he told us what it was. A snake had struck him. That was two days ago. The arm swelled, and it smelled bad. But it was not that which we smelled then, because the swelling had gone down and his arm was no larger than that of a child. He showed us. We felt the arm, all of us did; it was no larger than that of a child. He said to give him a hatchet so he could chop the arm off. But tomorrow is today also."

"Yao. Tomorrow is today."

"We feared for a while. Then he went back into the swamp."

"That is good."

"Yao. We feared. Shall I tell the Man?"

"I will see," Basket said. He went away. The courier squatted, telling again about the Negro. Basket returned. "The Man says that it is good. Return to your post."

The courier crept away. They squatted about the litter; now and then they slept. Sometime after midnight the Negro waked them. He began to shout and talk to himself, his voice coming sharp and sudden out of the darkness, then he fell silent. Dawn came; a white crane flapped slowly across the jonquil sky. Basket was awake. "Let us go now," he said. "It is today."

Two Indians entered the swamp, their movements noisy. Before they reached the Negro they stopped, because he began to sing. They could see him, naked and mud-caked, sitting on a log, singing. They squatted quietly a short distance away, until he finished. He was chanting something in his own language, his face lifted to the rising sun. His voice was clear, full, with a quality wild and sad. "Let him have time," the Indians said, squatting, patient, waiting. He ceased and they approached. He looked back and up at them through the cracked mud mask. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips cracked upon his square short teeth. The mask of mud appeared to be loose on his face, as if he might have lost flesh since he put it there; he held his left arm close to his breast. From the elbow down it was caked and shapeless with black mud. They could smell him, a rank smell. He watched them quietly until one touched him on the arm. "Come," the Indian said. "You ran well. Do not be ashamed."

As they neared the plantation in the tainted bright morning, the Negro's eyes began to roll a little, like those of a horse. The smoke of the cooking pit blew low along the earth and upon the squatting and waiting guests about the yard, and along the steamboat deck house, in their bright, stiff, harsh finery; the women, the children, the old men. They had sent couriers along the bottom, and another on ahead, and Issetibbeha's body had already been removed to where the dug grave waited, along with the horse and the dog, though they could still smell him in death about the house where he had lived in life. The guests were beginning to move toward the grave when the bearers of Moketubbe's litter mounted the slope.

The Negro was the tallest there, his high, close, mud-caked head looming above them all. He was breathing hard, as though the desperate effort of the six suspended and desperate days had capitulated upon him at once; although they walked slowly, his naked scarred chest rose and fell above the close-clutched left arm. He looked this way and that continuously, as if he were not seeing, as though sight never quite caught up with the looking. His mouth was open a little upon his big white teeth; he began to pant. The already moving guests halted, pausing, looking back, some with pieces of meat in their hands, as the Negro looked about at their faces with his wild, restrained, unceasing eyes.

"Will you eat first?" Basket said. He had to say it twice.

"Yes," the Negro said. "That's it. I want to eat."

The throng had begun to press back toward the center; the word passed to the outermost: "He will eat first."

They reached the deck house. "Sit down," Basket said. The Negro sat on the edge of the deck. He was still panting, his chest rising and falling, his head ceaseless with its white eyeballs, turning from side to side. It was as if the inability to see came from within, from hopelessness, not from absence of vision. They brought food and watched quietly as he tried to eat it. He put the food into his mouth and chewed it, but chewing, the half-masticated matter began to emerge from the corners of his mouth and to drool down his chin, onto his chest, and after a while he stopped chewing and sat there, naked, covered with dried mud, the plate on his knees, and his mouth, filled with a mass of chewed food, open, his eyes wide and unceasing, panting and panting. They watched him, patient, implacable, waiting.

"Come," Basket said at last.

"It's water I want," the Negro said. "I want water."

The well was a little way down the slope toward the quarters. The slope lay dappled with the shadows of noon, of that peaceful hour when, Issetibbeha napping in the splint chair and waiting for the noon meal and the long afternoon to sleep in, the Negro would be free. He would sit in the kitchen door and talk with the women who prepared the food. Beyond the kitchen the lane between the quarters would be quiet, peaceful, with the women talking to one another across the lane and the smoke of dinner fires blowing upon the pickaninnies, like ebony toys in the dust.

"Come," Basket said.

He walked among them, taller than any. The guests were moving on toward where Issetibbeha and the horse and the dog waited. The Negro walked with his high ceaseless head, his panting chest. "Come," Basket said. "You wanted water."

"Yes," he said. "Yes." He looked back at the house, then down to the quarters, where today no fire burned, no face showed in any door, no pickaninny in the dust, panting. "It struck me here, raking me across this arm; once, twice, three times. I said, 'Olè, grandfather.'"

"Come now," Basket said. The Negro was still going through the motion of walking, his knee action high, his head high, as though he were on a treadmill. His eyeballs had a wild, restrained glare, like those of a horse. "You wanted water," Basket said. "Here it is."

There was a gourd in the well. They dipped it full and gave it to him, and they watched him try to drink. His eyes had not ceased as he tilted the gourd slowly against his caked face. They could watch his throat working and the bright water cascading from either side of the gourd, down his chin and breast. Then the water stopped. "Come," Basket said.

"Wait," the Negro said. He dipped the gourd again and tilted it again against his face, beneath his ceaseless eyes. Again they watched his throat working and the unswallowed water sheathing broken and myriad down his chin, channeling his caked chest. They waited, patient, grave, decorous, implacable; clansman and guest and kin. Then the water ceased, though still the empty gourd tilted higher and higher, and still his black throat aped the vain motion of his frustrated swallowing. A piece of water-loosened mud carried away from his chest and broke at his muddy feet, and in the empty gourd they could hear his breath, ah-ah-ah.

"Come," Basket said, taking the gourd from the Negro and hanging it back beside the well.

IT MASSAGES THE GUMS AS YOU CLEAN THE TEETH »

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This automatic action is produced by the length, shape, and spacing of the springy tufts. As you polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, the ingenious design and the quality bristle supply the correct gingival friction.

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The heart of any tooth brush is its bristle, and Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle is known round the world for fine quality. Three generations of Pro-phy-lac-tic craftsmen have been selecting and blending bristle, and anchoring it into brushes, for more than forty-two years.

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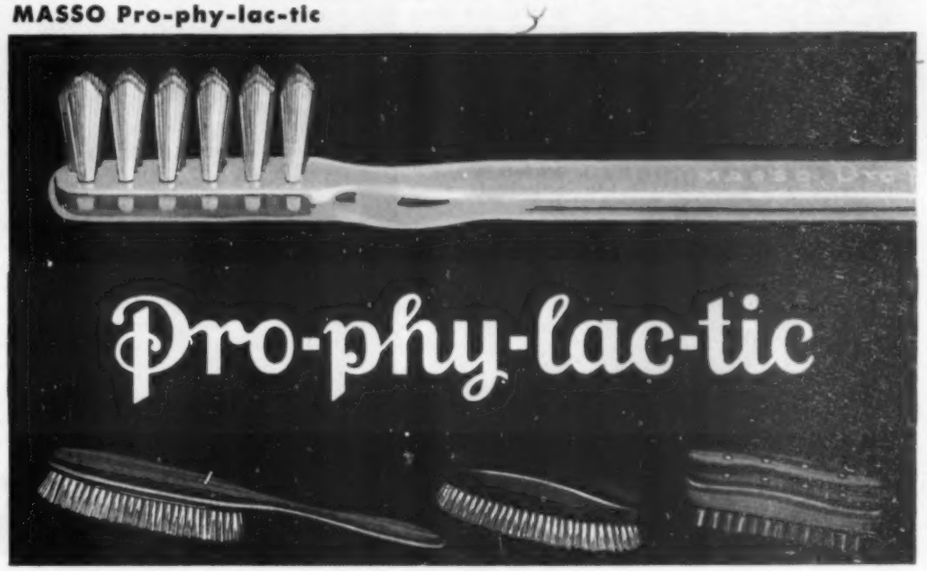

It is hard to tell about bristle quality merely by looking at a brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name on it helps you choose wisely. We make military, handled, and narrow Pullman-type hair brushes. The prices range from $1 up. The hand brush illustrated at the extreme right is an especial favorite of doctors and dentists, made to clean and to last. An amazing value; $1.

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Heat from the manifold—3 to 7 times hotter than any other car heat source.

the Francisco Car Heater

THE SQUAW WOMAN

(Continued from Page 30)

waiting for her to come with food and help. And everything in life seemed foolishly centered, as she hurriedly made a fire and prepared food for him, in a gaunt and ragged figure, silently watching for her on a rock sparsely padded with reindeer moss.

XVIII

CLAIRE was glad when she was out of the shack again. It held a musty smell that reminded her of a mausoleum. Even the kitchen, which had once seemed so reassuringly homelike, impressed her as small and cramped. There was little consolation in even the quick glow from its range fire, where her coffeepot seemed interminably slow in boiling. And the sound of her footsteps, as she crossed the living room, echoed hollow and lonely in the quietness.

She realized, as she went with quickening steps up the trail slope, that she had not been fashioned for solitude. She would, she knew, always feel the need for some sort of companionship. She was made that way. She could never be one of those resolute souls who fathomed the fullness of life when they stood alone in the world. It was a heritage, she assumed, from her urban upbringing. City life had in some way robbed her of her self-sufficiency. She noticed a hare loping shadowlike through the twilight. It floated like a gray wave in a sea of grayness, moving, and stopping again, and finally going out like a candle flame in the dusk between the shadowing spruce boles. It impressed her as an unutterably lonely figure, as something homeless and hunted, a hesitating shadow that could only lose itself in the deeper shadow.

She was glad when she climbed out of the valley and reached the top of the hill. From that height, she remembered, there was a chance that Darrow might hear her call. So she cupped her hands over her mouth, drawing in her breath for a prolonged halloo. But she dropped her hands again, without giving voice to her intended shout. For, quartering toward her in the uncertain light, she could see a gaunt and ragged figure that walked with a limp. It was Darrow, coming to meet her.

She stood in the twilight without moving, watching the solitary figure as it advanced along the shadowy trail. It seemed more alone, in that world of silence and shadows, than the quietly loping hare that had emerged from the emptiness and had once more melted into nothingness. A sudden spearhead of pain even pushed into her breast as the man in rags came closer. He looked desolate and friendless and broken, inarticulately alone in the gathering dusk.

Darrow was quite close to her before he caught sight of her, waiting there, strangely passive, yet with one hand held close against her heart. He looked at her long and silently, as though expecting her to speak first. But no words came from her slightly parted lips.

"I thought you had gone," he told her. She winced imperceptibly at the flattened hardness of his voice. It drove the spearhead a little deeper in her body, even as she told herself that she must be terribly patient with this man who had known and nursed his share of pain.

"Gone where?" she asked, startled by the quietness of her own voice.

"I heard that plane," he told her. "And saw it go up from the lake. Why didn't you go?"

His hardness, she realized, could still hurt her. It hurt her so much that under the cover of the darkness her hand went up to her heart again. But she must be patient, she reminded herself, as patient as the North itself, which can wait so long for sun and warmth.

"And leave you helpless out there?" she asked, trying in vain to keep the quaver out of her voice.

"My foot seems much better," he valorously proclaimed. "It troubled me very little, that last mile in."

She stood wondering why this news should be such a disappointment to her.

"I've brought coffee and dried meat and hard biscuit," she told him, grateful as an exhausted swimmer for something solid to catch at. "You really must eat a little."

But he refused to eat. They could do that, he protested, when they were back in the lodge again. All he would take, when she repeated her command, was a draught or two of the coffee, still warm in the small pail which she had so carefully muffled up in a bath towel.

"That's better," he said as they started on again. His limp, she noticed, was less perceptible. But to walk as he did seemed to be costing him an effort. And although she could have reached out in the twilight and touched his shoulder, he seemed abysmally far away from her.

He stopped suddenly, and turned back to her with a thin shadow of a laugh. "You'll have to pardon me for going first," he pointed out with a formality that was new to him. "But it gets to be the habit of the pathfinder."

"I understand," she said, grateful for the darkness about her. A wolf howled, far off in that darkness, and to Claire it sounded like the wilderness solitude articulating its desolation. Even the wind that blew out of the north came with an increasing coldness that tended to chill her blood.

"It's not far now," Darrow reminded her.

"Hadn't I better help you?" she suggested, almost hungrily.

"Thanks, no; I'm doing famously," he said with an exiling quietness that hung a weight of lead on her heart again. She could see Lake Sequomack, chilly and slate-gray in the autumn darkness. A fox barked somewhere behind the spruce hills, and high overhead she could hear the honk of geese, geese in flight, moving southward under the high-arching stars. She was glad when the vaguely discerned roofs of Camp Reliance lay under her, with a small plume of smoke still going up from the lodge chimney. It could scarcely be seen in the uncertain afterglow, but it impressed her as something inextinguishably brave, a sign of life in the silence, a pennon of fortitude defying a million-leagued army of desolation.

Darrow himself had stopped to study the scene. He stood, peering through the darkness, for a full minute of silence.

"Why didn't you go out with that plane?" he asked with unexpected abruptness.

"I had a promise to keep," she quietly reminded him.

"Did they know you were here?" She could not see the tremor that went through his body. But his voice sounded very tired and touched with listlessness.

"They know it now," she admitted, trying to swallow a foolish lump that insisted on coming into her throat.

"What plane was it?"

"It was young Rawley—Luke Rawley. He flies for my father's company." She paused for a moment. "And day after tomorrow he's coming back."

A second tremor sped through Darrow's body. But he also had a promise to keep.

"Of course," he said with grim yet disheartening casualness.

"He expects to take me out with him," explained Claire, wondering why a statement so simple should be so hard to say.

"Of course," repeated the ragged figure so close to her. But her hand fell in the darkness, and she was compelled to wait for a moment or two until she had her voice once more under control.

"You want me to go?" she finally found the courage to ask.

She waited, scarcely breathing, for his answer, wondering why the moment should impress her as such an epochal one, wondering why he could so cruelly torture her by the slowness with which he framed that reply. But she would be brave, she told herself, whichever way the dice should fall.

"You must go, of course," he said with no alleviating show of emotion as he turned away and began limping stoically down the valley path that led to the lodge.

And the chance to show how brave she could be, she realized, was about to confront her.

"And what will you do?" she asked when she had gathered her strength.

"Oh, I'll stay on," he said with a studied unconcern that struck like steel into her tired body. They were close to the lodge door by this time, and he stopped and looked about with a brave show of pride. "This, after all, is a pretty comfortable old camp."

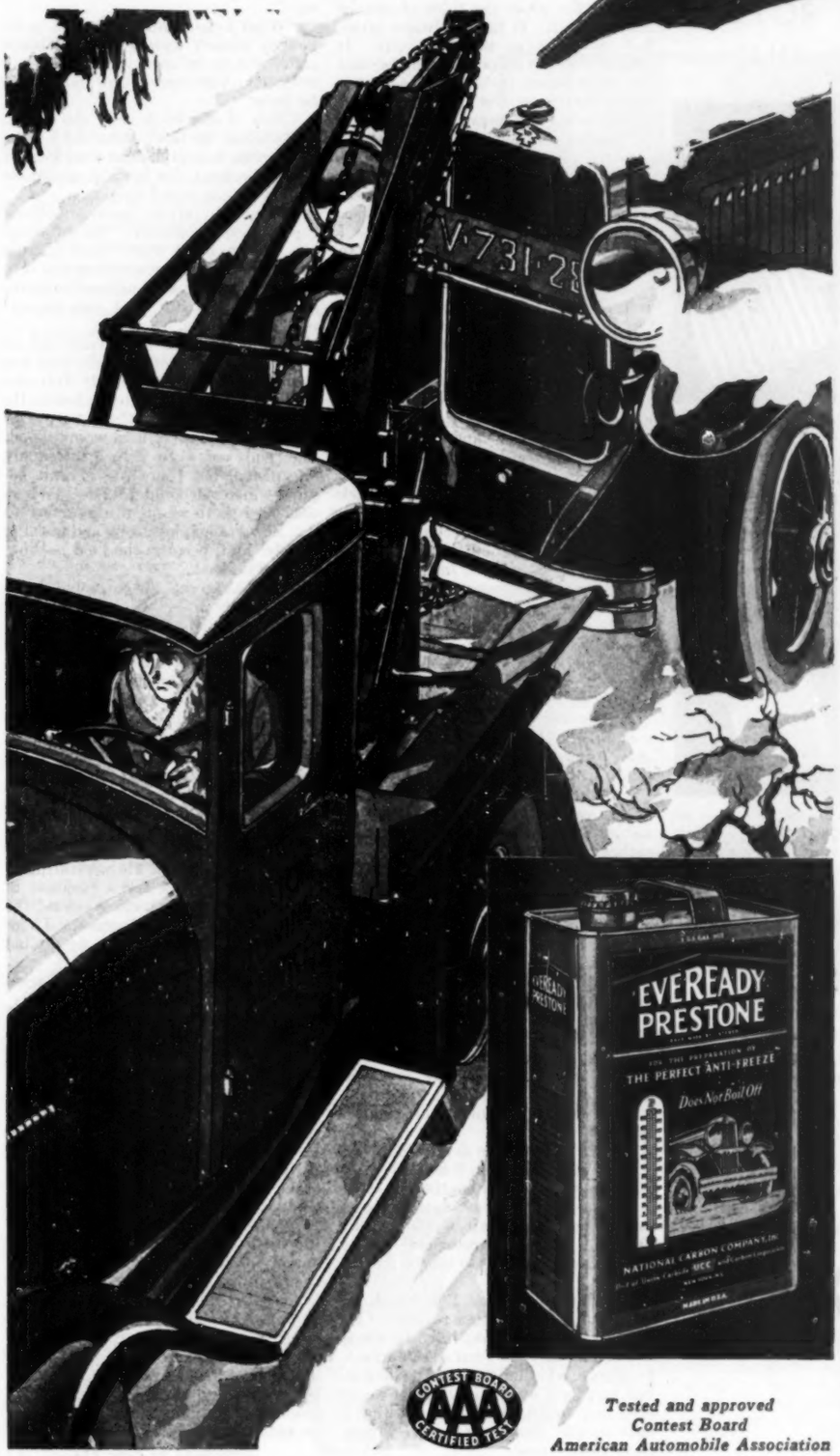
She cowered in secret, cowered as though an unexpected hand had struck her. But he had no knowledge of that movement as he turned away and stepped in through the narrow door, leaving it open behind him.

Claire, for reasons of her own, did not immediately follow him. She stood outside in the darkness, doing what she could to fight down a foolish gush of tears that had come to her eyes. She stood alone there until Darrow had lighted the candles and touched a match to the fire already laid in the wide-mouthed fireplace. Then, holding herself once more in control, she stepped into the lighted room.

Darrow, she saw, had flung himself into a chair before the ironically cheerful flames. He sat dejectedly slumped down, with his head between his hands, the sagging line of his shoulders expressive of utter weariness. But he straightened up, abruptly, at the sound of Claire's steps, and made a pretense of busying himself with a log or two of firewood. He even managed a smile as he turned and confronted his camp mate when she returned from a stabilizing inspection of her kitchen range.

"I suppose you know," he said with a cool-noted precision that perplexed her, "that I've been giving a pretty good imitation of a giant clam around here?" (Continued on Page 68)

THE BLUSHING RIDE . . .



CONTEST BOARD AAA CERTIFIED TEST

Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association

WHEN your cooling-system freezes, you've got to face the music. There's the trip to the garage — at the end of a rope — and the bill for towing, just to start the bad news off. You can avoid such a predicament, and a lot of other grief, with a single filling of Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

Passes rigid, scientific tests

A motor authority, the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, reports, "Our tests show conclusively that Eveready Prestone gives complete protection against low temperatures, does not corrode, will not boil over when used in an automobile, is odorless, non-inflammable and will serve as an anti-freeze with unimpaired efficiency throughout the coldest winter-season."

Constant research by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation laboratories has further increased the efficiency of Eveready Prestone. This year it is actually superior to the Eveready Prestone which more than a million motorists used to their complete satisfaction last year. So that you may easily identify Eveready Prestone, it is now *green* in color.

Economy Plus *Protection*

The economy of using Eveready Prestone lies in these two facts: 1. A single filling will last all winter, irrespective of temperature-fluctuations. 2. Eveready Prestone is an *undiluted* anti-freeze. Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required to give your car complete all-winter protection. For example, if the radiator capacity of your car is three gallons, you can get complete protection from early fall to late spring for a cost of $2.50 to $7.50, depending on whether you live in a moderate or extreme climate.

Go to your dealer or garage-man, before he gets swamped with work during the first cold snap. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight.

You can put Eveready Prestone in *today*. It's always in tune with the temperature.

Tune in the Eveready Hour, every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) over the N. B. C. network.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection.
2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat-up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable.
8. Odorless.
9. Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

803

"HANES" IS MASCULINE FOR "UNDERWEAR"

MILLIONS OF MEN AND BOYS NEVER WEAR ANY OTHER KIND

HANES Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras pajama checks and broadcloth. Patented belt.* $1.

HANES *Shirts and Shorts in smart new styles and colors.* 50c, 75c, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*

Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights. $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers.* 75c *to* $1.

Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 *to* 12. 85c. *Also made ankle length with long sleeves.*

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights,* $1. *Boys', age* 2 *to* 16, "*heavies,*" 75c *to* $1.

SPECIALISTS in male comfort determine the styles and measurements, and place every seam in HANES. Soft, long-wearing materials! Expert tailoring! Over 25 years of manufacturing experience! HANES low prices! All combine to make the greatest underwear values you've ever seen.

HANES Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits are excellent for the changeable weather of autumn and spring—ideal winter garments for men who work indoors. Luxurious in materials and finish. Low in price.

For really cold weather, HANES Heavyweights give the best protection. There's no scratch in the fleecy hanespun cotton. Never any bunching or binding—because every HANES knitted garment is knitted and cut to your exact size in both trunk and chest.

If you wear summer-weights the year through, be sure to see how athletic union suits and shirts and shorts are made *better* by HANES. If your regular store hasn't the complete line for boys as well as men, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — FOR EVERY SEASON

(Continued from Page 66)

"I'm afraid I don't know much about clams," she evaded as she spread a white cloth over the table and carefully replaced the branched candlestick at its center. She was safer, she knew, with those old and obvious tasks confronting her.

"Well, I'll explain clams to you," he went on when she came back from the kitchen with a handful of dishes. "A clam, like most of the mollusks, is something with no organ of vision. It lies in one place, or attaches itself to a single object, and stays there passive, waiting for what the tides of chance may bring it. It takes, always takes, but never gives anything out. It doesn't seem to know anything beyond its own hungers, its own wants. And it never loses sleep over the happiness or misery of anyone near it."

"I don't get the meaning of all this," asserted Claire as she placed the silver about the table.

"It means," he doggedly continued, "that I've been appallingly selfish. I've been so brutally selfish that I don't suppose I can even begin to make amends for it. And the only excuse I can dig up lies in the fact that I went blind."

"You went blind?" she echoed, arrested by the tensing note of tragedy in his voice.

"Yes, I became blind to certain things I should have remembered. I asked for more than I deserved. I wanted something and didn't even have the courage to acknowledge it to myself. But that's over now. And for the second time I've been put back where I belong."

Claire, as she placed a chair at either end of the table, tried to keep the unsteadiness of her hand from showing. They were on dangerous ground again, and it was not the time for these old ghosts to come trooping out of their tombs.

"Don't you think we'd better have supper," she suggested, "and talk about this some other time?"

His somber eyes studied her face for a moment. Her apparent detachment even seemed to have the power to hurt him a little.

"I suppose so," he said with a return of his earlier listlessness. "And you naturally couldn't be interested in that earlier life of mine."

She waited for a moment, until the sting of that blow had passed. "What I most resent about that old life of yours," she said with unexpected spirit, "is the fact that it took your sense of humor away from you."

This proclamation seemed to puzzle him. "I can't see that a sense of humor is going to solve many of your problems in a pine forest."

"Yet it's the one thing you've needed, it's the one thing you still need, in this jack-pine wilderness. There's only one thing more important."

"What's that?" he demanded.

"It's something you'll find out later on," was Claire's altogether unsatisfactory reply as she went to the kitchen for the hot food awaiting them. But Darrow, when she returned to the table, was not willing to let the matter drop.

"It's the things that I've found out already," he said with a revival of his earlier grimness, "that have to count at this juncture. It's not so important, I suppose, whether you hate me or not. But you have every right to. It won't even help much when I tell you that I hate myself. But I can see everything more clearly now."

"I've never said I hated you," she contended. She wondered, as she glanced at his thin and shadowed face, if this new-born determination toward sacrifice was not based largely on physical fatigue. He was so tired, she felt, that he had forgotten his once carefully elaborated defense mechanism, just as an exhausted soldier, falling asleep in his tracks after a forced march, might forget his rifle. "And I don't think this is the time," she continued with her small but valorous smile, "for talking about such things. What you need most is a good night's rest."

"What I need most," he said as he poured himself another cup of black coffee, "is to balance up this ledger of brutality. And I know, now, how it can be done."

"How it can be done?" she asked. She studied his face, disturbed by the light in his eyes, the light that glowed like a backlog, for all the quietness with which he could speak.

"Simply by giving back something that I never possessed," he informed her. "I'm sorry about that Laird's Point mistake, about coercing you into something that was naturally loathsome to you. But that can be corrected, of course."

Her impulse, as she looked up at him, was to cry out that she had not asked to have it corrected. But she could not fling herself at his head. He would hate her more than ever, after any such betrayal of final womanhood. She had come to him grotesquely cheapened, but there was a limit beyond which she could not cheapen herself. And there was nothing for her to do. She was helpless. She had nothing to offer him, because she held nothing that he desired.

"Yes, that can be corrected," she meditatively observed.

"I can't do as much to help you there as I ought to," acknowledged Darrow as he pushed back his plate. He looked about for his pipe, failed to find it, and sat staring into his empty coffee cup. "The papers, I suppose, will have to be served by your young airplane friend."

"Then you're going to stay here?" demanded Claire, the old weight of lead once more about her heart.

"Why shouldn't I?" he countered as he turned heavily in his chair, so as to face the open fire. He sat staring at that delusive blaze for a moment of silence, a muscle quivering behind the hollow of his tanned cheek. Then, drawing a deeper breath, he pulled himself together.

"Like a lone-fire Indian!" she cried with a shuddering intake of breath.

"Yes, like a lone-fire Indian," he agreed as he crossed slowly to the side table and found his pipe and filled it. "And I may as well be getting used to single harness again."

She saw him, through a mist, as he struck a match and swung back to the table.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, fighting down the lump that had come in her throat.

"I'm going to wash up these dishes," he quietly proclaimed, reaching for her empty plate. And it struck her as strange that dishes had to be washed, even when your heart was breaking and a world was falling to pieces about your head.

"I'd rather do that," she said, standing between him and the table end. He moved back a step, so as not to touch her. But his attitude remained an authoritative one.

(Continued on Page 71)

He's only a radio rooter . . . *yet he has* "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Quick Relief, too, for
CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES
Kills germs; soothes the pain
and promotes quick healing
when youngsters are hurt

BACK in '09 he *did* try out for the Varsity, only to be sent back to the cheering section before the first week of regular practice. Since then he has never indulged in exercise more strenuous than an occasional game of billiards at one of his clubs, or an occasional plunge in the pool.

How surprised he will be to learn that those itchy little blisters between his lesser toes*—thought of which has haunted him so of late—are due to the very common infection popularly called "Athlete's Foot"!

For while it hasn't bothered him much *physically* as yet (it's not far enough advanced for that) the thought of it has followed him and an uncertain "I wonder what it is?" has set his mind to wandering at most inopportune times. . . .

But *you* probably know how it is, for almost *everybody*, it seems, suffers at some time from the ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and nicknamed "Athlete's Foot"!

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats. It thrives on damp floors everywhere.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."*

And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photo-micrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ, *tinea trichophyton*. This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

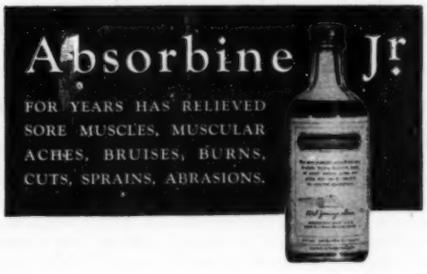
It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
217 Lyman Street Springfield, Mass.



*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

In many businesses, The Ford Truck earns a place

IN ALMOST every business where hauling plays a part, the Ford truck is giving faithful transportation at an unusually low cost. Because of its strength, reliability, long life, safety and excellent service, its low first cost makes it a remarkable value. This fact becomes more evident through the economy of the truck in daily work.

One of the most important factors contributing to its reliability and low cost of operation is the rugged simplicity of the operating mechanism. The ignition, lubrication, cooling and fuel systems are excellent examples of this feature.

Strength and simplicity of the parts of the Ford truck materially reduce the cost of maintenance, and correspondingly increase its reliability for day in and day out service.

Ford trucks are so designed that they can be economically adapted to a large number of businesses. In addition to a wide variety of bodies it is possible to procure the Ford truck in two different chassis lengths, with single or dual wheels, with open or closed cabs, with high or low rear axle gear ratios.

For every business need there is a Ford haulage unit of high value that is low in first cost and low in cost of operation.

Ford

(Continued from Page 68)

"No, that's all over with. You've had your share of that sort of thing." His glance even softened as he looked into her shadowy eyes. "You've been through enough for one day. You're tired out. I can see that by your face. And you must go to bed and get your rest."

She wondered why, when he was reading faces, he could find so little when he might have found so much.

"But your foot," she objected as he limped dish-laden toward the kitchen door.

"I almost forgot that foot," he said as he stepped back into the living room. "It'll be as good as ever in a week." He looked unkempt and ragged and huge-bodied as he gathered up the maculated silver. He looked like something too big for tasks so trivial. He even impressed her, as he took up the empty coffeepot and stared into it, as wordlessly pathetic. "And I may as well get used to this," he observed as he turned away. "I'll have quite a bit of it to face before the winter's over."

He stopped to relight his pipe and smoked as he worked, apparently oblivious of his companion's poise of tensity. He ignored her as she crossed to the lodge door, and opened it, and stared out at the star-strewn heavens where a faint waver of color, green and ruby and opal, showed where the aurora borealis played along the northern sky line. If she shuddered when she shut the door again, he paid no attention to it. Nor did he proffer any further comment when she took up her candle and started toward her room. Her brow, as she stopped to hold the dead candlewick against the flame of the living one on the table end, was faintly furrowed with thought. That, she told herself as she saw the flame catch and flare up, was how knowledge should pass from mind to mind. But it was hard to speak freely, she remembered, where feeling was deep. If it had been merely a matter of friendship they could have sat down and talked things over, pro and con, until the black clouds of misunderstanding had melted away in an easing patter of words. But no woman could give, without being asked to give. All she could do, as she paused before her bedroom door, was to turn and look back at him. He was shaking the crumbs from the tablecloth into the open fireplace.

"Good night," she said in a small but valorous voice.

She thought, at first, that he had not heard her. He stood, without turning, slowly folding up the tablecloth.

"Good night," he finally replied, with his face toward the fire.

She opened the bedroom door and as slowly closed it behind her, letting the heavy crossbar fall into its ax-hewn socket. It looked pretentious and ponderous and final, suggestive of dungeons and jail cells, foolishly massive and formal. She stood for some time, with the candle in her hand, staring at the narrow white bed, little wider than a coffin. Then she put down the candle and slowly undressed. There were, she found, innumerable small aches in her body, aches she had momentarily forgotten in a wider sweep of misery that was not altogether of the flesh. She was, she remembered, very tired. And as Darrow had reminded her, she needed rest. His eyes had been kind, for a moment, when he had told her that she had been through enough for one day. But it was the sort of kindness that a warden extends to a prisoner who is given a regal dinner of chicken and ice cream before being made ready for the death chair.

She could not sleep, she found, when he was still moving so restlessly about, just beyond that grotesquely barred door of hers. She felt unutterably alone in the world, abandoned and homeless and broken in spirit. She seemed lost, utterly lost, in empty and meaningless space. Even her pride, she knew, lay in ruin about her, as much a thing of wreckage as the airplane that had once crashed with her in a muskeg. For when that accruing terror of isolation grew stronger than she could bear she got out of bed and silently lifted back the bar and opened her door.

She saw Darrow in silhouette, sitting in front of the dying fire. He was smoking his pipe, contentedly watching the coals. He looked so at peace with the world that she stood arrested, a new helplessness chilling her blood. It left her without the courage to call out to him, as she had been prompted to do, as she still hungered to do.

She turned back into the room little bigger than a ship's cabin and quietly closed the door, making no sound as she placed the bar once more across it. Then she went back to bed, burying her face in the pillow of swan feathers so that the man in the next room would be unable to catch the sound of the small and broken sobs which she seemed, for a time, unable to control.

XIX

A VAGUE but disturbing sense of shame crept through Claire's indolently relaxed body when she awakened the next morning. Exhaustion, demanding its toll, had finally imprisoned her in a black cell of forgetfulness where aching limbs were no longer remembered and grief itself faded away. The sun was already high over the spruce ridges, and through her opened window she could see a pair of small and fluffy whisky-jacks bustling garrulously about the storehouse doorway. Beyond the canoe shed Lake Sequomack rippled in striated opal and silver, with pools of apple green where the dark-bodied trees shadowed the curving shore line and the conical small islands across the bay mouth silenced the dance of the waters. The air that blew in on her came mellow and cool and touched with autumn's crispness. It was vital and ozonic, and yet it was soft with an Indian-summer sort of softness. It made her think of a wolf knife wrapped in doeskin. It even brought to her a wayward and fleeting touch of happiness, until memory, drifting like a cloud across the serrated sky line, took the smile from her lips.

Darrow, she realized, must have been up for hours. She could see blankets and towels flapping on the line, and the two-fathom birch-bark that had been carried down to the boat landing. She could hear the sound of his movements as he came and went in the outer rooms, intent on his task, apparently, of putting the camp once more to rights. It struck her as strange that he should be satisfied with such menial yet rudimentary labors. Perhaps he, like the Thoreau he thought so much of, had found a peace in solitude that could never be hers, had found how small were the gross necessaries of life. Yet when she thought of him as facing those homely labors day after day, month after month, as winter came and went and spring merged once more into summer, she was conscious of a sense of waste, of deluded pride delusively spending itself as time dragged on and life lost its ardor and the encysting years hardened about the spirit it might never succeed in breaking.

Yet what, she asked herself as she dressed with singular slowness and care, was she demanding of life? What would she harvest from those same encysting years? What, when back in the *grand pays* of which these northern exiles spoke, would the restored splendor mean to her starved and restless spirit? Back in that old world of hers, she knew, would be comfort and ease, wheeled engines to carry her lightly from place to place, wings to fly for her, hands waiting to serve her, all the artfully organized machineries of amusement, music and laughing faces and plate glass between her and the winds of winter, the crowded lights and the murmurous hum of the city, everything to accentuate a dignified but empty loneliness that would leave her homesick for the one primitive and pulsating thing that had evaded her. But the path she was to take was no longer in her own hands. In a day or two she would be heading south, back to her own people. And until that migration, she remembered, there could be no further sacrifice of pride.

Yet she flushed perceptibly when she emerged from her room and found that Darrow had breakfast waiting for her. There was even a cluster of late-blooming primulas on the table, between the toast rack and the yellow glazed marmalade bowl. And Darrow, as he carried in toast and coffee, puzzled her by an air of humility touched with contrition which she was prompted to resent. Yet there was calmness, she saw, on his face, calmness and a valedictory sort of remoteness which held him aloof from the threat of companionship, as aloof as a Swiss waiter serving his final meal to an Alpine visitor about to entrain for the Riviera.

"You shouldn't have done this," she said as he put down the coffeepot.

"Why not?" he demanded with his habitual protective curtness.

"But your foot," she objected, lamely enough. Even as she said it, in fact, she wondered why they should so often confront each other with the obvious reason but never the true motive.

"You were wrong about that bone being broken," he quietly informed her. "I painted it with iodine last night and strapped it up with adhesive this morning. And that seemed to do the trick. Today, in fact, I'm wearing a moccasin again." He gazed at her, for a moment, with an intentness that brought a second tinge of rose to her dusky skin. "You look better today." But his tone, as he said it, was stabilizingly remote.

"I feel better," she acknowledged, wondering why they should always shelter themselves behind these barricades of the trivial.

"You'll want to pack today," he suggested, after a moment of silence.

"I suppose so," she agreed.

"There's not much, of course, that you'll need to take out," he went on in a slightly constrained voice. "But I think you ought to carry this rabbit-skin blanket of mine along with you. It's light, but you'll find it incredibly warm. I've slept out, under that, when it's been sixty degrees below zero."

She did not look up at him. But her hand, when he placed the blanket on the table end beside her, went out to it, and without quite knowing it, she fell to stroking the plaited fur.

"You'll notice how it's made," he went on with a laboriously achieved

(Continued on Page 74)

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

. . . now watch us tackle a Milky Way

Just imagine . . . that flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk . . . that golden layer of soft, creamy caramel (that can only be made with butter fat from pure, fresh cows' milk) . . . and then, outside of all, that marvelous, rich brown coating of *real milk* chocolate. What a rare combination that is! Not only in taste, but in healthful food value, quick energy, easy digestibility. Made under the most ideal conditions, in spotless, sunlit kitchens . . . every ingredient the finest of its kind. Pure and wholesome as fresh air and sunshine. It is wonderful for children. You actually taste the quality in every satisfying bite. Wouldn't one go great *right now!*

MARS, INC., 2019-2059 NORTH OAK PARK AVENUE, CHICAGO

THE

WAN

CANDY THE PUBLIC KNOWS . . .

TS . . . AND BUYS WITH CONFIDENCE

He never knew —until he overheard them

"Plenty of hot water, good soap — but these things they give us for towels — "

"Second the motion — we ought to be paid to use 'em."

That's what he overheard as he passed the washroom.

So he tried the towels himself — tried other kinds, too—finally tried DUBLTOWLS, the fibre towels that feel like fabric.

That ended his quest.

For DUBLTOWLS combine the qualities for perfect drying. A softness and smoothness that are soothing to the skin. Tremendous absorbency. Greater acceptability than cloth.

They are so far superior that you too will want to show your employes the consideration of supplying DUBLTOWLS, once you appreciate their advantages.

Return the coupon now for complete information.

BAY WEST

MOSINEE

DUBLTOWLS

The Fibre Towels that Feel like Fabric

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(Continued from Page 71)

nonchalance. "The rabbit skin has been cut into strips and then wound about thongs, and these have later been woven loosely together. That gives plenty of air spaces for ventilation."

"But you'll need this yourself," she ventured, putting down the buttered toast which she found herself unable to eat.

"I can make another," he said as he crossed to the door, looked out, and turned back to the table. "It will be just the thing for flying."

"I'd—I'd like to have it," she said in an unexpectedly small voice. It would, she remembered, be about all that she had left of him. It had, in its time, been close around him, had been warmed by the heat of his body, had felt his heartbeats against its loosely plaited thongs. She would remember that, when there would be so tragically little to remember. And her hand, unconsciously, fell to stroking the plaited fur again.

"Is there anything else you'd like to take?" he asked.

"Could I have Singing Pine's little windmill?" she surprised him by saying.

He turned away, for some reason, before answering her. "Of course," he agreed. But he put his hands in his pocket to hide the palsy of misery that was making them shake so foolishly. "And you'd better have that doeskin hunting jacket we made, and that second pair of moccasins with the puckered toes."

"Wouldn't you care to keep them?" she asked almost hungrily.

"Why should I?" he demanded, almost savagely. "They're yours."

"Wouldn't you," she said with a valedictory wave of recklessness, "keep them to remember me by?"

"Oh, I've enough to remember you by," he said with quick and unlooked-for bitterness.

She nodded understandingly. "You mean what I've cost you," she told him, struggling to keep her tone a casual one. "I'm just beginning to understand that. And the humiliating part of it is that I'll never be able to pay you back. All you'll ever get out of it will be your six Hudson Bay blankets."

"My six Hudson Bay blankets?" he repeated, his brow knitted with bewilderment.

"I've asked young Rawley to bring six four-point blankets back with him," she quietly explained. "That's what you paid out, you'll remember, when you bought me."

His lean face flushed and slowly lost its color once more. "A woman is never bought," he said, the old bitterness back in his voice.

"No, we're never bought," she agreed, watching him as he strode to the window and stared out at the blue-misted horizon.

His face, when he turned about, was grim but composed. "All this," he said with deliberated roughness, "isn't getting us anywhere. It's only making everything harder. And I think it's going to be easier for both of us if I go out on the trail for a day or two."

Her first impulse was to implore him not to leave her, when the hours they could be together were so poignantly few, when so many clamoring ghosts still remained to be laid respectably away in their tombs. But to say that, she knew, would be saying too much. The die had been cast, the decision made; and she had failed, as always, in everything.

"Would you rather do that?" she asked.

"No!" he cried with unexpected vehemence. "But if I'm half Indianized, as you once claimed, I can still act like a white man when I'm compelled to. I know what I've got to face, and I intend to face it. I wanted something I wasn't entitled to and I may as well get back where I belong. Only, I want you to know it hasn't all been as hateful as you imagine. We've—we've been in some pretty tight places together. I'll ——"

"Yes," she interrupted with a ghost of a smile, "you happened to save my life on two occasions."

"I'll always remember what we've been through together," he doggedly continued; "everything we've had to face. They may have seemed sordid and violent, some of those things, but I shall like to think about them, when I'm alone here. They'll have more splendor, I imagine, as time goes on. And when ——"

"Don't! Please don't!" she cried with her hand on her heart.

He looked at her for a silent moment, and shook his head with a morose sort of triumph. "That's why it would be better for me to step aside, until they've come and got you," he proclaimed.

"They might think you were afraid," she suggested, willing to catch, in that engulfing misery, at any buoy.

"Afraid of what?" he demanded. And she knew, by his face, that there were few things of which he stood afraid. About the only thing he was afraid of, after all, was himself.

"Luke Rawley can't possibly be here before tomorrow," she said with the final courage of desperation. "And I rather dread the thought of being alone tonight."

For the second time he shook his head from side to side. "You're right in what you said about wilderness life. I almost forget, sometimes, that there's such a thing as chivalry. And civilized men, of course, still remember to protect their women. I'm going out to cut timber. But I'll be back before dark."

There was nothing for her to do but let him go. She could hear the sound of his ax, in the clear autumn air, from across the intervening hills. She could hear him as he labored alone, under the high-arching skies that he had learned to love, shaping and dressing the timbers with which he would build a workshed before winter set in. There seemed something stalwart and resolute in the sound. When, in her restlessness, she grew envious of the peace of mind he seemed able to wring out of his work, she busied herself with her own homely tasks about the lodge, putting the rooms in order, rearranging the dishes along the shelves, polishing the metalware, even hanging fresh curtains of muslin on the low-framed windows. But the place, she perceived, had already taken on a mysterious air of remoteness. She nursed a depressing sense of rupture, of roots torn up.

A deeper wave of unrest eventually drove her to take up needle and thread and do what she could to mend Darrow's torn hunting jacket. But she stopped, in the midst of that work, and lifted the tattered garment to her face, inhaling the creosotic smell of the leather, the faint aroma of tobacco, the subtler man smell that brought a tingling of misery to her stooping body. She sat idle, for a long time, with the coat lying across her knees, looking off into space as her unconscious hand moved back and forth across the rumpled and smoke-stained garment. She sighed, without knowing it, as she took up her needle and resumed her sewing. She stitched quietly and diligently, almost glad of the ache in her tiring fingers. When she had finished she folded up the coat and placed it on the side table under the burnt-wood inscription from Thoreau.

That wall motto reminded her, in her loneliness, of the power of the written word. She even decided, after another half hour of silent meditation, to write a letter and leave it for Darrow, a letter which he could read after she had gone. She felt, as she found paper and pen, that things could be said more easily in black and white, more honestly and more openly. She could talk *musquash*, as they phrased it in the north country.

Yet she found it hard to begin, sitting undecided as to how to address him. Then she deliberately wrote the word *Pas-nim* at the head of her sheet. With the Indian, she remembered, that stood for "my man" or "my husband." But that, she realized after a troubled moment of thought, would never do. It was too broad in its implications, too abandoned in its note of confession. And no good could come of such abjectness. Even on paper, she finally decided, she could not utterly sacrifice her pride. She could not leave her heart behind her there, naked, to be frowned over and flung aside, to be tossed into the fireplace as casually as he had shaken his table crumbs into its ashes. No, she could not write to him as she wanted. It would be unfair to them both, she decided, as she tore into shreds the sheet of paper with its telltale *Pas-nim* at the top. There was, after all, a code to remember. And the sooner she came to terms with life again the better it would be for that bewildered soul of hers.

Darrow, she acknowledged, was doing all he could to make it easier for her. He was giving her time to think things out, to get back to actuality. He stayed away from the lodge, in fact, considerably longer than she had expected. Yet she refused to look for him. She saw the afternoon wear away and the sun sink lower over the darkening line of the spruce lands and finally founder like a galleon of gold in a sea of old rose and orange and mother-of-pearl, with bands of softening lilac and amethyst where the lake water caught and absorbed the reflected light. With the coming of dusk, in fact she found the loneliness of the lodge no longer endurable. So she stepped out through the narrow door and made her way down to the boat landing, where she watched a flock of mallards floating and scolding along a reed-fringed shore line. Then she moved slowly on along the point to the birch grove, where a few leaves of gold still fluttered quietly down between the leaning white boles. It was very peaceful there, and a good place to be alone with her memories. Once before, she recalled, she had sat on this same friendly slope of rock, alone with her unhappiness. The wilderness, she remembered, had a sense of privacy all its own. And from its very quietness, she felt, one should wring some final strength.

Yet from it, she knew, she had not wrung that final strength. For when she saw Darrow's gaunt figure moving down through the gathering twilight toward the lake front, she could feel her heart race, and stop, and race on again. He looked so big and grim, in the uncertain light, that it startled her

(Continued on Page 76)

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PERFECTION
Oil Burning
Room Heaters

(Continued from Page 74)

a little when she glanced up and saw the abject misery on his face as he came to a stop and stood in front of her.

"It's no use," he said with a rough gesture of helplessness.

"What is it?" she asked, perplexed by the lines of tragedy about his lean and wind-roughened face.

"I can't even keep a promise," he proclaimed with a tremolo of self-hate in his voice. "I've tried to find the manhood to face what I've got to face. But I haven't the strength. I can't—can't even be generous."

She felt vaguely sorry for him, with that stricken light in his eyes. But the source of his unhappiness still lay beyond her understanding. And life had taught her, of late, not to hope for too much.

"What have you done?" she asked, staring at the clenched and thick-sinewed hands held close to his side.

"It's what I'm not able to do," he cried with his repeated small gesture of helplessness. "I tried to let you go without telling you all this. I've been out there trying to think of duty, but all I've been thinking of is the way your voice sounds when you speak and how your lips curve when you smile."

A smile showed on her face, even then, though it was a wintry and restricted one.

"But you didn't do much to make me smile," she reminded him. She did not say it bitterly. But there was reproof in her eyes as she looked up at him.

"I made it hell for you, I know," he admitted in his huskily resolute voice. "But I was afraid of myself. And I was afraid of you. I had to keep iron bars between us, the same as they do with wild animals after they're captured."

"But we're human beings, tamed and civilized," she once more reminded him. And her bewilderment seemed based, not so much on what he said, as on the fact that he was at last sharing a thought with her.

"Yes, we're human beings," he agreed. "But I don't know how tamed we are. And I don't much care. I've held this in until it's warped and soured my very soul. I've played a part until the mockery of the thing has nearly driven me mad. And now I'm going to say my say, no matter how you hate me."

"Hate you?" she echoed in a small and smothered voice. Her color had ebbed a little. But she sat quietly on the rock, gazing up at him in the uncertain light.

"You can't help but hate me," he contended. "For all I've done is bolster up my own dwindling courage at the cost of your respect. I was being kind to myself by being brutal with you. I was so afraid of myself I couldn't even afford to be chivalrous with you. And, whether you believe it or not, I was once born a white man. I knew, all along, that some day I'd have to answer for you, that I stood responsible for your safety. I wanted to do what was expected of me. God knows I tried to harden my heart against you. But it was no use. And now I'm through. I give up. It's coming at a time when it can't hurt you much, for tomorrow you'll be gone. But before you go, you're going to know the truth."

"The truth about what?" she asked, her voice tremulous with the quickening heartbeats that throbbed in her ears.

"About me," he passionately proclaimed as his fist tightened against his side. But his resolution, for some reason, suddenly withered out of his body. It seemed to leave him dazed and helpless. For instead of going on, as she expected, he sank abruptly down at her feet, with a small and unmanly moan of inadequacy as he buried his face in the folds of her skirt and his great arms clasped hungrily about her knees.

"I love you," he gasped brokenly, without lifting his head. "I have always loved you, from that first day I saw you!"

A gasp broke from her own tightened throat as her uncertainly hovering hand came to a rest on his crisp and sun-bleached hair. She even seemed fighting for breath as she sat there stroking his bowed head, almost maternally and tenderly.

"I don't know," he said, in his hopelessness, "how I'm going to live without you."

If she trembled a little, before the ruinously intimate clasp of his arms, she absorbed her shock and passed again into quietness.

"Why should you?" she asked, her voice once more clear and quiet.

Those three short words brought him up, with a new grimness about his lean-jawed face.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded. But, instead of waiting for her answer, he caught her in his arms, almost savagely, holding her close to him. "Claire, do you care?"

Her arms linked and locked about his brown and corded neck.

"I love you," she told him, quite simply. She stood for a moment, vital and valiant, looking into his eyes. But her strength seemed to ebb again before the possessive strength of the shoulder against which she leaned. She became passive, clinging to him for support, closing her eyes as his arms tightened about her and his lips sought hers. "My dear, my dear, I have always loved you," she murmured.

"And you will never leave me?" he asked.

"Just try to make me," she challenged, with a throaty laugh of contentment. "I'm going to stick like glue."

That note of lightness from her seemed to perplex him. It even intimidated him a little. Her mind, he felt, would always move more quickly than his own. But she could, in time, shake a little of the solemnity out of him. And the lighter note, apparently, was what life stood most in need of.

"Come here, woman, and kiss me," he proclaimed as a result of that passing thought.

"Is that a command?" she asked, a frown of mock defiance on her face.

"No, it's a prayer—almost," he responded, forgetting his rôle.

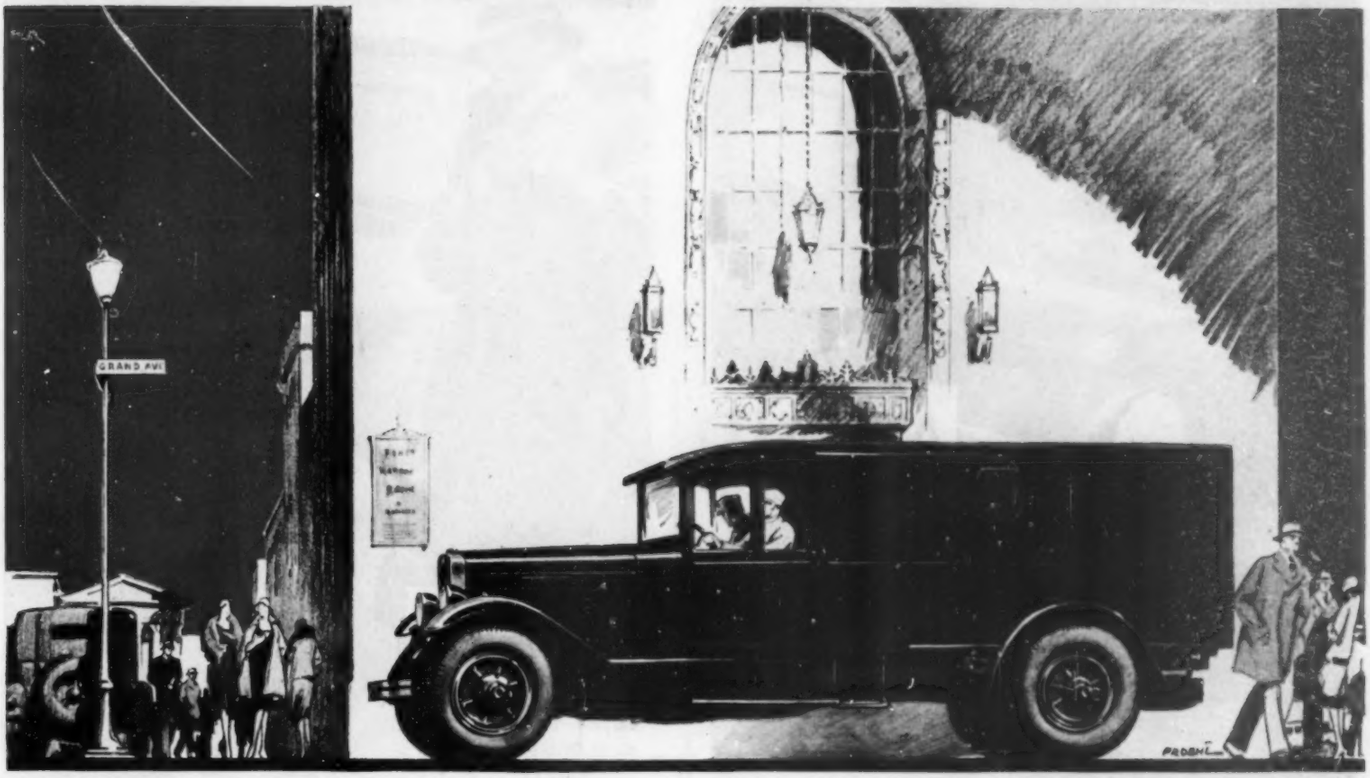
"Then look out for me," she warned him, leaving him dazed by the abrupt passion of her movement as she turned and flung herself upon him. "For I'm not as tame, remember, as I may have pretended."

They were still sitting there in the darkness, at the edge of the birch grove, when Darrow looked up and saw the moon rising above the level black line of the spruce lands, a mellow disk of gold still half-hidden from the world. It made him think of a large and newly minted coin stuck in the slot of a child's bank.

"Look," he said to the woman close to his side. "That's the Moon of Happy Lovers in this country. But back in your world, I suppose, they'd call it the harvest moon."

(Continued on Page 79)

Brink's have over 500 International Trucks in Service ...but not a Single Service Station



Brink's experience with trucks takes in many makes and many years. The result has been complete standardization on Internationals.

HERE is a mammoth transportation company that has been enabled to hold down its investment in truck-service facilities to a minimum because of the outstanding service rendered by the company from which it buys its trucks—*International Harvester.*

Brink's Express Company owns a fleet of over 500 Internationals. They have branches in 78 of the largest cities. Their trucks serve these and 537 other cities and towns. *Yet Brink's do only the emergency servicing themselves.*

The bulk of this big service job is handled by International Harvester. From routine greasing to mechanical maintenance, the work is done by trained mechanics in our 161 Company-owned Branches.

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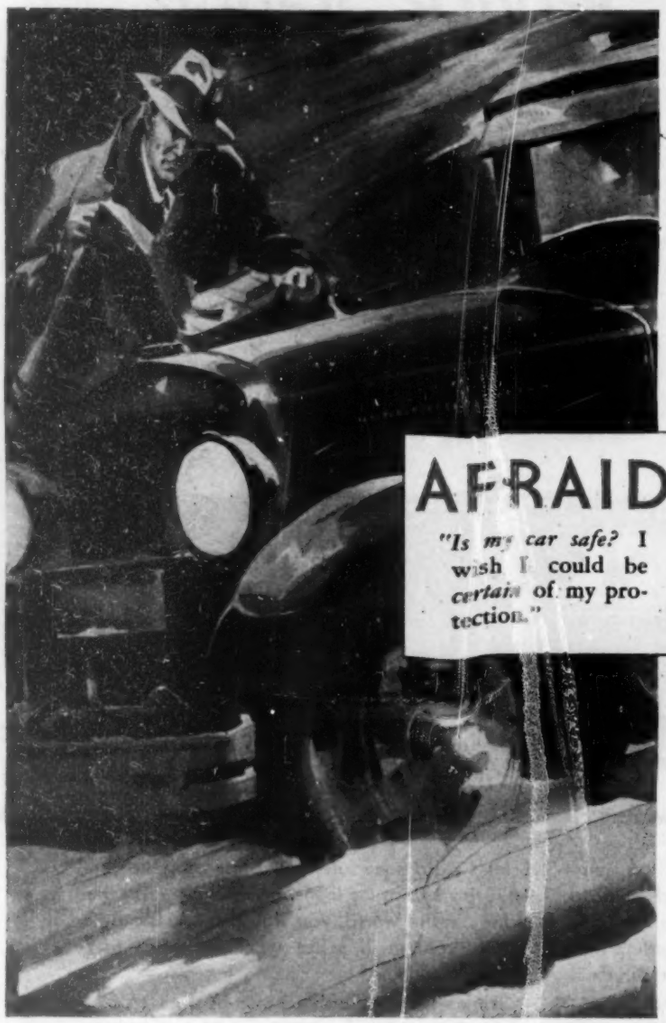

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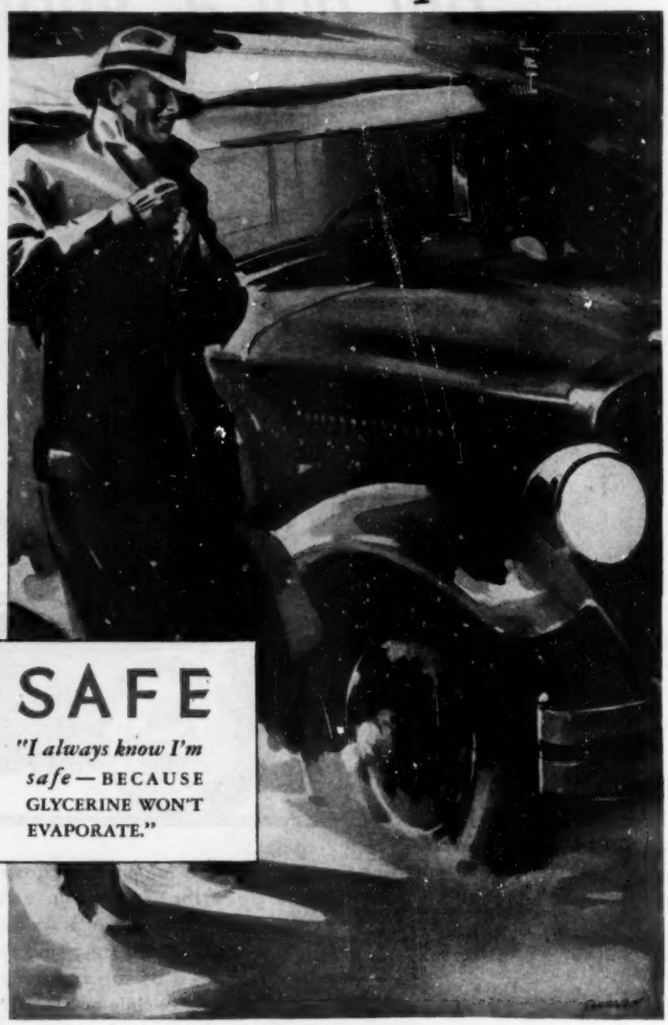
"Is my car safe? I wish I could be *certain* of my protection."



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Here's the way G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine saves your time and temper. Glycerine won't evaporate. You don't have to keep adding more all winter. You don't have to guess about it. The same solution that you put in your car to-day will be protecting it next April. You always know you're safe because you always know it's there.

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G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers.

(Continued from Page 76)

"It's lovely," murmured Claire, watching the great golden globe as it rose full-bodied above the shadowy fringe of the forest. "But my world, remember, will have to be your world."

That held him silent for a moment. Life, after all, couldn't be as light as its more rhapsodical moments demanded. "Does that mean you want me to go back?"

"You must go back," she quietly affirmed.

Still again he sat in silent thought. "I've a lot," he said with his faltering-line-of-support laugh, "that I'll have to tell you, about my past."

"It's your future I'm interested in, not your past," she proclaimed as she reached hungrily for his fallen hand. She could be practical-minded, he remembered, even in that afterglow of ecstasy. And from that moment forward, he remembered with a singular lack of regret, he would be swayed by a will not his own.

"All right," he said as though a decision had been reached and recorded. "You're a fighter, and you can help me win this final battle of mine. But without you, remember, I'd never have the courage to face them."

"We'll face them together," she proclaimed. "And we'll make up for all this lost happiness. For can't you see, dear, that love should be joy, pure joy?"

"You're teaching me that," he said as he stooped in the vague light. She could feel his lips on her eyelids, on the cool hollow of her throat, on her mouth that could no longer murmur its foolish protests.

"Tomorrow," she announced when she was able to speak again, "I'm going to let young Rawley go back without me."

"Then kiss me," said the man at her side.

"He'll have to go out alone, for the second time."

"Kiss me," commanded Darrow, apparently not listening to her.

"Then he can come in for us when our month is up. For that's the Moon of Happy Lovers—and we're going to make the most of it!"

"Then kiss me," repeated her foolishly solemn companion, bending over her in the moonlight.

And at that third command she meekly obeyed.

(THE END)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

I think this should be played every week as the concluding number in our broadcast, so that when the announcer says, "Five million men, women and children ask for Dandy Handy Candy Bars at their neighborhood subway stands," the song Exactly Like You would right away mean they ask for Dandy Handy Candy Bars exactly like you should. "You," of course, meaning the prospect. Don't you think that this is a good psychological point? Yours for bigger and better Dandy Handy Candy Bar sales,

V. P. 2—ORVILLE MUNIX,
Flavoring Dept.

Office of the Treasurer.
DANDY HANDY CANDY BARS, INC.
Interoffice Memo

FROM: D. Loth.
To: J. A. Tishweiler.
RE: Barbarians

My wife says the hour should be changed from Thursday at 9:30 to Tuesday at 11:30, because we always go out to play bridge on Thursdays, as it is maid's day out. But Tuesdays the bridge gang comes to us and about 11:30 we're just in the mood for the Barbarians. I believe this is a valid suggestion worth considering, because how do we know how many other families throughout the country are in our position? Yours for bigger and better Dandy Handy Candy Bar sales,

D. LOTH.

Office of the Secretary.
DANDY HANDY CANDY BARS, INC.
Interoffice Memo

FROM: Ichabod Mindling.
To: J. A. Tishweiler.
RE: Radio criticism

I could not listen to the broadcast as you asked us to, because we had some friends in, and when I turned on the Barbarians one of my guests said, not knowing it was our broadcast at all: "Turn off that band! It's the worst on the air." Naturally, I had to please my guest, so you see I am in no position to give any really constructive criticism. Yours for bigger and better Dandy Handy Candy Bar sales,

ICHABOD MINDLING.

Bookkeeping Dept.
DANDY HANDY CANDY BARS, INC.
Interoffice Memo

FROM: Duffield Stong.
To: J. A. Tishweiler.
RE: Radio

My aerial fell down so I didn't get to listen to the Dandy Handy Candy Barbarians, but I heard from my grandma in Des Moines, who says the program comes in very clearly, but she doesn't see how we can be so hard-hearted as to play There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie. This is a thought. You see grandma used to have a little poodle named Cheerie, and it went mad one summer. She's a little hard of hearing—grandma—and doesn't know French very well; so I guess she confuses "cherie" with "cheerie." That's why she thinks the song is sad, because she thinks of the danger in her poor dead poodle's mad, glassy eyes. But the point is, how many other people make this same error?

DUFFIELD STONG,
Head Bookkeeper.

Shipping Dept.
DANDY HANDY CANDY BARS, INC.
Interoffice Memo

FROM: Joe Casopolis.
To: J. A. Tishweiler.
RE: Dance Music

I listened, like you told us to do, to the Dandy Handy Candy Barbarians, and am writing to say I think they are a hot band, and so does my girl, who also thinks they are a hot band. Inclosed you will find a bill which I am submitting for three new tubes, new A batteries and five yards of loud-speaker wire which I needed to fix my girl's father's radio so that we could listen like you told us to do to the broadcast which we both think is swell.

JOE CASOPOLIS,
Head Shipping Clerk.
—CARROLL CARROLL.

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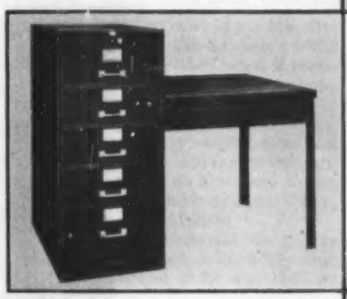
A HIGH speed desk for executive or general office use is this Art Metal Style 2660 F. B. In every detail it is planned for the demands of modern business. It has the finest steel construction throughout. The top is washable "Artolin," a perfect writing surface. Drawers glide smoothly on ball-bearing suspensions, and are interchangeable. Compartments are adaptable to the needs of the individual user. All hardware is cast bronze, and the footings have special Bakelite treads that protect floors and make moving easy.



THIS Art Metal Card Record Desk brings as many as 125,000 record cards within reach of the operator. These desks are available either with one file, or with the posting desk placed between two files. The files may be equipped with trays for either 5 x 3, 6 x 4 or 8 x 5 cards. The desk has a top of washable "Artolin" which affords a perfect writing surface that does not glare. And the baked-on finish is a rich olive green that harmonizes with any shade of wall coloring.

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THE BUFFALO HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 13)

possibility that he might be caught by the hoofs or horns of a stampeding buffalo herd. Face to face with either danger, he would follow his best judgment under the circumstances. Beyond that realization, he gave such matters no thought.

The problem of firearms he settled within his own experience. The heavy Sharps—the rifle weighed more than twenty pounds—which all right-minded buffalo hunters carried, fired a slug of lead two inches in length, a half inch in diameter, weighing eight to the pound. The complement to the piece was a shooting rest—two sticks tied together, X-fashion, which were set in the ground when the hunter got within range of a herd and which supported the barrel of the Sharps while the marksman aimed and fired. The Sharps was unquestionably the best weapon then obtainable for long-range buffalo shooting, but notable among its numerous drawbacks were the cost and difficulty of supplying proper ammunition and the established fact that the rifle's accuracy was seriously affected by continued rapid firing. It was an accepted rule that the user of a Sharps rifle, under the conditions imposed by buffalo hunting with profit in view, must run a water-soaked rag through the barrel after every second or third shot and then let the barrel cool, to keep the weapon from overheating to the point of distortion.

In common with all who knew buffaloes from contact with the herds, Wyatt was well acquainted with their idiosyncrasy of stampeding at sight or scent of a man on horseback, but ignoring one on foot as long as he refrained from violent movement. He intended to make use of this characteristic in reaching shotgun range of herds which he sighted. He purchased a twelve-gauge, breech-loading gun, with apparatus for reloading shells, and this, with a supply of powder, lead and caps, was to constitute his hunting arsenal. He molded his shot to load a single one-and-one-half-ounce ball to the shell, and reverted to his earlier experiences for the conviction that at any range under 100 yards he could score as accurately with his shotgun as any rifleman.

Wyatt waited in Caldwell until the large parties of hunters were well on their way to intercept the herds then migrating southward across the prairies. When he did leave, he knew the locations of the principal camps and, by keeping south of the Arkansas River and west to the Medicine Lodge, was able to avoid the expeditions which, by their size and activity, kept the buffalo constantly on the move. The wisdom of his course was borne out by the fortune of his hunting.

Wasteful Skin-Hunting Practices

"To understand why I outfitted as I did and why I held away from the beaten track," Wyatt explained, "it is necessary to know something of buffalo peculiarities and of the exact methods employed in killing them for the hide merchants. The earlier white hunters had followed the Indian practice of shooting buffaloes from the back of a horse galloping full-tilt at the edge of a stampeding herd. In skin hunting on a wholesale basis this did not pay. Not so many animals could be killed on the run as by shooting from a stand, and the carcasses of those that were killed during a run would be strung out for miles over the prairie, this last making a lot of travel for the skinners, with the added chance that some of the hides might be missed or spoil before they could be taken. Also, every buffalo left alive would be stampeded clear out of the country in a day's hunt, and the killers would have to move camp or wait for another herd to come along. All of which meant wasted time.

"In 1871 there was a strip of country at least 500 miles wide and probably 1500 miles in length, extending almost due north from the Colorado River in Texas well into Canada, that was a solid carpet of buffalo grass. Over the length and breadth of this strip the herds grazed year in and year out, as the seasons changed; the strip was cut repeatedly by sizable rivers and their branches, which provided an ample water supply."

Migrating Herds and Hunters

"Buffalo grass is not much to look at, either green or cured. At its best, the grass is seldom more than six inches tall. It spreads over the ground like a vine, and with its closely curled leaf looks something like moss. Its growing season starts with earliest spring; it cures on the stalk and is actually sweeter and more nutritious in the fall and winter than at any other time. The buffaloes knew this long before the cattlemen. But its most remarkable quality is that despite continuous grazing and the pounding from millions of hoofs, it comes up just the same, year after year.

"Each spring as grass-growing weather moved northward with the sun, the largest buffalo herds followed to spend the summer in the Dakotas, Montana and Canada. With the approach of snow to the northern plains, they turned south again to winter in the valleys of the Republican, the Smoky Hill, the Solomon, the Arkansas, the Cimmaron, the Canadian and the Brazos rivers. On this southward migration they came into their heavy winter coats, and so were more valuable to the hide hunters from September to March than at any other season.

"It was the custom for the majority of hunters outfitting in the Kansas settlements to head north in late summer and intercept the buffaloes somewhere in Nebraska, and then follow them south, sometimes across No Man's Land into the Texas Panhandle, killing as they went. By the time a few thousand hunters had shot at them for a few weeks the buffalo herds would be somewhat skittish and ready to stampede with the slightest encouragement.

"I knew that thousands of buffaloes which had lost touch with the main groups stayed the year around in the valleys at the northern edge of the Indian Nations, and decided to get into that country before the big herds came down from the north. The buffaloes there would be in as good fur as the others, and though there might not be so many to shoot at, it would be easier to keep within gunshot of what there were.

"In recent years I have realized that not much is known to the general public of the manner in which buffalo hunters actually operated or of what they accomplished. In connection with the stories told about Western characters who went into the circus business, you may read of a single horseman holding a bunch of buffaloes stock-still by riding around and around them for hours and shooting as he rode. This was simply an impossibility. Two minutes after the horseman started his riding and shooting there would not have been a buffalo within range of his gun. A buffalo herd would stampede instantly at sight or smell of a man on horseback; very probably they would ignore a man on foot, or merely eye him in curiosity. That was why hide hunters preferred to do their shooting from a stand.

"Buffaloes did not graze in the closely packed herds numbering thousands of head; they scattered over the prairie in small bands, twenty to two hundred in a bunch, with ten, twenty or one hundred yards between bunches. Strictly speaking, all the animals within a range of fifteen or twenty miles might belong to the same herd. A hunter would drag his Sharps to a rise of ground giving a good view of the herd, select a bunch of grazing animals to work on, set his rest sticks in the ground, and start shooting. His aim was to hit one of the animals on the edge of the bunch—the leader, if possible—just back of the foreleg and about one-third of the way up the body. If the slug went true the animal would drop in his tracks or, at most, walk a few steps and fall. Strangely enough, the buffaloes paid no attention to the report of the rifle and very little, if any, to the one that had fallen.

"To be at all successful the hunter had to be a dead shot, to kill every time that he fired, and if he was that he could continue to drop his game until some buffalo still on his feet chanced to sniff closely at one that had been shot. Then it was up to the hunter to drop the sniffer before he could spread his excitement over the smell of blood. If he could do this the slaughter might continue, but eventually the blood scent became so strong that several buffaloes noticed it simultaneously. These frightened animals would start bellowing and pawing, their alarm would spread to the bunches near by, and suddenly the whole herd would stampede. The hunter could kill no more until he found conditions suitable for another stand."

A Record at the Price of a Rifle

"Where large parties of hunters were working over the plains by such methods and in fairly close quarters, the periodical scarcity of enough buffaloes to keep them profitably busy was a certainty. With the best of luck a single hunter might kill 100 buffaloes in a day, from several stands. That would be all that four skinners could handle. I found that the average bunch would stampede by the time thirty or forty of their number had been killed.

"In my years on the plains the known record kill from a single stand was held by Tom Nixon, a famous shot who made headquarters at Dodge. He managed to knock over 120 animals without moving his rest sticks, but he ruined his Sharps rifle in doing so. I have known other hunters who boasted of records of more than 100 from a stand. The best authenticated total for a season's kill was set by Billy Tilghman, who afterward served with me as a peace officer. He took 3300 hides between September first of one year and April first of the next; no buffalo hunter that I knew on the plains ever topped that score.

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"Aside from the constant menace of Indians, the greatest danger in a buffalo hunter's life came when the herds started the stampede after a stand. No man could guess in what direction the animals would run, or what might stop them in their mad rush away from the blood smell that drove them fairly insane. As a rule, the hunter worked up on his game from downwind and had his saddle horse picketed just back of the rise from which he shot, out of sight and scent. When the buffaloes started to run, the hunter made for his horse. Once in the saddle, he was comparatively safe. Sometimes his horse would catch the excitement and break away before the hunter could reach him. Then, if the herd was headed in his direction, the man on foot was doomed unless he could call into play some ruse that would split the herd, change its direction, or get him out of its path.

"Years after I left the prairies, Lucky Baldwin—the same E. J. Baldwin who made his millions from the famous Ophir Mine of the Comstock Lode—and I were yarning about early days on the frontier. Among other things, Baldwin told me that he got his real start in life from a poker game. He was in Iowa with his wife and child, and almost destitute. He was an inveterate gambler, and a good one. When he saw what he thought was a soft spot in a poker game, he decided to risk a few dollars that he had just borrowed for food, on the chance for a stake that would carry his family through the winter. When he left the table he took all the money in sight—enough to finance a move to California, where he became both wealthy and well known."

A Life-Saving Rodeo Ride

"I knew that Lucky had hunted buffaloes for meat years before the hide business attracted me, and he told me that he was one of the first white hunters to abandon the Indian system of running the herds, in favor of the stand. He also told of his experience when caught on foot by a stampeding herd.

"As Baldwin recounted the incident, his horse broke away and left him so close to the leaders of the blood-crazy buffaloes that he could do nothing to divert them. Like most plainsmen, he was strong and as quick in his movements as a cat. In front of the bunch that was nearest him was a huge bull leading the stampede, and as this charging old fellow reached him, Lucky made his last desperate attempt for life. He grabbed for the old bull's horns, caught them and drew himself to the animal's back, where he clung while the herd raced for more than five miles across the prairie. The buffaloes headed for a stream fringed with cottonwoods, and as the bull led his followers into the grove, Lucky let go of his horns and seized an overhanging branch, by which he drew himself into the tree.

"As I knew of similar happenings during my time on the range—that is, instances in which other hunters had ridden out stampedes on the backs of buffaloes—I had no reason to doubt Lucky Baldwin's account of his adventure. It was merely another example of the resourcefulness in the face of danger by which the old-timers kept alive.

"My system for hunting buffaloes was to work my way on foot nearer to the herds than the rifle users liked to locate. The shorter range of my shotgun made this necessary, of course, but, on the other hand, I could fire the weapon as rapidly as I wished without injury to it. I planned to get within fifty yards of the buffaloes before I started shooting, and at that range picking off selected animals would be easy. I would shoot until I had down all that the skinner and I could handle. I believed I could offset the danger of a stampede by finishing my killing before the animals smelled blood and by working the herd away quietly in the direction I wished it to go. I would stand up and wave my coat in the air, shouting and yelling. Instinctively the buffaloes would move away from the coat, and do so quietly if I got them started before they scented the blood which excited them. Then the skinner and I would get to work. In practice, my idea worked out exactly as I had calculated it would."

Skinning and Curing Hides

"Some people called my method foolhardy. It never struck me that way. It was merely a question of whether or not I could outguess a buffalo. The best answer is that there never was a moment during my three seasons as a buffalo hunter when I was in danger through a stampede, nor a day when I hunted that I did not have a profitable kill. My lowest score for a single stand was eighteen buffaloes; the highest, twenty-seven. As I never shot but one stand a day, that meant twenty to thirty-five dollars apiece for the skinner and myself every day that I shot. However, that was cash in hand, which was better than hopes.

"No wonder the average buffalo hunter was glad that the code forbade him to skin his kill; skinning was hard, dirty work. My helper would follow me out from camp with the wagon, and keep well out of sight until I had finished shooting. Then he came on the job with his knives. In skinning a buffalo, we first made a slit down the inside of each leg, then one along the belly from neck to tail. The legs and a strip along each side of the belly cut were skinned out and the neck skinned all the way around. The head skin was not taken. The heavy neck hide was gathered into a bunch around which we looped a short length of rope. One of our horses, hitched to the other end of this rope, would rip the hide off from neck to tail in a moment.

"We skinned the entire kill before taking any hides to camp. There we dusted them and the ground near by with poison to keep off flies and bugs, and pegged the hides out to dry, flesh side up. In the rarefied atmosphere of the prairies the first curing took but a day or so. The hides were then turned and dried further, and finally, after they had reached a state where rain would not injure them, were stacked in piles, hair side up, until such time as we hauled them to a hide buyer's station, or a buyer's wagon came out to the range.

"During my first season as a buffalo hunter a score of buyers made headquarters at Caldwell, which then consisted of Stone's store and a saloon, and had not yet been reached by a railroad. In Caldwell the hides were collected to fill the great wains drawn by bull teams which took them by the thousands to the railhead. During a greater part of the hunting season climatic conditions made it possible to keep the buffalo meat in good condition until the buyers could prepare it for shipment to the Eastern markets; so most of them took hindquarters and tongues as well as fur.

"With all the buffaloes I saw in the days when they roamed the ranges in great numbers, I shall never forget the first large herd we chanced on after setting out from Caldwell in the fall of '71. We had sighted a few small bunches earlier, but none that I thought worth stopping for, as I wanted to make my first camp as near permanent as possible. We had crossed the Medicine Lodge pretty well down toward the Indian Nations—as a matter of truth, we had crossed the Kansas border into this forbidden territory—when the plentifulness of buffalo sign showed us that we were closing up on a sizable herd. I went on foot to a rise that sloped up from the creek bottom to an elevation of possibly 300 feet. The sight that greeted me as I topped the crest of the hill was one that soon disappeared from the world for all time.

"The ground on which I stood was the highest point within miles. Before me, to the west and south, the prairie rolled in a series of small mounds and wide, level stretches pitted with buffalo wallows as far as I could see, twenty or thirty miles in each direction. For all that distance the range seemed literally packed with grazing buffaloes. The animals were feeding in the customary bunches of twenty to two hundred, and in the foreground the open spaces between them were plainly evident. But in the middle distance the prairie appeared to be covered by a solid mass of huge, furry heads and humps, flowing slowly along like a great, muddy river. Beyond the point where I could make out individual animals or groups, I remember thinking that the rolling plains, which I knew were treeless, had by some freak been covered with a growth of stunted, dark shrubbery. Clear to the horizon, the herd was endless."

A Herd of a Million Buffaloes

"I signaled to my skinner and he joined me.

"'There must be a million,' he said.

"How close to correct his estimate must have been, neither of us realized at the time. Later I learned that Army officers out to check up the buffaloes for the Government had noted the herd upon which we stumbled as the largest which grazed that year on the southern range.

"Once more in my life I was to view a similar spectacle. That was down in the Texas Panhandle, at about the spot between the Canadian River and Prairie Dog Creek where the city of Amarillo was built later. Then—it was in '77 and I was hunting outlaws—two Army officers in my company estimated the size of a herd we encountered by triangulating the ground over which the animals were grazing and said we were looking at more than 1,000,000 buffaloes. The Texas herd was not so large as the one I saw in my first hunting season, I am certain.

"At this point it might give a better idea of the results of buffalo hunting to mention that seven years after my first hunt, in 1878, Billy Tilghman, Bat Masterson and I went buffalo hunting for the sake of sport. We started from Dodge and traveled due west for more than 100 miles along the Arkansas River to the Sand Hills, then south to the Cimmaron, and east to Crooked Creek again, combing, at the height of the best hunting season, the heart of what, in 1871, was the greatest buffalo ground in the world. The buffalo grass was still as plentiful and as succulent as ever; on the other hand,

(Continued on Page 84)

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Look for the date on every can

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, popular illustrator, says: "It's worth dating, I know. I have been drinking this coffee for twenty-five years . . . even when I had to send away for it. That's how much it meant to me."

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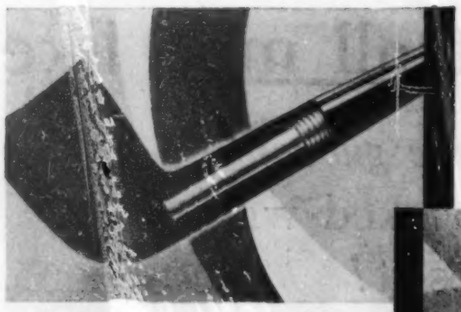

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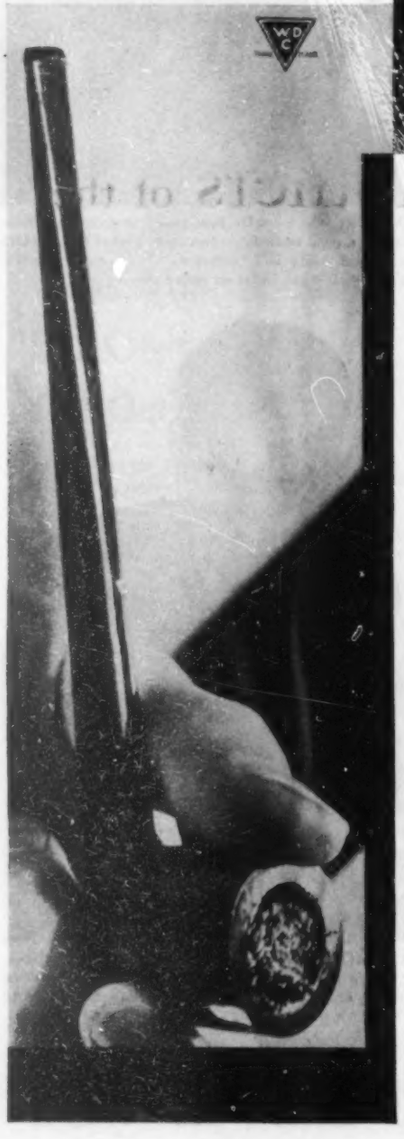

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(Continued from Page 82)

we did not sight a single buffalo. The herds were gone, wiped out.

"To go back to 1871 and my first hunting expedition, it was some time early in October that I set up my first camp beyond the Medicine Lodge, but from that base I was able to hunt until well after Christmas."

The success of Wyatt Earp's venture against cherished customs was definitely established when, toward the end of the season, he made camp closer to the parties which had worked down from the north and were finishing the hunt on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas. The migrating hunters swarmed over the southern grazing grounds in such numbers that avoiding them entirely, or the results of their slaughter, was impossible. Upon checking tallies with these men, the lone hunter found that while certain individuals had killed greater numbers than he from given stands, or had larger seasonal totals, his daily average of hides was well above that scored by the rank and file of the range, and only a rudimentary knowledge of arithmetic was necessary to prove his profits were much higher.

Where Wild West Stories Began

In the camps Wyatt met again the men whom he had known in Kansas City during the preceding summer, and a number of others who were then, or were to become, equally well known in the West. Jack Gallagher, Jack Martin, Billy Dixon, Jim Hanrahan, Tom O'Keefe, Cheyenne Jack, Billy Ogg, Bermuda Carlisle, Old Man Keeler, Kirk Jordan, Emmanuel Dubbs and Andy Johnson were on the Salt Fork. So were Curly Walker, Mike Welch, Jack McCloskey, Dutch Henry, Hendry Brown, Jack Bridges, Billy Rivers, John W. Poe, Billy Tilghman, and other skillful hunters. A majority of these men are recalled as destined to either lasting fame or notoriety. Some were to turn outlaw, others to win recognition as fearless peace officers; practically all were to die with their boots on.

Dutch Henry, to cite an example, was to develop, after the buffaloes had gone, into the most astute cattle and horse thief on the plains in a day when stock stealing was a capital offense. Hendry Brown was to throw in his lot with William Bonney, the New York street urchin who became the Western desperado, Billy the Kid. John W. Poe was to become a peace officer, and with the illustrious Pat Garrett would run this same Billy the Kid to the end of his rope and be in at his violent death. Jack Bridges was slated to be marshal of Dodge when that frontier hamlet was battling toward law and order; as was also Billy Rivers.

Hanrahan, Welch, Carlisle, Ogg, Dixon, Keeler, Johnson and half a dozen more were to continue hunting buffalo until they made history as participants in that classic of the buffalo range, the fight at 'Dobe Walls when nineteen buffalo hunters stood off, for two weeks, the attack of more than 1000 well-armed Kiowa, Arapaho, Cheyenne and Comanche Indians under the leadership of the intrepid halfbreed, Quanah Parker; a battle which countless Pawnees, Osages and other noncombatant red men rode hundreds of miles to see and which they witnessed from seats upon a near-by hill, like an audience at a pageant. The hunters rimmed this famous stand with the bodies of dead warriors.

In the early weeks of the hunting season, while the buffalo herds were migrating southward, there was scant opportunity for recreation with the killers and skinners. But with the establishment of more permanent camps on the winter range came periods of comparative leisure which might be devoted to the favorite sports of drinking and gambling. What passed for whisky was provided by itinerant venders who transported their barreled stock in trade from the settlements by the wagonload; the preferred games of chance were poker and monte; money for all three became available as buyers picked up and paid for batches of hides.

In a few instances hide buyers sold whisky as a side line, but the greater part of this traffic was carried on by camp followers whose methods of doing business followed a single pattern. The whisky wagon with its load of full barrels was drawn up at the edge of some camp, or in a spot accessible to several, and a barrel to which a spigot had been fixed was rolled into position at the tailboard. Prospective drinkers filed past with containers of their own choosing—cups or buckets. The whisky vender named the price for the amount of liquor desired and collected his money before he filled the vessel. The purchaser might do his drinking at the tailboard or at his camp fire, as he preferred. When one barrel was empty, a fresh one was tapped, and the tail-end bar continued business as long as money and liquor were in supply.

The buffalo hunters demanded potency in any beverage for which they paid, and the liquor sellers did their best to provide the kick. Raw alcohol colored with coffee was commonly offered in the guise of whisky, the sting heightened by red pepper and the flavor improved by tobacco placed in the barrel. The popularity of a whisky wagon was determined by the mixture dispensed over its tailboard, and as the customers judged their liquor by the bite it gave on the way down and the speed with which it obtained a stranglehold after swallowing, numerous blending recipes were concocted in the competition for patronage.

The Christening of Snakehead

There has been to succeeding generations a fascination in the nicknames conferred by the frontier upon its most picturesque characters, as well as speculation upon their origin. One incident of the whisky business as conducted in the Salt River buffalo camps of 1872 which Wyatt recalled is all-revealing in this matter of sobriquets as well as in the character of the itinerant liquor dealer of the prairies. It gave to one man a nickname which clung until, a quarter of a century later, it was carved upon his gravestone; what it did to those who drank his liquor has not been recorded.

Ordinarily, empty whisky barrels—a valuable commodity on the frontier—were hauled back to the settlements for refilling, but occasionally some hunter was able to get hold of one for his own purposes. With the head knocked out, it added to his equipment the means of transporting water, which would enable him to hunt at some distance from the stream courses. As the price demanded for an empty barrel was exorbitant, the hunter preferred stealing to buying this item of convenience.

A buffalo skinner named Thompson who had turned whisky peddler boasted that the liquor from his barrels carried a potency unrivaled on the range. Apparently this was so, for he enjoyed a lucrative patronage. During one of

Thompson's careless moments a buffalo hunter stole one of his empty barrels for conversion to a water carrier. When the thief knocked in the barrel head he quickly summoned a number of his colleagues to a conference which promptly adjourned to the spot where Thompson's wagon was doing a rushing business. In his hand the barrel thief carried half a dozen objects of disconcerting familiarity.

Without much regard for the customers who stood by as the whisky sales were interrupted, the spokesman for the delegation held his handful of objects retrieved from the stolen barrel under Thompson's nose as he demanded:

"What are these?"

Although Thompson probably recognized what he saw, it is not recalled that he replied.

"Snake heads, ain't they?" the irate hunter inquired. "Rattlesnake heads?"

Possibly Thompson admitted the accuracy of the description.

"I found 'em in one of your whisky barrels. Did you put 'em there?"

Thompson said that he had, and to prevent the loss of his entire stock in the search for additional evidence, added that there were five or six rattlesnake heads in each barrel of his whisky.

"I always put 'em in," he explained. "They give power to the liquor."

"You don't sell any more snakehead whisky in this camp," his inquisitors decreed. "Hitch up and get going."

It was Wyatt Earp's recollection that Thompson moved his saloon on wheels a few miles along Salt Fork and resumed business in another camp. It was only a matter of time before word of his liquor formula reached the ears of his new customers and the man became known the West over as Snakehead Thompson. Thompson peddled whisky from a barrel on the frontier as long as there was one, but except for the group who first chanced on his trade secret, it was not evident that his reputation cost him any customers.

In April, '72, Wyatt went into Caldwell, where he settled accounts with the hide buyers and found that his skinner and he each had cleared more than $2500 on the winter's work. After arranging to hunt buffalo with the same outfit and companion during the next season, he left for a visit to his parents, who were still in Missouri trying to sell their farm properties, and for a sight-seeing tour of the new settlements which railway construction was bringing to the Kansas prairies.

September found him back on the buffalo range, but forced to ride much farther west to find profitable hunting than in 1871. The winter of 1872–73 brought 10,000 buffalo hunters to the range and the herds suffered proportionately. The Santa Fe Railroad had pushed the end of steel into Dodge City, and from that newly-born community of two stores, five saloons and two dance halls, 400,000 buffalo hides were shipped before the season ended. By moving camp repeatedly and hunting the less-frequented grazing areas, Wyatt and his skinner managed to equal their kill of the preceding year. But in common with other experienced hunters, they recognized the approaching end to large profits for the many in wholesale buffalo slaughter.

Already the character of the Kansas prairie settlements was changing as, on the range, buffaloes gave way before beef cattle. The tide of the great Texas trail herds was mounting, speeding the extinction of the buffalo as it gained in size and momentum, and supplanting overnight the business built up by the hunters, as the trading posts, which had existed solely for their trade and entertainment, competed for prestige as cow towns.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lake. The next will appear in an early issue.

DRAWN BY BILLY DOHLMAN

Brothers of the Briar ...attention!

If ever a pipe tobacco was made especially for you, Brothers of the Briar, this is it! Every flake of Granger is good for one life membership—paid up in full! Cut *especially* for pipes—big shaggy flakes to fire *cool* and burn *dry*. Aged and mellowed by our own exclusive Wellman's Method — to smoke sweet, rich and "pipey." Step up, all you pipe lovers—sign up now!

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GRANGER ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

Highlights *and* Shadows

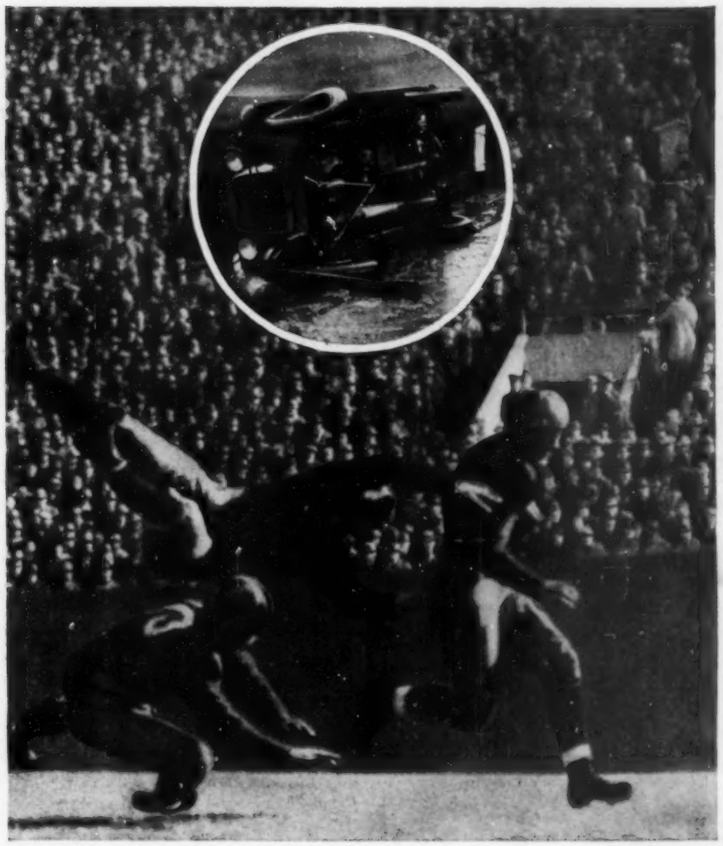
36 WANT MEMPHIS WAIF . . . Three hours after the Memphis Press-Scimitar came off the presses with this picture of Little Orphan Frances, 36 people called to adopt her. It is just one of many pictures taken by the Press-Scimitar's specialist in child snapshots, Charles Schneider.

17,000 MILE GOOD-WILL TOUR . . . Directors of the Pan-American Reciprocal Trade Conference wanted to invite South American leaders to the meeting in San Francisco. Reporter Arthur Caylor (*right*) of the San Francisco News offered to deliver the invitations. Traveling entirely by air, over established transport lines, he covered 17,000 miles, visited 78 cities in 27 countries; virtually circumnavigated South America before returning.

(*Below*) **DIG FOR LOOT, UNCOVER $300,000** . . . The President of a big business institution was in dire straits. A confidence man offered a way out. The president trusted him; turned over $300,000 in cash. The swindler skipped. But Pittsburgh Press reporters trailed him; forced a confession. Then, with picks and shovels, they became treasure hunters. The $300,000 turned up where the confession promised. *Below*, the successful loot-prospectors at work.

CAMERAMAN SNAPS "STICKUP" ARTISTS AT WORK . . . "Get out of here!" said the gang leader to Cameraman Oetterman of the Evansville Press. "Me nor none o' my mob gets photographed, see? And if we do . . . well, better look out!" But Oetterman trailed them to a roadside restaurant. There, through a rear window, he saw a holdup going on. He opened his lens, dropped a cigarette in the flashlight powder, grabbed his plate and ran. Eight bullets from pursuers pierced his car before he got to safety. But that same afternoon this picture appeared.

in Gathering the Day's News



PLANE DOWN, CAR SMASHED, BUT HE GOT THE PICTURE! . . . Cameraman Fred Bottomer, Cleveland Press, had a lot of luck the day Pitt played Ohio State. But most of it was bad. First, he hired a plane to get him to the game. It was forced down in a cornfield. Then he commandeered a car. It went into the ditch. Somehow he got there . . . and back. This epic action-shot appeared with the full story of the game . . . and Bottomer went off to the hospital for 3 months with a wrenched back and serious internal injuries. ***Above at left,*** Fred himself. ***Above at right,*** Fred's commandeered car.

(*Right*) WASHINGTON BREADLINE WASHED OUT . . . There hadn't been a breadline in Washington for 30 years. People wouldn't believe this one existed. A Washington News reporter, dressing the part, joined it, wrote it up. Offers of jobs began to come in. Came in faster and faster. Washington's breadline shortened . . . soon disappeared entirely.

BACK of nearly every great newspaper story . . . there is *another* story. The story of a reporter or a photographer who refused to quit under fire. The story of a staff-man who got his facts, regardless of personal hazards or hardships.

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RIDE A BIKE

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Jump on your bike . . . join the happy bunch as they ride away for a wonderful hike in the bracing air of the fall season . . . over winding paths or through wooded lanes just as comfortably as on the highway. Wherever young America wants to go, the bicycle gets him there quickly, easily and with practically no expense. What regular fellow doesn't want a bicycle? The new models are "pips," built for speed, long wear, comfort and fatigueless pedalling . . . with racy lines, snappy colors, cushion tires, ball bearing coaster brakes, spring saddles . . . delightful in appearance as well as in action. Christmas isn't so far away. Tell Dad nothing would please you more than a bicycle as a Christmas gift. Just remind him of the fun he used to have on *his* bike . . . tell him the modern wheel is twice as good, yet costs less than half of what his did. Suggest how you can run errands and perhaps earn money with your bike. If he is the Dad we think he is, you'll get your bicycle!

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THE PRICE LEVEL OF RAW MATERIALS

(Continued from Page 25)

be expansion of the media of exchange if the price level is to remain stable. Production and trade expand in the United States at the rate of between 3 and 4 per cent per annum. In the world of trade between countries on the gold standard, the rate of growth is assumed to be at the rate of 2 to 3 per cent per annum. The usual assumption is that an increase in the volume of money of 3 per cent per annum is needed to keep pace with growth of population and industrial development. Not long ago The Economist undertook to test this hypothesis, to determine whether "the world's monetary gold stocks are sufficient to finance the world's normal volume of business at the present level of prices." Comparing the increase in the monetary gold stocks of central banks and state treasuries since 1914, it was computed that these have increased at an average of 4.9 per cent per annum. Considering the trading world as a unit, therefore, The Economist conceded "the absence of any real proof to the effect that hitherto the world's monetary gold stocks have proved inadequate for their purpose."

But the world of trade is not a unit; there is inequitable distribution of gold, also called maldistribution; there is also so-called sterilization of gold. Here enters the new hypothesis—the theory that prices have declined, not because the gross supply of gold in the world is inadequate to support the gross volume of business in the world but because considerable portions of the gold supply are not put to monetary uses. This thesis was recently formulated in precise terms by Sir Henry Strakosch.

Gold That Does No Work

The argument of Strakosch may be briefly stated, largely in his own words: The gold holdings of central banks and state treasuries per head of population vary from less than five dollars to more than forty dollars. The heaviest gold holdings per head of population are to be found in France, the United States and Argentina. The gold holdings of Great Britain and the component parts of the British Empire are quite low, despite gold production in South Africa and Australia. Strakosch regards a large part of the gold in France, the United States and Argentina as sterilized—in effect, hoarded. The "persistence of the maldistribution of the world's gold reserves and their partial sterilization" is attributed to hindrances to the free flow of commerce and of gold, coupled with "ill-directed monetary policy pursued by some of the gold-standard countries. . . . That sterilization is most pronounced in the case of America, the Argentine Republic, and, since 1928, of France; these countries having accumulated gold reserves far in excess of their reasonable needs. Any gold that flows into the reserves of these countries is not used as a basis for the expansion of currency and credit, and therefore does not perform its monetary functions. . . . Any gold, therefore, that flowed into America, Argentina and, since the beginning of 1928, into France, serves no monetary purpose, for in none of these countries is it permitted to support a structure of currency and credit that it would be permitted to support if it had flowed into other countries whose credit systems are in as high a state of development as theirs. . . . Together they have in this manner sterilized gold to the value of £110,000,000, and deprived the gold-standard world of the possibility of augmenting the amount of currency and credit that was needed for the exchange of its increased production. That sufficiently explains the catastrophic fall of the general level of commodity prices in 1929 and the beginning of this year." Bluntly stated, it is implied that the United States, France and Argentina did not use the gold in hand to keep their price levels up, but prevented other countries from using gold to keep their price levels from falling.

Supply-and-Demand Factors

The inference that the declining price level of raw materials has been due to relative shortage of money and not to relative surplus of goods or relative decline of demand disregards circumstances of widespread occurrence and profound importance. Even from the standpoint of supporters of the monetary theory of the present price decline, this has been too rapid. With allowance for factors which are, for the time being, intangible—the business cycle and others—we do not believe the recent world-wide decline in prices of raw materials has been due to the sterilization of gold in the United States, France and Argentina. It is more reasonably referred to what may be termed commodity factors. The market has been mainly responsible, not the media of exchange.

The list of important raw materials is long. We are importers of many raw materials, partly in consequence of limitation of natural resources, but more as expression of population and standard of living. Such are antimony, chromium, graphite, asbestos, mica, manganese, nickel, platinum, mercury, tin, tungsten, iodine, vanadium, hemp, manila, jute, linen, silk, wool, cork, quebracho, shellac, castor oil, camphor, rubber, oil seeds, coffee, tea and sugar. More and more we are becoming an importer of raw materials and an exporter of manufactures. With decline in prices of imported raw materials, the debit side of the international account of our country gains, but the credit side of the account loses with decline in prices of raw materials we export. As consumers, we seem to profit by low prices of raw materials, but as exporters of foodstuffs and manufactures the country loses by the decline of purchasing power abroad consequent upon lower prices received in foreign countries for raw materials. The net effect, at home and abroad, for the time being is unquestionably one of loss, particularly in view of the lag of the retail price level in following the wholesale price level.

Let us now consider briefly the several circumstances relating to supply and demand which have tended to depress the prices of raw materials. For the most part, these are related not to gross producers' outturn and gross consumers' wants on the basis of world population, but to available market supply and effective market demand.

Expansion of plants of production. Expansions in plants of production originated in wartime needs and in postwar booms; changes in frontiers and political affiliations intensified the tendency and many countries have sought to become self-sufficient. New lands have been opened up, mineral deposits developed; subsidies and other artificial stimulations have added their influence. The situation is well illustrated by the areas and plants devoted to coffee, rubber, sugar, cotton, petroleum, copper and nitrate. The available indexes of production do not reveal the overextension of plants of production; if we possessed indexes of unemployment of plants producing raw materials—ratio of operation to operation capacity—we would have a different picture of overextension from the one we secure from indexes of production.

Increased efficiency in production. We have new inventions, refinements in and extension of mechanization in agriculture, lumbering and mining, and also rationalization of operations. The outturn per unit of labor and power increases. New methods of drilling increase the outturn of petroleum, and improved methods of cracking yield larger returns of gasoline; a new fire box, boiler and turbine increase the electric current generated from the unit of coal; a new method of making steel pipe revolutionizes the business; in rapid succession new methods of producing nonferrous metals increase the outturn of metals like aluminum; new methods of making solvents enlarge the production of cellulose products; a new process for treating the saltpeter deposits of Chile and refinements in the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen expand the outturn of nitrate; a new loom transforms cotton manufacture, and so on. All along the line, the processes of production of raw materials are being expedited and cheapened. Naturally, prices follow costs. In Russia the Five-Year Plan is a combination of expansion of plant and introduction of efficient methods.

The Sensitive World Market

Development of substitutions and reclamations. The importance of these developments is commonly overlooked. A substitute is a supply of the second order; a choice between alternative materials may determine a technical operation. The recovery of scrap metal is now universally practiced. Reclamation as well as substitution has been important in the case of rubber. To an ever-increasing extent, materials are used over again; by-product recoveries abound. Substitution has been conspicuous in the replacement of silk and other fibers with rayon. Waste fibers take the place of lumber. All along the line, new arts and ingenuities have been applied to reclamations and substitutions, as well as to lowering of cost and enhancement of durability.

Increased effectiveness of competition. International improvements in transportation, communications and credit tend to make of the world a single, sensitive and responsive market. The system of futures trading has been greatly extended over the field of commodities. The distress of ocean shipping has been reflected in low freight rates which have accrued to consumers rather than to producers. Stocks of raw materials have accumulated in production areas and in terminal markets. Under existing circumstances of supply and demand, the available statistical information on outturn, stocks and movements has tended to maintain for most raw materials the complexion of a buyers' market. Buyers have usually been in position to choose time, place and rate of purchase; hand-to-mouth

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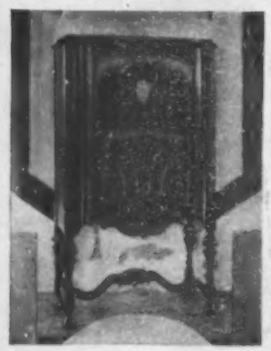

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buying has not merely taken advantage of price decline but also favored it.

The cartels, as well as the price controls in which governments have participated, have quite as much the negative objective of preventing price declines as the positive purpose of securing higher profits; such price controls are usually evidence of relative overproduction. To a considerable extent, the decline in prices of raw materials has been accelerated by failure of artificial price-controlling devices. The abandonment of the Stevenson Plan for marketing rubber, the liquidation of the valorization scheme for the handling of coffee in Brazil, and the relinquishment of the single seller of sugar in Cuba, are illustrations in point. Abandonment of artificial control sets free the natural forces making for lower prices; it also provokes disorder, making for still lower prices.

Diminution of requirement. For many raw materials the per capita requirements are being reduced despite improvement in the standard of living. The replacement of work animals by tractors reduces the demand for grain. The extension of mechanization in human occupations reduces the demand for food. Reclamations and substitutions tend to reduce the per capita requirement for raw materials. Improvement in durability has the same effect, of which the automobile tire is a conspicuous illustration. An important contributing influence has been the shifting from staples to specialties, which has become pronounced in household furnishings and clothing, as well as in foodstuffs. In the aggregate and involving a surprising number of raw materials, the relative and even absolute lowering of per capita requirements is a significant and persisting trend. Thus, improvement in the scale of living loses part of its demand-expanding force. In addition, consumers have been restricting purchases, as a reaction to the business depression.

Runaway Production

Broadly considered, therefore, producers of raw materials may be said to have fallen into distress, production having been expanded to an extent that for the time being is excessive, relative to effective demand. The trend of production has been based on anticipations of the rate of growth of population which have not been realized. Also, it has been based on anticipations of rate of improvement in the standard of living abroad which have not been realized. Improvement in the standard of living of backward peoples and the penetration of dark continents have been counted on to supply the expanding outlets for finished goods made from raw materials. Progress in these directions has not been so rapid as the exponents of our high material civilization had expected. Instead of pressure of population on supplies of farm products, forest products and minerals, we have pressure of farm products, forest products and minerals on population. In the world of international trade the art of production has latterly developed more rapidly than the art of consumption.

Striking a New Balance

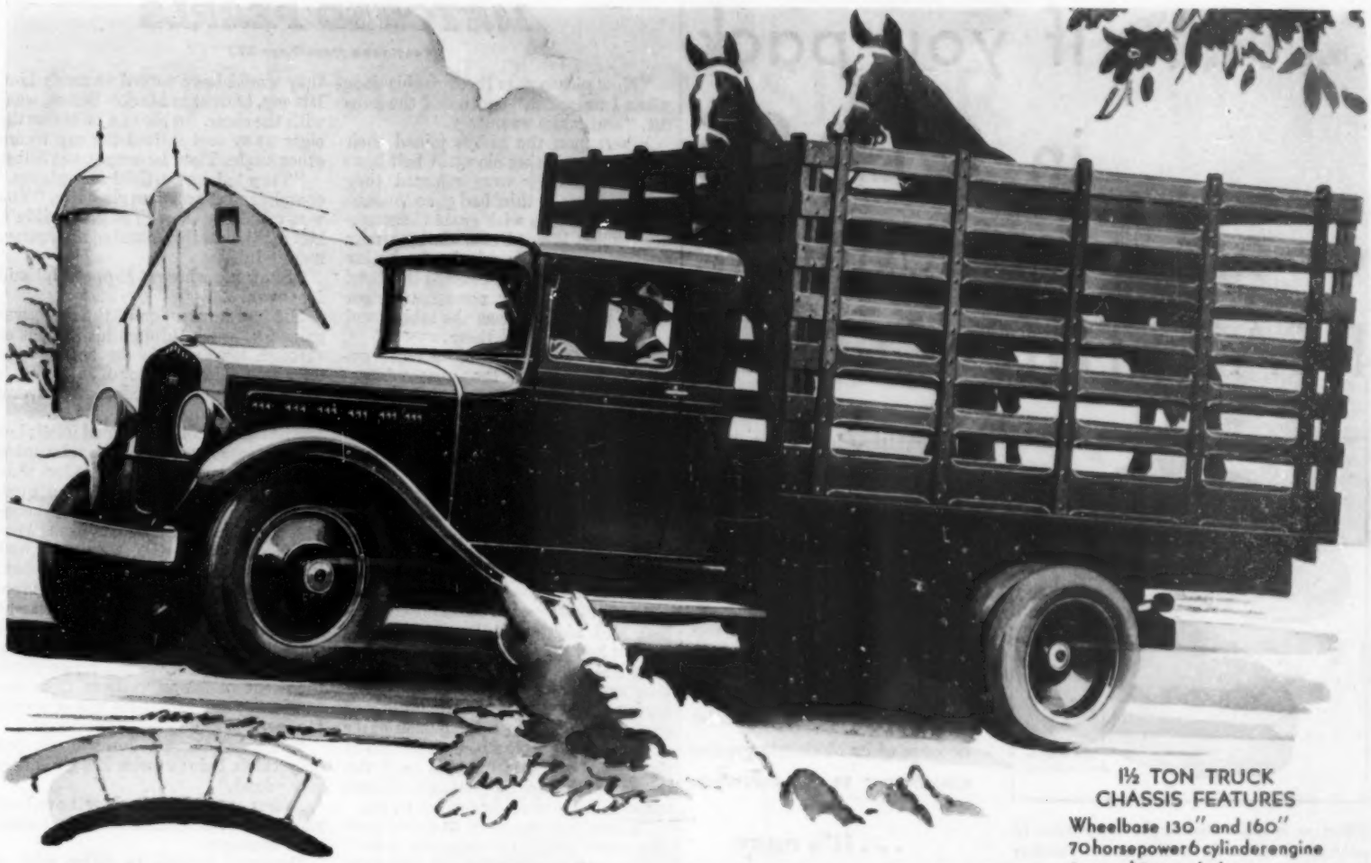
We thus find in relative overproduction—relative in time and space—and in restricted consumption the major explanation of the recent decline in prices of raw materials. The disparity between prices of raw materials and finished goods is striking within a country like the United States; it is still more striking in the altered economic relations of a debtor country like Australia, largely engaged in production of raw materials, to a creditor country like Great Britain, largely engaged in the manufacture of imported raw materials for reëxport in finished form.

Superficially considered, consumers gain when prices of raw materials decline, but the gain becomes illusory when the decline in purchasing power of the producers of raw materials creates unemployment of capital and labor engaged in manufacture and distribution of finished goods.

Alleviation occurs through readjustment of supply to demand. The disparity between prices of raw materials and of finished goods necessitates rationalization of manufacture and distribution. Doubtless there will be elimination of marginal producers of raw materials and there will be improvement for the remainder through reduction of costs, but readjustment of prices of finished goods will also occur, through lowering of costs of manufacture and distribution. Producers, distributors and consumers will do well, for the time being, to act upon the presumption that supply and demand and factors of enterprise, rather than shortage of money, have influenced prices. When the adjustments in the commodity relations have been made, the world will be in position to examine the broad question of monetary policies. At the moment, revival of business depends largely on the conduct of business.

DRAWN BY KATE COLLIER

"Naw, Fishin' Ain't So Good! But Y' Know There's a Depression All Over th' Country"



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Timken axles
Special truck springs
Ross cam and lever steering
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2 TON TRUCK CHASSIS FEATURES

Wheelbase 148" and 160"
70 horsepower 6 cylinder engine
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4-speed transmission
4-wheel brakes
6 sturdy cross members (7 on 160")
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Steel spoke wheels (dual rear), standard
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MATCHED PEARLS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Now please pass through this door when I unlock it," continued the bandit, "and make no outcry."

Whereupon the Silbys joined their maid in the clothes closet. A half hour later when they were released they learned that the thief had gone through their possessions with great thoroughness. They learned also that no man answering the description, whether servant or guest, had entered the hotel or left it all evening, nor any stranger either, except as far as the lobby, and no fat stranger even there.

"Not a fat man within a block except the porter," the house detective told them, plainly worried, "and I myself stood talking to him as you came in."

Silby bared his teeth. "Perhaps it didn't happen."

"Oh, it happened! I'll tell you, Mr. Silby. You take another suite for tonight, and leave these rooms just as they stand. Don't touch a thing. We'll have the fingerprint experts over from the department."

Later, after the police had been notified, and Lieutenant Brody from the bureau had questioned Jake Silby and his wife and his wife's maid, and had tried on his own account to find some floor maid or bellhop or elevator boy or clerk who had seen a fat person enter or leave the hotel, and a department fingerprint squad had gone over the woodwork for fingerprints, all without success, Silby again bared his teeth.

"I want a man placed on guard over that room until I decide what to do."

The man he obtained was sent over by his garage.

Donovan first heard of the loss when he received O'Day's telegram at general delivery the next morning. O'Day stated only the bald facts. Nothing that was said bore even slightly upon the problem of Mike Lupata. And yet the jewel expert read the message with the grin of a pleased boy.

"That's clearing the air!" he said to his starved soul.

The telegram did not clear any air, but it abruptly changed his plans at a moment when any change was welcome. He was tired of sitting passive, tired of watching Mike Lupata, tired of waiting for that murderous crook to thrust his head into a noose. He was tired also of smoking cigars instead of his black pipe. He was a little tired of his name.

"Jimmy Kimberley! Pah!"

Looking covertly about him to make sure he was not observed, he glanced through the rest of his mail, inclosed it in a fresh envelope, addressed this to himself at the St. Cashmere, and thrust it into the letter slot. The telegram, however, he put away in an inside pocket to show to Silby, or if they still lingered, to the police, to explain his status.

Then he went straight to the Haddock Arms, Silby's hotel, but not in a taxicab. He began by making a cautious reconnaissance of the building and its approaches. The lobby at this hour was almost empty. He could see no one, inside or out, who knew him.

Out of curiosity he glanced at his reflection in a full-length mirror he happened to pass. The lean Irish face that looked out at him had not changed, but the cigar gave him an odd feeling of undress, like the absence of a collar. His purple sun glasses remained in their case; he had worn them so much of late they would have served to mark him. His cap, bought in Market Street, went with the cigar. In the end he threw the cigar away and shifted the cap to another angle. Then he sought out Silby.

"They tell me the thief wore gloves," complained the oil man gloomily. "You won't find any clews. The police didn't, last night, and this morning my agency men didn't."

"Show me where it happened," said Donovan.

His first impression of the room was gained as much through his nostrils as through his eyes. As he entered the door he smelled the odor of Jake Silby's Clique Amours, opened to the several visitors o. the night.

The cigar smoke explained itself; but upon advancing into the room he noted an underlying scent, less odor than fragrance, not so certainly to be named. He decided after a moment that it consisted of whiffs of scent from Mrs. Silby's boudoir—the scent of rose leaves, perhaps from her talcum box; the scent of lilac; the scent, more complex, of the astringent lotion she used; the scents associated with her very exclusive brands of cold cream, whether cleansing, vanishing or what; the scent of lemon verbena from her wardrobe; and countless minor scents too inextricably mingled to identify.

"Some of them I don't smell, but only think I do; or else it's the other way round."

As he approached the door, now flung wide, of Mrs. Silby's room the fragrances grew stronger.

Donovan turned to Silby with a question: "Don't I smell perfume somewhere?"

"Mrs. Silby noticed it too. She says the thief sprinkled every drawer he went through from her bottles, but that sounds crazy."

"Did she speak of it to the police?"

"This was this morning. She told the agency men."

"You can't prove anything through your nose," remarked Donovan, thinking of Mike Lupata, who had once been run down by bloodhounds, "but I like to notice everything."

"That's what the agency men said. Notice everything."

The reference to the agency men caused Donovan to break forth into a half-suppressed chuckle; but he subsided at once and went on gravely:

"What did they think of the suggestion?"

"What would they think? Why should a thief do a thing like that? Perfume! A fat man!"

"You do have to ask yourself such questions," said Donovan. "Who first saw this thief?"

"Mrs. Silby's maid, about half-past ten."

"When did you first see him?"

"An hour or so later. We found him waiting for us when we returned from the opera."

"How did he get in?"

"The door wasn't locked. The maid was on duty."

"Does Mrs. Silby often wear her pearls?"

"Not often," replied the other.

Donovan for a moment did not speak. Again he found himself thinking of Mike Lupata, trying to connect him with the crime.

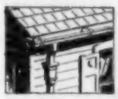
"You told me you had no clews," he said at last. "Aren't those facts clews?"

"Clews—in what way?"

(Continued on Page 95)

THOSE WHO CONSIDER THE FACTS

USE COPPER BRASS AND BRONZE



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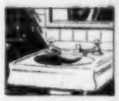

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EIGHT
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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 92)

"The thief was someone who knew you would be out last night. Must have been. He knew the door wouldn't be locked. Must have known it. He knew Mrs. Silby was wearing her pearls. Must have known that too. How many people in the world knew these three facts? Not many. One of them stole the pearls."

"Yes; but who?" Silby asked.

"Make a list. You saw the thief. Describe him."

"All I know is, he was a fat man with enlarged knuckles and wore a black-velvet mask."

"You're sure he was a fat man?" asked Donovan.

"It's the one fact I am sure about."

"Anybody might make a mistake," replied the other mildly, still thinking of the man he had been watching, who was undeniably slender. "I say that, because you don't often see enlarged knuckles on a fat person. The fat hides them."

"It didn't hide these."

"Another point against me. With yourself and your wife and the maid testifying to the contrary, I don't suppose you could get a jury to convict a slender man of the crime. Let it pass. I notice you have your windows closed. Didn't you find them open, upon your return last night?"

"We did," replied Silby, startled. "The house detective closed them. How did you guess?"

Donovan smiled the smile of a man whose plans are succeeding. "I didn't guess—I knew." He did not explain how he knew, but went on, "Are the rooms otherwise as the thief left them?"

"Not a thing has been touched," said Silby.

"Nor added?"

"Nor added either."

"Those cigar butts on the ash tray—the thief smoked that many cigars, and you didn't notice the smoke when you came in?"

"They were put there afterward," Silby admitted. "The thief helped himself from my box, but he didn't smoke anything, except when he went out."

"Except?" asked Donovan.

"He lighted up when he left. I didn't see him, but I know, because he threw the match on our Tekke Bokhara rug."

"Show me," said Donovan.

"The match isn't there any more. The maid chucked it into the wastebasket pronto, before anybody could stop her. Women are like that. It was only a common match."

Again Donovan smiled his knowing smile.

"I think I could lay hands on the thief, but the pearls I'm not so sure about. Pearls are hard to trace after they're scattered—even pearls like yours."

"Who is he?" asked Silby.

"No use, unless we can prove it on him."

"And you can't. I see."

"Wait," said Donovan. He abruptly changed the subject. "I never neglect a detail because it looks unimportant—not even a match in a wastebasket." He sauntered over and peered into its depths. "As you say, it's a common match. No need to fish it out—I can see it plainly. What are those papers underneath?"

"Just odds and ends thrown away—newspapers, empty envelopes, that sort of thing."

"What's that crumpled paper pushed down along the side?"

"Ask the maid. Ask Mrs. Silby. Filler from an advertising envelope, I suppose."

Donovan plucked forth the paper by one corner; then, laying it on the table, he smoothed it out beneath a paper knife until the printing on it became legible. The sheet was filled on both sides with printing; but the lines were so long, and the paper had been trimmed back into the type so far, not only at the top and bottom but along the sides, that the meaning could not readily be determined. In size the fragment would barely have been covered by two five-dollar bills.

"What have you found?" continued Silby, when Donovan had examined the paper.

The other remained silent for a moment; then he replied by asking a question of his own.

"What do you make of it? Anything?"

"Looks like a page from some magazine," said Silby, "trimmed back with a pair of scissors."

"Notice the yellow paper."

"Old?"

"Read it," said Donovan.

"It sounds like travel stuff."

"Turn it over and read."

"Hello! Lake Elizabeth—Canada de las Uvas—Tejon—that's getting warm. I know that country. It speaks of rock formations, and it's dated like a journal."

"Is it yours?" asked Donovan.

"Not mine. Mrs. Silby may have cut it from some magazine, but I don't believe she did."

"It was printed in 1857 by the United States Government, under the direction of Jefferson Davis, secretary of war, as a part of the surveys for a Pacific railroad. This page almost surely came from the geologist's report of the surveys in California. I remember it so distinctly because I own the set."

"Torn out of a book and cut down?"

Donovan replied thoughtfully, "Out of a book."

"Who put it in my wastebasket?" demanded Silby.

"You have asked an interesting question. You might add another. Who and why?"

"The thief?"

"I haven't said I thought so. You didn't. Somebody did. Why? The thief, you ask? I ask you the same question. What would a fat bandit be doing with the work of geologist William P. Blake? Even if he owned it, why should he mutilate first the book and then the page and fetch along this clipped thing to leave with you? But if not the thief, who else? You see where such questions lead a man."

"Do you know who and why?"

"I believe I can guess," said Donovan.

"Let me in on it," Silby urged. "I don't know how, but I believe you do have some idea where to look for the thief."

"Too dangerous."

"I'm a good shot," said Silby.

"Oh, if you look at it that way! Keep in touch with me for a few hours. I have an errand to do; then I'll call you up."

"You're not through here?"

"Through," said Donovan. "Done. Finished. You'll hear from me within three hours." He smiled a little grimly. "Unless your bandit sees me first. Please have the porter meet me with the freight elevator on the floor below. I have an idea it will be safer."

III

DONOVAN clumped up the stairs to his floor, and then along the dark hallway to his room. As he unlocked his door he glanced at the door of the room adjoining. But he did not knock upon its panels just then.

He closed his door, stood for a moment listening for sounds, and then crossed to his window and looked down into the alley. All that he saw was the light truck of a private expressman, on its way somewhere with its cargo.

He watched the vehicle pass into the street, noted that it turned south instead of north, and again stood listening for sounds from the next room. When he heard nothing he went to his dresser and proceeded to improve his appearance.

He began by hunting out a more vivid shirt and collar. The collar he threaded with a tie that had never been worn, holding the knot in place with his costliest stick pin. Its diamond, a Wesselton of nearly three carats, was the gift of a client for whom he had done an important service. Although he admired the stone, he did not often wear it. He also slipped a diamond ring on his finger.

When he had finished dressing he went downstairs to interview the day clerk.

"I hear that 59 is moving out," he began. "I'm thinking of changing over."

The clerk gave him a quick, searching glance that was neither lost nor unexpected; then, as his eye grasped the diamonds and the other evidences of recent prosperity, he asked mildly:

"Where did you hear that?"

"He kept me awake with his packing."

"It's a good room," said the clerk.

He then quoted the price and began touching upon the advantages of having windows on the street, where a man could see what was going on in the world without hunting through the evening papers for it. The hotel was a very small one.

"I'll look at it right now."

Again Donovan felt the quick glance and again he heard the level reply.

"Tomorrow will be better."

"Why not today, if he's moved out?"

"It's his room up to tomorrow noon, see? He paid for it. If he caught anybody else in that room ——"

"What would he do?" asked Donovan.

"He'd rip me down the middle like a mackerel and salt me away for next winter," said the clerk.

Donovan turned away, to clump once more up the stairs and along the hall to his own door.

His subsequent movements departed greatly from his earlier. Instead of inserting his key in his lock, he stepped across to No. 59 and rapped lightly on the panel. He knocked very softly; the occupant inside could have heard him, had he been present, but no one in the rooms on either side would have noticed the sound. Upon hearing no response he knocked again, still very softly. Again he had no reply. Deciding that the room was unoccupied, he boldly tried the knob, on the chance that Mike Lupata had left it unlocked. Sometimes a man prefers not to carry his key with him; it might lead too directly to his room.

"I wouldn't myself, if I had kept my old room at the St. Cashmere."

He was not especially surprised to feel the door opening to his pressure. The next moment he had whipped inside, and was softly easing back the latch into its seat.

Again he stood motionless, listening for the sounds of approach; then, remembering the insecurity of his position, he began making a swift inspection of the room.

(Continued on Page 97)

The Singing Shave

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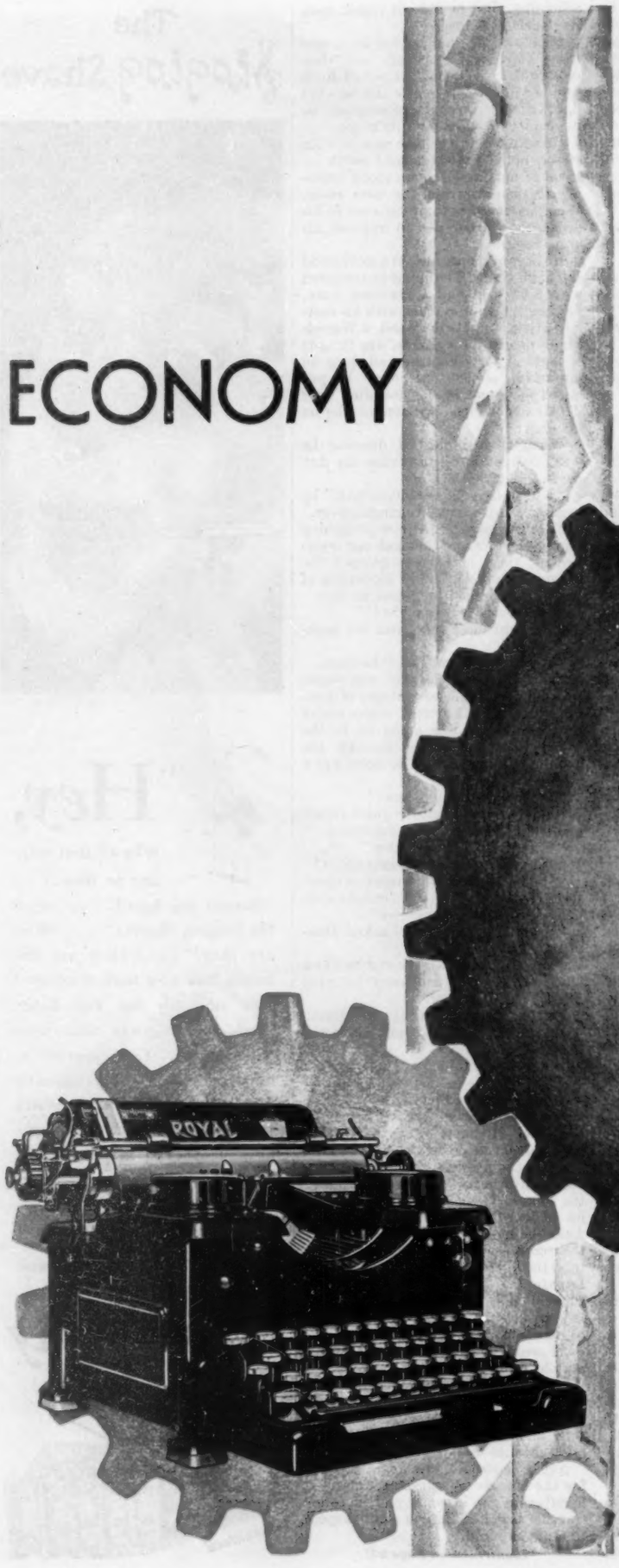
ECONOMY



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ROYAL

(Continued from Page 95)

"Why not? He picked my lock to call on me."

He guessed from what he saw that Mike Lupata was indeed preparing to move out. The bed had not been occupied. Beyond the bed a clothes closet stood with its door flung wide, as empty of contents as a robbed peanut shell. No baggage was in sight, nor were any minor articles of dress visible, such as the ties and collars that usually show an intention to return.

And yet the slender Mr. Fox had by no means gone away with all his possessions. The table still stood piled with books, the overflow from a filled bookcase between the windows. Upon the dresser lingered the end of a candle, soldered upon the marble top by its own wax. The candle showed signs of recent and heavy use; melted paraffin had run down its sleek sides in multitudinous godroons, although the room was lighted, like his own, by electricity.

"Why the candle?" he asked himself.

A possible answer was suggested by the presence on the dresser of a small tin dipper, still blackened here and there by candle soot, although attempts had been made to wipe off the soot with paper. Donovan examined it more closely. The dipper was empty, but upon scratching its inside surface with his thumb nail he found it coated with a waxen film.

"Used for melting paraffin," he decided.

The paraffin explained the candle, but its own use in that room could only be guessed. Donovan noted its presence; then, continuing his hurried survey, he glanced at the further articles on the dresser.

One of these was a used razor blade. He would not have given it a second glance, for many men like to dispose of their old blades by leaving them behind. This blade, however, differed from the usual discarded blade by having a piece bitten out at one corner, as though it had been used for cutting some tough material, perhaps under pressure.

Another article on the dresser was a wadded whorl of red cord, such as is used in tying up small packages. One end of the cord, he noticed, had been fashioned into a closed loop. The other end was snipped off as by a knife.

"I thought so!" he said aloud when he saw the cord. "I always believed it, but I never could prove it."

He expressed the idea in speech, but so softly that no one outside could have heard him. Even as he spoke he remembered where he stood. After that he did not utter his thoughts.

The cord seemed important. He therefore stopped to measure it, using his arm as a yardstick, and found its length to be slightly under sixty-four feet. After winding it up into a whorl he wadded it together and laid it back on the marble, behind the tin dipper, where he had found it.

From the dresser he crossed to the table and began looking at the titles of Mike Lupata's books. Some of these were familiar, others not. All were old; but as far as he could see, none had any particular market value, and few any value whatever. He took the trouble to see whether the set from which the trimmed-down Silby sheet had been torn was represented. He learned that it was not. He had not expected it to be.

"Always I know he's my man, and always I keep looking for proof. Now I mean to find it."

He was standing so before Mike Lupata's books, the one idea in his head, running over the titles and wondering why the man had bought them, when a sound in the hall outside brought him back sharply to the world of realities. Someone could be heard approaching down the hall. He heard footsteps and raised voices.

"Mike Lupata himself!" he thought.

Instinctively he felt in his pocket for his pistol. To be caught unarmed by Mike Lupata in that room would result in utter disaster. Lupata was not the man to wait for explanations. He was a killer—he shot first and listened afterward. But even as he felt the cold, hard contour under his fingers he saw that the pistol could not be used. For he was not defending his hearth. He was not standing in his own room, but in Lupata's. Whatever happened in that room, Donovan would be in the wrong. The fact that Lupata had first intruded upon him did not matter. He was now the intruder.

He remembered another factor that suddenly became important under the circumstances. Heretofore Donovan had remailed all Redelos letters to himself, by an arrangement with the St. Cashmere, so as to carry about with him nothing that would betray him. But the telegram from O'Day—that betraying paper had gone with him to the Haddock Arms for Silby to see. It still reposed in his pocket. And the clipped and wrinkled sheet from Silby's wastebasket—it also lay in his pocket. If Lupata should search him he would find them both.

These perceptions arrived, as it were, simultaneously, so that he had grasped their bearing while yet the men outside remained at a little distance. They had arrived during a moment in time; and they were followed by a tense expectancy that lasted for another moment in time. Then, instead of turning the corner toward Lupata's door, the men outside passed on, and the danger from Lupata was over.

"That's that. Nothing happened. I counted on Lupata's staying away from this room, and he did. Now to finish this most unpleasant job!"

He had examined Lupata's books, both in the bookcase and on the table, wondering at their number. The slender gun bandit, he felt sure, had not bought them to read. But if not for use as books, why then? Questions sometimes answer themselves, but not such questions. The answer to this question lay in the table drawer, and leaped out only after Donovan had opened it. It consisted of an advertisement clipped from a trade journal, in which book buyers were invited to write to Michael Fox, San Francisco, for titles carried and prices.

"Not a bookworm at all, but a dealer! Mike Lupata—old books! I might have guessed it! That was what his pounding meant last night; he was nailing up a shipment to a customer. I sometimes wonder why I'm in this business—it takes me so long to see things."

It had not taken him long to see the wad of red string. It did not now take him long to see the broken wire nail on the floor, nor the splinter of white wood beside it, apparently split off from the corner of a packing box.

"Oregon fir," he decided. "Of no possible value to anyone but myself, and not surely of value to me."

But although he could not be sure of its value to himself, he placed the fragment carefully in his purse, along with the broken nail. "To repay me for the letters Lupata stole during the night."

Still another object of no value seemed to have had a recent history—a partly emptied tube of liquid glue, now lying in the wastebasket upon a sheaf of newspapers. Its use was shown by an outside page, on which a rim of glue surrounded a central untouched square the size of a shipping label.

The tube did not interest him, but he might have torn off the newspaper page, after its inspection, had he not once more caught the sound of approaching voices.

"I should not have stayed here, knowing Mike Lupata. Now I don't know what will happen. They're headed this way. It's Lupata himself—must be. The second man may help. The pearls, too, if he took them—he'll try not to draw the police. He will if he has any sense."

But again the moment of tension was followed by a sudden relaxing. The men this time did not pass on, but turned the corner. He heard them walk up to the door, stop, verify its number, knock. In that brief moment he knew that what he had most feared had passed him by.

"Come in!" he called boldly.

Whereupon the door opened and an expressman entered the room, accompanied by a clerk from a secondhand book store. They had been sent, they said, to carry away the rest of Mr. Fox's books. He was moving to New York.

IV

WHEN Donovan next talked with Jake Silby he had recovered his black pipe, and the sweet smoke so filled the mouthpiece of the telephone it softened his voice. But that was after he had returned to the St. Cashmere, so that he managed to make his meaning entirely clear.

Later Jake Silby sought him out in his room, bringing with him his loaded pistol.

Later still the manager of the Haddock Arms, Silby's hotel, himself changed the bulb in the corner car at the elevators, replacing a sixty-watt white, strong enough to read by, with a weaker twenty-watt orange.

Later still than that, this same manager telephoned to Silby at the St. Cashmere that a guest named Fox, Haddock Arms, had called for his key and gone to his room, after reading for an hour or more in the lobby.

Later still, but not much later, Donovan walked back with Jake Silby to the Haddock Arms. When he set forth he had his pistol in his pocket and his pipe in his mouth; but he stopped at the door to empty the pipe. He walked boldly up to the desk with Silby, who called for his key.

The next thing that happened, the two men went straight to the corner car, where they took their places side by side under the orange light.

The next thing after that that happened, they remained in the car past Silby's floor. They rode to the top, and straightway rode down again; and they repeated the dull ride not once, not twice, but ten, fifteen, twenty times.

After that came a trip when Donovan heard nothing and saw nothing except a flash from the seventh floor, received at the fifth floor going down; but he noticed upon their return to street level that the elevator boy waved his hand to someone, and before the door was again closed he saw the house detective, with beside him a man he took to be a plain-clothes police detective.

"How's the heart?" he asked.

"The heart doesn't skip beats much any more," Silby replied. "Half the time it pumps oil anyhow. You can't worry an old oil operator much talking firecrackers."

"We're to pick him up coming down," Donovan reminded him.

"Nothing to it. Just speak so I can hear you. Don't forget that I don't know the man."

"Oh, you'll remember his voice!"

The capture itself proved to be exceedingly tame. The car shot past the seventh floor, reached the top, started back. Stop signals flashed going down, first at the twelfth, then at the tenth floor. These were ignored; but upon approaching the seventh floor the car slowed down.

Donovan happened to be lighting his pipe as the door opened. Perhaps his cupped hands acted to hide his features. But they did not hide his eyes. The cupped hands helped. The pipe of course helped. He had exchanged his cap for a gray hat—it helped. Mike Lupata saw him; but in the dim light the man he saw resembled in no way the lodger in Room 58.

And Donovan saw Mike Lupata—saw him and gave no sign.

The door closed; the car started downward, passed the sixth floor, the fifth, the fourth; then, slowing up opposite the third floor, it faltered and came to a stop midway between that floor and the next.

"Current's off," announced the operator.

Donovan heard the fear in his voice, but he did not smile at it. The man had just performed a brave act. His own action that followed required no great bravery. Thrusting the muzzle of his pistol into the hollow between the slender shoulders, he said quietly:

"I have you, Lupata. Put up your hands."

During the first three seconds after hearing the command Lupata stood as if frozen, such was his surprise. The words had to be emphasized by a prod.

"Quick!" snapped Donovan.

"You haven't got anybody," replied Lupata to that; but he raised his hands over his head. "You're crazy! I live here."

"San Quentin, after the first of the month; then Joliet, I hope."

"My name is Fox. I'm a book dealer."

"Go through him, won't you, Silby, for his guns. One—fine! Book dealer! Now the shoulder holster. Fine! You can slap him for more, but two, I think, is his string. Now hold him that way while I give him the bracelets."

"So it's you," said Lupata, when he dared turn to look.

"Your neighbor of Room 58. Never mind the name. I think the current's on now, operator. Suppose we turn this bad man over to the police. This time I have the proof."

But Lupata only snarled.

As Jake Silby's big limousine drew up before the freight house, the Irishman in the front seat turned to the Irishman in the back. For a moment neither of them spoke. Then lieutenant of detectives Brody, in charge for the police, remarked mildly to jewel-expert Donovan, in charge for the insurance, that he hoped they would uncover enough to hold their man.

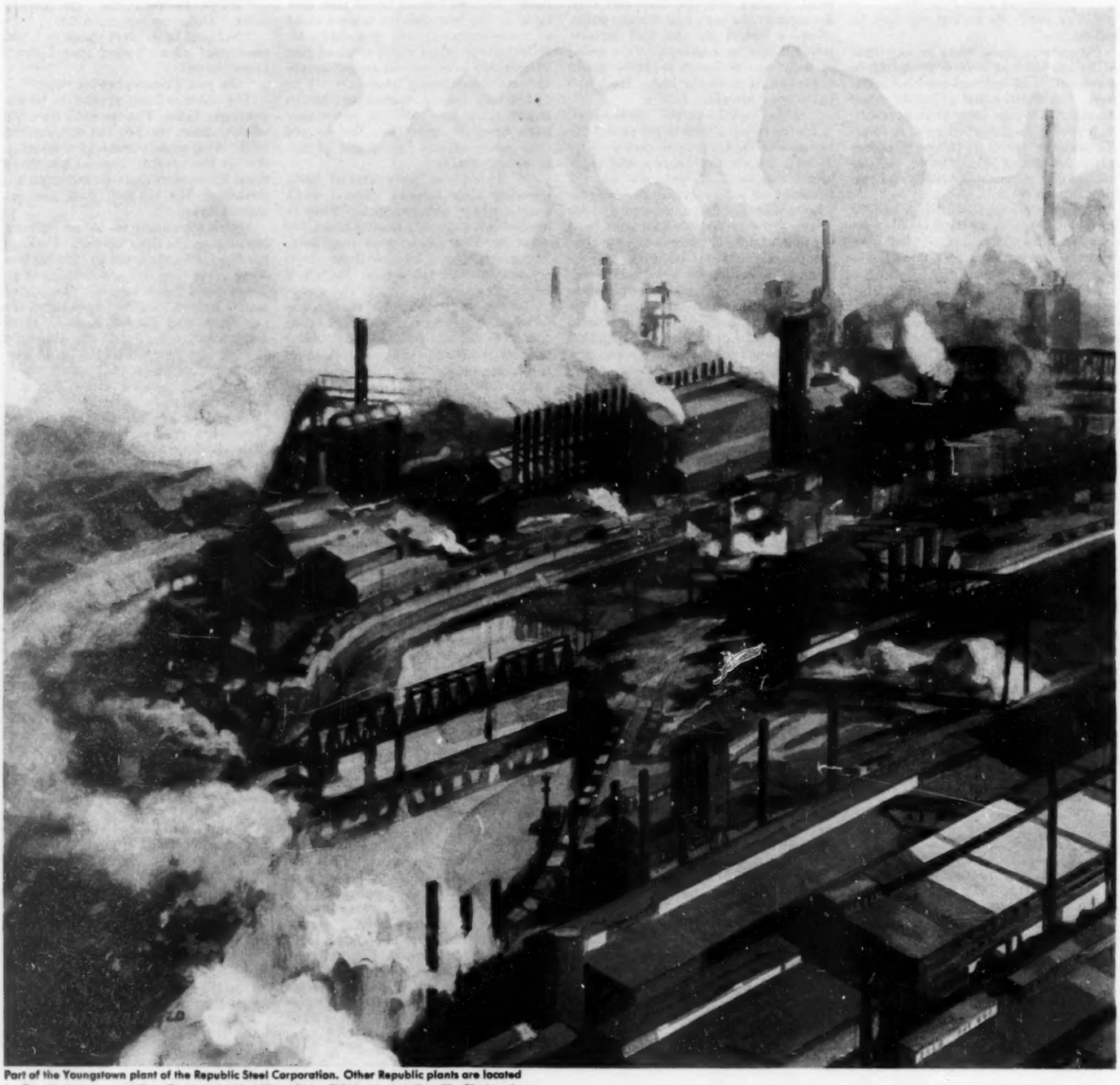
"The pearls will hold him," said Donovan.

"Yes, when we find them. I don't deny they're still in the city, but where? The bureau's tied up—big murder case—we can't spare anybody for long."

The three men in the car had already visited two freight depots. The present one was the third.

"They're in that box," said Donovan.

(Continued on Page 100)



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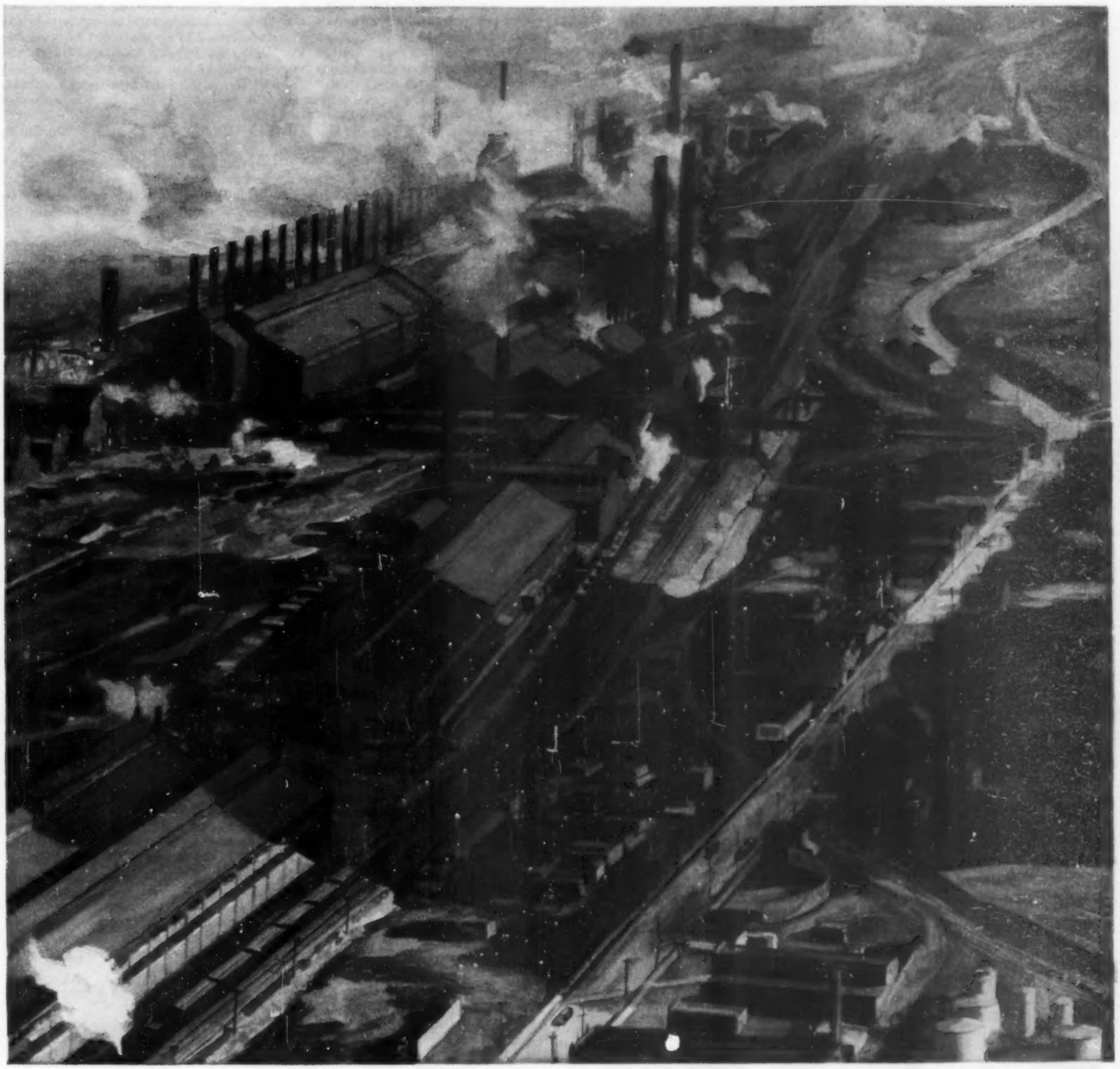

production of Enduro Nirosta KA2, the perfected stainless steel. Its new electric welding process is revolutionizing the making of steel pipe. ✓ ✓ Its highly specialized metallurgical research division has been incorporated as a separate unit to foster the development of new steels and new uses for steel with a constant aim toward greater values and improved products. ✓ ✓ These tremendous facilities, vitalized by a spirit of service and progress, are destined to bring far-reaching benefits both to industry and to the public at large.

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HEADQUARTERS: YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

PLATES • BLACK, BLUE ANNEALED AND GALVANIZED SHEETS • SPECIAL FINISH SHEETS • TIN PLATE • NUTS, BOLTS, RIVETS, ETC. • DIE-ROLLED PRODUCTS

NOW-a 2-Speed ELECTRIC WASHER FOR ONLY $99.50

(Reduced from $129.50) the BEE-VAC "Super"

$6.50

Automatic Electric Iron Given FREE

With the new BEE-VAC 2-Speed "SUPER" Washer . . . just present coupon below to your BEE-VAC dealer *before November 1st.* Every woman wants an AUTOMATIC, no matter how many electric irons she may own . . . because it saves fully twenty minutes labor out of every hour of ironing.

Experts say the new BEE-VAC "Super" *2-speed* washer outperforms all other types . . . because there's such a saving in *wear and tear* when you can use *low* speed on lingerie and dainty silks . . . such a saving in *time* when you can use high speed on heavy things—that no one would go back to the single speed type after trying the new BEE-VAC "Super."

Porcelain enamel tub . . . full balloon rolls . . . silent 2-speed mechanism . . . double web (patented) agitator . . . bronze bearings . . . capacity 50 lbs. per hour . . . approved by Good Housekeeping Institute . . . guaranteed against all service expense for one year . . . first time a washer of these specifications at $99.50. (One-speed Utility model, now *$89.75.* Briggs and Stratton gasoline power models for homes not wired. Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.)

Make This "10-MINUTE TEST" and Save $20 to $30

Thank your BEE-VAC dealer for this amazing new way to find the *best value* in electric vacuum cleaners.

For he'll give you this remarkable demonstration kit . . . free . . . with which you can prove out and compare the performance of BEE-VAC and others . . . right in your own home. The "10-Minute Test" actually cuts $20 to $30 from the price of BEE-VAC Cleaners, by *direct-selling* from the dealer's store to you.

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Motor-driven brush model . . . Handsome, substantial, guaranteed 2 years. "10-MINUTE TEST" proves the performance equal to most high priced machines. Full ball-bearing. New selling plan saves you $30.

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GOOD FOR ATTACHMENTS FREE

Present to any BEE-VAC dealer, who will give you *free* one set of BEE-VAC attachments, with the purchase of any BEE-VAC cleaner shown above.

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Good only until November 1, 1930. Present to any BEE-VAC dealer when purchasing a BEE-VAC 2-Speed Super-Washer and get this $6.50 Automatic iron *free.*

(Continued from Page 97)

The party scrambled out upon the loading platform.

"What kind of a box?" asked the freight man, when authorizations had been produced.

"Two or three feet long, a foot or so deep and wide, made of new Oregon fir planed on both sides. The address may be anything. Look for a slip of white paper plastered down with glue."

The freight man set out to make a search. Later he announced: "I have two such boxes. Which box do you mean?"

"The one with a split-off corner."

"Both of 'em have mashed corners."

Opening his purse, Donovan fished forth the fragment of fir board he had picked up in Lupata's room.

"This is the missing piece. Find where it fits. The box it fits is ours."

"All it has in it is books," said the freight man, still unconvinced, after fitting the sliver into the wound.

"That's the one. A twelve-volume set of old government reports. Volume five has been hollowed out in the center—an old smuggler's trick. The pearls are in a dark cloth bag in that cavity, with melted paraffin poured in around the edge to hold things together a little."

The freight man had heard of pearls, and he had seen them, but he did not know them. He therefore lacked reverence for the box alleged to contain them, yanking out the nails and ripping off the cover as if he were unclothing a crate of cabbages.

But not so the three who stood watching him.

"Volume five!" announced Brody, laying his finger on the back of one of the twelve.

"I called it. You open it," said Donovan.

"They're Silby's pearls. Let him open the book."

Pearls are soft and easily scratched, but they are daughters of the moon for all that, and women, and men, too, go mad because of them. Silby lifted the heavy book from its box—lifted it tenderly, as he might have lifted someone he loved. He laid it gently upon the freight man's desk. Then he carefully lifted back the thick cover.

The book opened stiffly. Upon looking for the reason, he found the central pages bound together in a block with wax. But this proved to be fragile, and broke away, revealing a brown cloth pouch, shapeless and lumpy, to serve as heartwood. The pearls lay huddled inside. So hurried had been their abductor, he had not so much as slashed at the string that held them together. Or perhaps their beauty protected them.

"My wife will be glad," said Silby.

When the formalities had been observed and the pearls seized for their owner, the Irishman in the front seat, in charge for the police, again turned to the Irishman in the back, in charge for the insurance, and observed mildly:

"What bothers me is how you knew about that cavity."

Donovan smiled and reached for his pipe. "Ask Silby here. I found one of the cut-outs in the wastebasket of his room. Lupata probably overlooked it, and then crammed it down his pocket to throw it away. I recognized it from the geology."

"Also, why you suspected Lupata when we didn't."

"I knew him and you didn't. I came to San Francisco to watch him."

"You knew he was at the Haddock Arms?"

"I've known that for weeks."

"I have a question to ask," said Silby. "How did you know the pearls were in a dark bag?"

"Because he lowered them on a string from his window, on the chance his room might be searched before he could leave. You couldn't have seen it against the smoky walls. I found the string he used."

"Another question: You asked me about that smell of perfumery. Did that have anything to do with Lupata?"

"It did. It's one of his signs. He's a little cracked about bloodhounds and likes to kill his scent."

"Now another for me," said Brody, "because it may come up in court. Mr. Silby here, and his wife also, and also their maid, described the thief as a fat man. But this Mike Lupata of yours is slender. How about it?"

Donovan laughed. "Clothes. The man sent eight or ten suits of underwear to the laundry only this morning. Anybody would look fat under that cloth."

"Look fat and feel hot," added Silby thoughtfully. "I remember he opened all the windows."

"Precisely. That is how I knew."

DRAWN BY CARL ANDERSON

"You Can't Park Here, I'm Playin' I'm a Hydrant!"

Once again

Quietness shows Profits

The savings made by WESTERN UNION . . . . through Noise Control . . . . repay the cost in 18 months

A Western Union operator typing a message as it comes to her the telephone. . . . Quietness helps her to be accurate.

IN your own office you see the exhausting effects of noise—on yourself and on the workers under your direction . . . The Western Union Telegraph Company have met this evil. They have increased the rate of output, they have reduced the number of errors, they have improved working conditions generally—all by the control of sound.

When you call "Western Union" and give them your message over the telephone, it is received in the Telephone Room; the operator to whom you speak records the message on a typewriter. Striving constantly for the highest accuracy in this work, Western Union ordered Johns-Manville sound-absorbing material for the Telephone Room in their Cleveland Office.

The improvement was quickly apparent. A comparison of detailed performance records—before and after the installation—shows that the noise reduction brought a 42.4% reduction in the already low percentage of errors. When the operator was not working against distracting noises, the errors were cut almost in half!

Noise Control pays for itself

Greater accuracy was not the only gain. Western Union found that there was a general speeding up of the work—resulting in a saving of slightly more than 3% on the cost of handling each message. On the basis of their normal volume, this means that the J-M sound-absorbing material is paying a return of 67% per year—after allowing for interest and depreciation. At this rate, the whole cost of installation is repaid within 18 months.

Naturally, Western Union has bought J-M acoustical treatment for other departments and central offices—notably for their new 24-story building in lower New York, which comprises an entire city block and is occupied solely by the Western Union Company. A view in an operating department of this new building is shown at the right.

In *your* office the control of sound can return dividends just as satisfactory. Sound control invariably means work better done; the reduced nerve strain is markedly beneficial to the health of every worker. In all offices quieted by J-M methods, you find a comfort, a freedom from annoyance, a general air of peacefulness—which are profitable in more ways than the important savings in money. J-M Office-Quieting is distinctly *not* a luxury—it is a profitable investment.

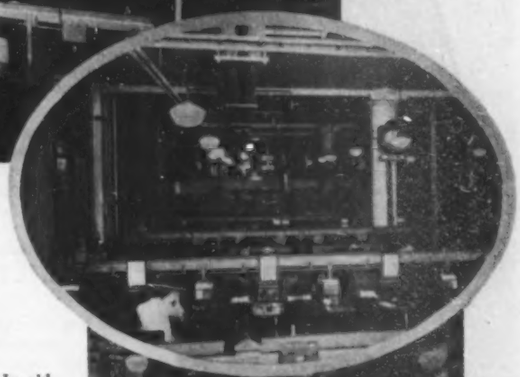
Pioneers in Sound Control

The development of materials and methods for reducing noise within doors was pioneered by Johns-Manville. The materials used today are special acoustical materials, designed to do specific acoustical jobs. In old buildings, J-M installations can be made without changing the decorative effects and without disturbing office routine. In new buildings, in many instances, J-M noise-reducing materials can replace the usual noise-making materials—*at no extra cost.*

General View of Western Union's Telephone Room in Cleveland. Both outgoing and incoming telegrams are transmitted and received in this room, which has been quieted by Johns-Manville.

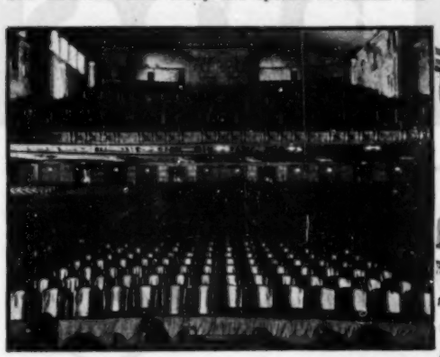
Right—Another view in the Cleveland Office. The control of excessive noise has reduced the per cent of errors in this work by 42%.

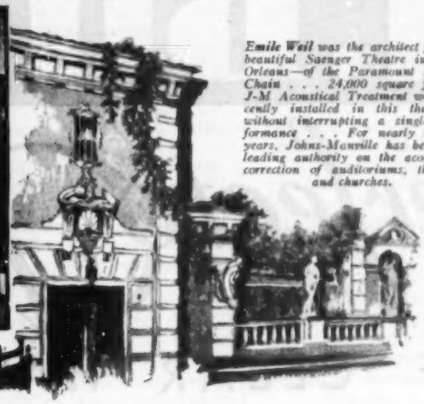
Below—This operating room with automatic trunks in Western Union's new building in New York contains elaborate time-saving machinery. J-M Sanacoustic Tile on the ceiling reduces the noise in this big room to a very low level.



The Johns-Manville name and reputation are back of all these materials; the J-M corps of engineers, specializing in the broad field of Sound Control, offer you the benefit of their collective experience—for any problem from the simple quieting of small rooms and private offices to the intricate and scientific task of correcting the audition in a vast auditorium or arena. You are invited to write Johns-Manville on any Sound Control question—or to send for any of the special information offered in the coupon below.

You may know other responsible executives who will appreciate your bringing this announcement to their attention.





Emile Weil was the architect for the beautiful Saenger Theatre in New Orleans—of the Paramount Publix Chain . . . 24,000 square feet of J-M Acoustical Treatment were recently installed in this theatre—without interrupting a single performance . . . For nearly twenty years, Johns-Manville has been the leading authority on the acoustical correction of auditoriums, theatres and churches.

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Consider the little cost. One silver quarter for 2 hours of clear Havana Filler—imported taste—imported aroma—imported mildness.

Where in the realm of Lady Luck can you match the bounteous generosity of a pair of Robt. Burns Perfecto Grandes—2 hours of Havana enjoyment for your 25 cents.

Robt. Burns

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Cigars

Perfecto Grande

2 for 25¢

*A HEART OF CLEAR HAVANA FILLER

KING GUN

(Continued from Page 11)

"When popular rights are suspended or denied by those to whom they have been delegated, Bentley, they revert to the people for their exercise."

"It seems to me that I read that in the articles of the Minute Men that you showed me some time ago."

"It wasn't original there, Bentley. I took it—the sense of it—from an American document called the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration is a family document with me, Bentley, because one of the Signers was my great-great-grandfather."

His bearded lips tightened: "He'd find our present condition familiar. Our liberties are again usurped; for King George we have this low and base rascal called King Gun. He suspends the operation of our laws, he taxes us without our consent, he looses on us a horde of merciless savages."

"I still think we must proceed in the way of law and order."

"Perfectly idle. The people must take direct action!"

"Incited by you."

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "A sanitative measure. A sort of vaccination. Perhaps you've reconsidered?"

"Not at all," I said firmly. "I will not finance disorder and disobedience to law. I have faith in our American institutions."

"And I," he countered stubbornly, "have faith in the American people. Come, let me have a single million dollars and I'll show results."

"You shall not have it from me."

"Nothing for defense, eh?"

"Nor for tribute," I said, not pretending to miss the jibe. "I can tell you now"—and I meant it then—"that the General Communications Company will make no dishonorable bargain with this so-called king; let others do as they will. Not while I have a voice on the board."

He pondered, ruffled, and then spoke abruptly, signaling the driver: "We part here, Bentley. Good-by!"

I did not see Sturgis soon again. He was an excellent chap and well-meaning, though inclining too easily to radical measures. Honest as daylight; too tense. We had been school fellows and I knew him well. I am less sure now that he was not right.

Looking back now at those years, during all of which I was active in the life of New York and supposed myself to be advised of the currents in its affairs, it seems to me that the coming to power of the ruffian known as King Gun was predictable. Is it that we refused to recognize the signs and portents, the sinister meaning of the growing complicity between criminals and politicians? We had no end of enlightening instances; we were shown judges in league with rogues, policemen running the gamut from tolerating crime to assisting in it and sharing its fruits. In any street men could be pointed out who were professional criminals! They came and went fearlessly among us, planning new outrages on us.

The covert alliance between the thief taker and the thief is of ancient standing, surely, as is the contempt for public trust that familiarity breeds in the politician; to these endemic evils, which society had learned to localize through long acquaintance, were added new and proliferating ones in our time. Trading in narcotics and in alcoholic drinks was proscribed, and commerce in all other commodities was restricted and regulated by penal laws, and not all these enactments met approval that was substantially unanimous; nor did the dissenters refrain from violating the repugnant laws. Trading in narcotics and alcoholic drinks for other than medicinal purposes was confided to criminals; criminals were enlisted to enable merchants and workers to evade the new commercial regulations. Thus new revenues and vast flowed into the underworld; attempts to enforce the new laws were obstructed in the jury room, on the bench, in the newspapers, in the home, and frequently did personal dissent enfeeble the prosecutors themselves. Society was at odds with itself, and its inveterate enemies flourished.

Crime was established as a great American industry; it had its factories, its own shipping, its warehouses, its bankers and lawyers, its armed forces. It became orderly; its squads of bombers and machine gunners put down violence on it, and its lawyers pleaded for it in our courts. Attempts to extirpate it, to check it, were vain; great numbers of shortsighted and shallow-thinking people, otherwise law-abiding, were its more or less secret patrons and advocates. It is strange that we did not see that a new state was germinating within our own.

Violating our sumptuary laws was the chief source of revenue of this budding state; its way to power was pointed by our merchants and associations of workers when they appealed to it against the new commercial and industrial regulations. With a large view to the public interest, these regulations forbade merchants to join in limiting competition; recalcitrant groups of merchants, notably in our great cities, agreed secretly to limit output or service. These illegal agreements had to have sanctions, penalties, to be effective; criminals were paid to bomb competing shops and even to murder. Cohorts of mercenaries were enlisted in industrial disputes, to maim and murder. For workers, for employers; to attack, to repulse. Hence came the peculiar form of criminal enterprise known as racketeering. The step was logical from being paid to assault others to extorting money under threat of attack.

Here was opportunity indeed. Ruffians went hardily into the shops, the factories, the banks, the offices, and demanded to be retained as protectors; they swaggered in and informed the cowed merchants that they had new partners. And they were widely accepted; this seems incredible, but it happened. These easily won revenues were dissipated in vicious living, lowering the moral tone of the community—on the stage, in literature, in public office, in the home. "The War did it!" people were heard to conjecture, puzzling.

Hidden wars were waged between rival gangs, flaring into public view horrifyingly. Men were slaughtered in batches; prisoners were taken for the torture and question. Our feelings were eventually considered, out of policy, and then we learned of crematories for the bodies of the slain. These things happened.

At last emerged the able and remorseless creature known as King Gun. The excursion steamer Queen City was sunk in Lake Erie with six hundred followers of the notorious Makanner brothers, and Gunsalis' gunners watched aboard his cutter for the living to rise. For this ghastly business no man answered to American law. Gunsalis was king.

Within a short three weeks of my self-confident vaunt to Sturgis I was in conference with Judge Adams, chairman of the board of the General Communications Company. With us were Hopkinson, our general counsel, and Hewes, of our intelligence department.

Judge Adams heard us out and uttered a sound like a derisive groan. Hopkinson and Hewes smiled faintly with an effect of vindication; I felt myself coloring.

"I understand you quite, gentlemen," said Adams. "Unless I surrender to King Gun you will seek a new chairman."

"Please," said Hopkinson smoothly. "On the contrary, judge! We suggest only a business arrangement. We ask you to confer with him with a view to conserving the properties of the company. Is that your idea, Bentley?"

I shrugged my shoulders: "The judge has told us that the company may be unable to meet the interest on the equipment bonds; I must advise you that the Orphans' Trust Company, as trustee under the equipment mortgage, must ask a receiver if the interest is not paid."

"Gunsalis was of great service to the company in the past, judge," urged Hewes. "Of course, if his price is too far out of line ——"

He paused. "Yes?" said Adams bullyingly. "Don't camouflage what you're doing, gentlemen," he said, letting his voice out. "This brigand is putting a pistol to our heads, and if we knock under to him, our example will be widely followed."

"Come, now, judge," remonstrated Hopkinson, "Gunsalis has been convicted of no crime."

"What!"

"I say it. It's our right and our duty to presume him innocent."

Adams' arm shot out: "If you don't think that he's back of these attacks on the company, why do you want to pay him to stop them?"

"Because he's been successful in such work in the past; we would employ him as a—as a business risk; relying on his reputation for ability. We know what he did for the Eastern Railways, for example; the Eastern people were on the verge of a receivership because of the bombing of their tracks and stock by persons unknown, and they retained Gunsalis to protect them when the authorities failed. He did the work, putting his operatives on guard, and the Eastern has had peace since."

"And King Gun has had another million dollars per year."

"And well worth it, judge."

"You read the newspapers this morning? You know what he did to us yesterday?"

"If you mean the story of the telegraphing, I saw it. I saw not a word of proof that Gunsalis had a hand in it."

"He sent out a thousand telegrams, signing them with names taken from New York hotel registers, and announcing business disasters, deaths, accidents, scandals. Our wire business has been excellent for the last twelve hours, Bentley, but ——"

"And the stealing of our radio service last Friday," supplemented Hopkinson. "My family and I were listening to WXY's program when there came a torrent of obscenity and abuse."

(Continued on Page 105)

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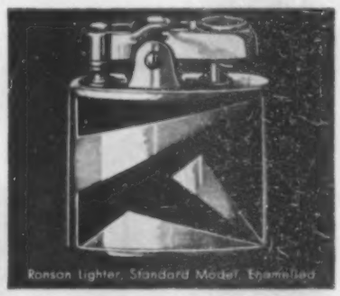

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15 cents

(Continued from Page 103)

"Exactly," nodded Adams.

"Exactly!" I echoed. "Another example. The value of WXY is gone until we can reassure the public. Judge, you can't ask me to sit by while the security on which I have lent is destroyed. I won't do it, you know. I can't, in duty to the other bondholders. If you stand out, I'll call the creditors together before the board meets tomorrow, and I can tell you we'll protect our investments."

Adams pondered, but his expression did not relax. "What does Gunsalis want of us?"

"Hewes and I had lunch with Steinbuck at the College Club today," offered Hopkinson. "You know that Steinbuck represents the Gunsalis Detective and Protective Agency, judge. We acquainted Steinbuck with the company's troubles ——"

"You acquainted him," repeated Adams with frail gravity.

"I dare say our information wasn't news to him," said Hopkinson stiffly. "He reads the newspapers, I suppose. He expressed sympathy and indignation, but it seemed to him that his principal would need a free hand in the matter of expense."

Judge Adams leaned back. "How much?"

"I offered one million dollars, but Steinbuck feared it would be inadequate. He suggested five hundred thousand a month, for the time being, while his principal sized up the job."

"You favor this, Bentley?"

"I favor giving the company peace."

Adams' gray head went up, bringing out the gripping lines of his jaw. "Gentlemen," he said, "my resignation shall be put before the board tomorrow. America will be saved from King Gun. The old spirit lives! But not in you."

"Saved by other outlaws, judge? By the Minute Men?"

"Not much hope in those people, judge," said Hopkinson. "The individual said to be the leader of the Minute Men—a college professor named Sturgis; he has a chair in American history—was arrested this morning and is being held for murder."

"Sturgis?" I echoed, alarmed for my foolhardy friend. "Arrested—and for murder?"

"They seem to have the goods on him," said Hewes, with a coarseness that was new in him. "You read of the attempt on the armored car in Sixth Avenue last week, when two men were killed? The Minute Men were back of it; the Gunsalis Detective and Protective Agency was moving records to its new headquarters in the Elite Club in the midtown and the Minute Men tried to seize them."

The resignation of Judge Adams was refused by the board of the General Communications Company at the meeting on the following day—and I am proud to say that I stood out against accepting it—but his advice was similarly declined. I was one of the committee appointed by the chairman pro tem. to confer with Steinbuck; as a result of our negotiations, the Gunsalis agency was retained at a remuneration of four hundred thousand dollars a month.

This arrangement, coming to public knowledge, is said to have inspired the popular chorus:

"Take me as your partner or I'll shoot you dead," *Said King Gun.*

"I'm getting all the business, but I cut my overhead," *Said King Gun.*

"The more I get to do, the fewer men I got to hire,
I pop them with my popper and I pop them in the fire,
Efficiency is what I got; I do my business on the spot," *Said King Gun.*

The flippancy of this jingle, sung in New York and Chicago streets, did not mask from the discerning the bitter resentment behind it. With hardening resolution Americans grow gay; not to the composition of the bards sublime but to doggerel and to light tunes has answered through our history the tread of marching feet.

Sturgis was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to death. He must have been similarly convicted and sentenced if tried on the same evidence today; he admitted inciting and directing the attack on King Gun's armored car.

It would seem that he had chosen for himself the fantastic crown of martyrdom. Sturgis was found guilty by due process of law, and yet this trial and result, with which no man of temperate mind could quarrel, kindled a flame.

While Sturgis lay in the Tombs, an obscure performer in an uptown theater galvanized a sulking audience—before fleeing for life—by suddenly yelling across the footlights a paraphrase of a seditious couplet of another day:

"Is Sturgis going to die? Is Sturgis going to die?
Eight million good New Yorkers first will know the reason why!"

Appeal being hopeless, the governor was petitioned to pardon. He took no action. It is true that other voices, numerous and powerful, spoke to him in hostility to Sturgis, characterizing the lifting storm as "mere popular clamor"—as if popular demand, however arising, should be indifferent to an official of a democratic state.

The refrain gathered volume, boldness, became threatening: "Is Sturgis going to die?"

With the popular mood thus darkening, it is likely that King Gun, if he was not indeed an incredibly favored dullard, would not of his own motion have sought the civic welcome that was tendered him on his return from Europe; he had been abroad for several months and it was reported that he had been coldly welcomed and curtly dismissed in lands where successful brigandage was old in story. New York's reception would vindicate him; on July Fourth she would welcome home her adopted son.

The first affray took place at the 125th Street station of the New York Central Railroad in the early forenoon of the Fourth, when one of three convicted men whom the sheriff of New York County was taking to the state prison up the Hudson succeeded in escaping.

Traffic halted, was blocked, and a large crowd gathered about the station—an ugly and reluctant crowd. It was proclaimed that Sturgis was being taken to Sing Sing for execution. The first arrivals, harmless gapers come only to see and even willing to assist in recapturing a fugitive for whom there was no public sympathy whatever, were thrust into the several avenues to the platform, choking them. The rumor changed its form impishly: Now it was said that King Gun's bravoes had snatched Sturgis from the sheriffs and would carry him off to the secret torture chamber that none had seen, but many were apt in describing. The police, of whom a great many, theretofore dutiful and aggressive, were to prove disaffected, lost command of the situation at once; reserves came at the double-quick and were stalled far from the station, making new foci of disorder rather than curing the original. The condition was at once critical. Discipline was gone, freeing the turbulent to try their devices; and in the individuals making this assemblage was not the normal will to order and submission.

I was at City Hall Park, come to see our governors bow before King Gun. Knowing nothing of the cause, I saw the force of police present rapidly depleted by the calls from Harlem, seven miles away; voices about me explained the exodus:

"A race riot up in the colored belt. A buck went into the Lenox Club and bought a drink, and the bartender broke the glass, and ——"

"It began in the Spanish quarter above the Park—where it used to be all Yiddish. A Cubano wanted butter served with his dinner in a kosher restaurant, and ——"

"No, it's the Turks lit into the Armenians, over on Washington Street."

"The trouble is that Sturgis ——"

"Sturgis?"

There was a pervading sense that the vast city had lost its vital cohesion, was disintegrating and rallying to old and mutually hostile allegiances, that its tribes and neighborhoods were become autonomous; invasion from without would have been less alarming.

The voices died and on the great throng settled a morose silence. Even the venders of souvenirs, of pennants and noise makers, were quelled, finding no market or humor for their wares. I saw a persistent one stripped of his business, there across the Park; a spectator in the undulating front of the crowd seized his gay basket from the hawker and drew back into the crowd, which closed behind him; a police sergeant called back the pursuing officers. Here was a twilight of the spirit; in this green hollow under the blue sky was the silence that anticipates the storm.

A lilting strain of music came to us from afar; I resented its gayety. It grew louder and unnerving; from my place in the grand stand on the Broadway side of the Park, I overlooked the coming procession. The band, fingering squealing reeds of silver, looped in grunting brass, beating the little drums whose pelting notes stop thought, and the big drum that echoes in the breast. The wavering platoon of police, individual champions and unsoldierly. The fraternal orders and societies, least impressive when seen. The company of regulars from Governor's Island. The politicians in automobiles, flattered and condescending, paternal, proprietary. King Gun.

He descended from his car in Mail Street and walked through the Park in the lane that the police kept for him; behind him were four of his bodyguards, popularly known as his muscle men. This description—from a Manhattan News Letter of an earlier date—will do for him as I saw him on the morning of the Red Fourth:

The large and pallid face of this squat giant is perpetually wreathed in a moonish smile. His mouth is wide and his lips are thick and curving; his hair is short and black and kinky. His eyes, large and black, have that lidded and floating look that one sees in aquatic mammals; a dozing and stupid look. He moves slowly and consequentially, his gaze sweeping from side to side without head movement. This is justified self-assurance; one does not see arrogance in a monarch whose right has endured every test at law. His physical strength is said to be phenomenal.

The blood of many old races is in our King. He derives from one of the Latin

Until you smoke Drinkless* Kaywoodie, you don't know the real pleasure of pipe smoking!

100 Shapes and Styles — Smooth $3.50 Thorn $4. Premier $5. Relief $7.00

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STYLE

PLUS

ECONOMY

5 million men have tried to wear out "travelo" knit jackets—and most of 'em are still trying! You try it—you'll save money on clothes, medicine, doctors' bills! It'll quickly pay for itself—and carry on, month after month . . . as neat and handsome as new. *"travelo" holds its shape.*

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Snuggle yourself into the snug, soft, comfort of "travelo" and be as warm as Palm Beach in January! Wear it under a coat or instead of a coat. Buttons the warmth in and the cold out. Leaves you free to wave your arms, move your legs, reach for your change. As easy to wear as a smile—and just as becoming.

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There are "travelos" for motoring, golf, loafing, or plain hard work! Every new, becoming color, mixture, pattern and style. Two, three and four pocket models—pullovers and everything in between. And each one has all the quality and style that can be knit into America's original, fastest selling, most popular knit jacket.

To make sure you get the EXTRA *comfort, economy, variety, and style that only the* LEADER *can give you—look for the "travelo" label. The cost is only $6 to $10 (depending on the model) and you get the economical best!*

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, Inc., PARK AVE., NEW YORK

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

Lido

KNIT JACKETS

Lido Knit Jackets are made by "travelo" in a variety of smart styles—most of them priced at $5

lands to which in ancient times were transported the enslaved Ethiopian, the red-haired Hibernian and blond Teuton, the slant-eyed Scythian, the Carthaginian, the man of the Nile—never to be repatriated.

There was a factitious cry of welcome as King Gun walked through the Park to the City Hall steps on which were Mayor O'Brien, the borough presidents and a motley group; its thinness brought out the more the general and unwonted silence. The people stood and stared at King Gun, watching him, giving no sign. The multitude had closed up behind King Gun, his escort and his guards; the lane was narrowing, was pinched out. The police strove to halt this creeping up, to drive a wedge into the crowd and split it apart again; the crowd flowed together behind their backs. The crowd drifted between the company of regulars and the City Hall. There was no violence, but always this ominous and inexorable pressure. Even while O'Brien was speaking his amiable generalities to the microphone, telling a million auditors that New York was still the subject province of King Gun, we who were there knew that his power was gone. An hour ago and he ruled New York and his lieutenants were in eight other American cities, at the country's nerve centers; now the house of any obscure citizen could cover his remaining territory.

The police were clubbing now, were pounding at the ring; screams arose and contending shouts. Men were projected up onto the steps, individually and in ragged files. There was a frantic tossing of sticks and arms, and the open space was gone.

King Gun was shooting. Nothing could be heard but a hungry roar from a myriad of throats, but I saw the pistol flashes darting from him. And then he was striking like a bear among dogs; his big arms were whirling. I caught a glimpse of his face, enraged. He was gone, pulled under, but the flurry continued, passed back into the City Hall.

The multitude—it is calculated that half a million people were congregated about the City Hall—was now a sea with twenty diverse currents; a shout and a flung arm could start a new one. I saw the thousands driving, eddying, driving again along Park Row toward the Tombs and Criminal Courts. There was a march, soon of ten thousand, down Broadway toward Wall Street. Men fought to get into the County Courthouse; to get out. Men shouted from upper windows of the City Hall and beckoned vigorously. Street traffic halted at once; ten minutes after the disappearance of King Gun subway and elevated service was suspended, so many law-abiding citizens had crowded to these avenues of escape from the rioting. These men, wishing only to get away, to get home, were not the easiest to subdue to order again.

King Gun's muscle men, perpetrators of many a brutality, were beaten to death there in City Hall Park. While they were dying or dead, brutes as vile as themselves roped them and dragged them about. Terrorism quelled every good impulse; to hinder any villainy, to arrest any obscene outrage, was to invite immediate murder. There was, it is fair to say, no considerable public sentiment opposed to the rioting; a ruffianly shout that storekeeper or citizen was King Gun's man put him outside the pale of pity.

Failing to get a conveyance, I joined the march up Broadway, and thus I witnessed the sacking of the Elite Club.

I was in the forefront of this mob when it was temporarily halted at 23d Street by some fifty police armed with machine guns and bombs. Had they acted with resolution, I should have been killed by the first volley, for I was thrust onward by those in the rear, who were in no danger; fortunately—for me—the police forbore to fire, and some even permitted their weapons to be taken from them. The police and the National Guard were not reliable at this time, being in sympathy with the ostensible objects of the rioters. One patrolman, the issue having been decided and the march resumed, even thrust a revolver into my unpracticed hand as I passed him. These were not professional soldiers, disassociated from their own.

My first anxiety was to get to my own home in West 46th Street and secure the safety of my household, but I could not win free of the mob. It bore me up Fifth Avenue toward the old brownstone mansion that had become the Elite Club. In this neighborhood the euphemism was current, as it was fashion in the slums to be blunt and crude and to shock into awareness of the ugly and mean. Here in the Elite Club extortion was called service and King Gun gravely contracted to defend society against himself. That impudent pretense had been discarded now; machine guns lipped the sills of several windows of the old mansion, and in the street from which their threat had driven the mob lay dying men.

I got to an already crowded stoop of a flat in a side street and clung to a newel post while the marchers from the lower city pushed on toward the old house on the Fifth Avenue corner. Somebody gripped my arm; his mouth gaped in a soundless shout and he was pointing into the air. Smoke was pouring from the topmost windows of the Elite Club, and now it was spattered with flame. Gasoline had been poured onto its flat roof from the tall office building adjoining, and living fire was dripping into it. The machine guns ceased their snarling; were withdrawn. The mob took new heart and streamed toward the doomed building, singly, in groups, in mass.

I saw men and women tossed from the windows into a thicket of clutching hands. From the windows above waved the tattered banners of the fire. It is said that some two hundred of King Gun's people had sought refuge in the Elite Club; at least two hundred were slain in the house and before it following its capture, but it is very doubtful that all these, or even a majority, were King Gun's people. The mob was not selective; the leader of its last and successful assault on the Elite Club was a swarthy chap with tossing black hair, and this man now came running from the building, busy with some new mischief, and he was seized and a rope was thrust down about his neck, choking his aggrieved cries. I passed under the body of this unfortunate man when I ventured homeward. I say ventured—to simulate flight was to be in peril.

I recognized already, thus early, that this outbreak held no hope; we had exchanged King Gun for King Chaos. The popular will to order and lawful process would revive; it was still weak and reluctant, having been sapped by the rule of King Gun.

I walked toward Sixth Avenue, moving slowly, seeking to avoid appraising glances. I had doffed my jacket and cravat; on my head was the greasy hat of the man who had been hanged, taken from the gutter—there were new amenities.

A solitary taxicab was in the stand on the Sixth Avenue corner under the

(Continued on Page 109)

When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present.* Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins teeth's appearance by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these discolorations?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

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Do These Three Things

to have strong, healthy teeth

1 Follow this diet daily: *one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. 1 quart milk—and other food to suit the taste.*

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.

3 See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

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"GIVE her th' gas, will ya, Freckles? D'ye think that's a bubble you're blowin'?"

Health! The ability to put every last ounce into the joyous business of living! Do you know its one most important rule?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

Nujol

health

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, chances are you will be well all the time.

and they look it! ★

Remember two things:

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

If you want to be well, and therefore happy, give the sensible Nujol treatment a real trial—and begin today.

(Continued from Page 106)

silent elevated road. "Five dollars a mile?" bargained the driver. "Forty-sixth Street," I called, getting into this heaven-sent vehicle.

The street before my door was deserted; the door itself, at the head of the old-fashioned tall stoop, hung open, broken. "Wait," I gasped, and fled up the steps.

No one greeted me; the house had been looted. My heels echoed on bare floors and my voice resounded in the empty rooms as I cried my wife's name.

Someone was descending the stairs, coming with clumping tread. I issued from the library in which I had conferred with Professor Sturgis, now despoiled, and confronted the man on the stairs; he wore a silk hat and velvet house coat that had been mine.

"Nothing here!" he cried with comradely accent.

"Nothing here?" I repeated.

"Have a drink," he urged, offering me a flask of my own liquor. "No more where this come from though. Let's go somewhere and have some fun; nothing here but a fellow with an old woman upstairs."

The old woman was Mrs. Bentley; as I leaped up the stairs I heard her scream, and the growling voice of a man. "Where are you hiding it? Out with it!" he nagged as I reached the threshold of our bed chamber; and he swung his hand against her cheek. I shot him and killed him; I remember that gladly. The policeman's revolver was in my grasp and I pressed the trigger as the brute turned toward me—with no thought that my coming threatened him, if I read his fleeting expression aright.

A jagged tear across the painting that hung before the wall safe in our room had saved it from removal; no attempt had been made on the safe. I was emptying it when the driver of the taxicab appeared behind me. He glanced at the dead man.

"I killed him," I said.

"Uh-huh," he ejaculated. "His house?"

"This is my home."

"Uh-huh," he said again, equably. "Going?"

He accepted the satchel from me and preceded us downstairs. "Where to?" he asked when we were in his car. He meditated when I named the Westchester village, thirty miles away, where was my summer home, glanced back at the satchel, nodded, and got under way. My first task was to get my wife, who was alternately weeping and laughing, quite unstrung, out of New York.

We attained the 155th Street bridge over the Harlem and passed out of Manhattan without being halted except by details of police, and we stood within the hour in our own quiet dooryard in the Westchester hills.

I had intended to return at once, but my wife's condition and the news that we had from the city were deterring. Most metropolitan newspapers appeared on July fifth, but were published so infrequently and in such scanty editions during the succeeding seven days of the terror that copies are now sought by collectors. We were overcompensated by rumor; he was a conscientious man who lacked news to suit his fancy during this time, when all were busy inventing. He invented it inadvertently; he expressed a hope, voiced a fear, and it returned to him in echo as a statement of fact.

Representative government on the American plan having been rejected by the city—there was disorder in all great American cities, but only in Philadelphia was it comparable to that in New York—other forms appeared, necessarily tyrannous. There was at once the philosophic ideal called anarchy, and requiring only perfection in human nature for its functioning. There was a commune, demanding perfection in its administrators only; and, at last, martial law, demanding nothing but obedience.

It is generally conceded that the nine days' terror failed utterly to cure the condition that had precipitated it, failed to crush the rule of the racketeer and gunmen; these wretches, indeed, rather rode the popular fury, profiting by it. They did not survive the regimen of General Hubbard and his First Army Corps.

From the subsurface vaults of the Elite Club, itself blackened and hollow-eyed, Hubbard brought forth the records of King Gun. Before his drumhead courts filed thousands of rioters caught in the act, each for his identification; blunt-fingered majors and colonels ran the records, while in the street outside firing squads stood at ease. A consulting glance, a nod, a curt "guilty," and the provost sergeant reached for his man. "Attention! Load. Ready ——"

The Governor's Committee of Six, appointed by him on July fourteenth, passed on the revision of our criminal procedure; the framing of the new code was done by men of the law, but none of the overriding six was of that ancient profession. They valued precedent, but did not worship it.

It was a depressing New York that I saw on July thirteenth. Four large areas on Manhattan alone had been burned over. Fire had made homeless forty-three thousand people in the conflagration that raged between 125th and 135th streets east of Lenox Avenue. These fires may not have been incendiary, merely the result of neglecting New York's normal one hundred blazes a day. Despite the exodus of two million inhabitants, some three hundred thousand were being fed at Army kitchens; dealers in foodstuffs had ceased to ship into New York on July sixth; soldiers seized the cars of wilting produce in the Jersey yards, commandeered the trains and lighters, forced open the reluctant markets. The metropolitan police and state soldiery, converted to discipline by the horrid spectacle of mob rule, had worked whole-heartedly since July eighth, when the sharpshooting advance of the regulars, rifles at the ready, was entering New York streets.

The governor, a weak man who has passed since from public life, pardoned Professor Sturgis on July sixth, trying to placate the mob. Sturgis was already at liberty, having been freed in the general delivery that followed the taking of the Tombs by the rioters.

Open and organized resistance to the United States Army, by the New York Commune, was not broken without a night-and-day battle that demanded its thousands in killed and injured, its thousands of book-taught men and women. One of the problems posed by mass education is the spread of general ideas, unchecked in the individual by experience.

We look back on those days with a touch of incredulity, almost refusing to believe, in these placid times, that such a tempest could ever have swept us. Our criminal procedure has been reformed and its purpose is not now to save offenders but to secure their punishment; we have rejected the obsolete devices—of endless appeal, of easy bail,

LOW SHOES—AND SPATS

For men, Fashion says "low shoes". But wintry winds have no regard for Fashion. So common sense adds—"Spats". Fortunately Spats are both practical and fashionable. When you purchase Spats you must have the assurance that they fit properly—that they will keep their shape—that they will preserve their hard smooth finish. There is only one safeguard—ask for "Standard" Spats—and look for that name. Since 1872 "Standard" Spats have been worn throughout the world by men who demand the best.

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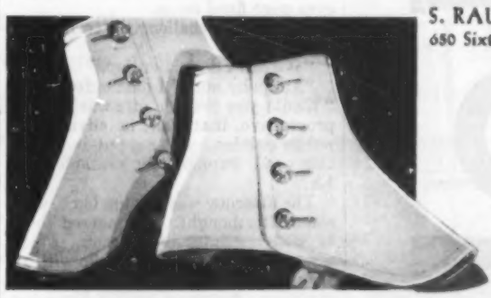

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of unanimity in the jury, and so on and on—that had come down to us from an age when a man was hung for stealing a few shillings, or transported for shooting a rabbit.

We do not evade jury service by favor of politicians, nor do we golf on Election Day until we have exercised the right for which our ancestors died in battle. Our politicians are responsive to us, and are not a governing caste. There are exceptions, and always will be, but the sense of social obligation has certainly been rejuvenated. That frigh. and apprehension brought us to our senses is not matter of pride. We do not smirk at commerce in prohibited merchandise, and we do not hire King Gun's men to bomb and burn, and to protect us from retribution. King Gun is departed.

But perhaps I should moderate that; I had a reminiscent and unpleasant thrill recently. Professor Sturgis and I happened together not long ago, at Judge Adams' home, and our talk turned on the days of terror. I shall be frank.

I had come to confer with the judge on the threat offered the stability of the company by the newly established Beeline Airway. I had not known that he and Sturgis were acquainted, but there the latter was when I arrived. With us was the attorney for the Beeline people, an estimable gentleman whom I need not name.

We discussed our business problem before Sturgis without fear; he was at least a gentleman.

"Let us leave it so," I said to the attorney for our competitor, concluding, pleased. "We are willing to buy your property at your price, but cannot do it under the law as now construed; we agree then to maintain rates and to avoid raiding until such time as the Public Services Commission permits us to merge. A gentleman's agreement; we shall not need a memorandum."

"It would be unnecessary," bowed the attorney cordially.

"And unsafe," grunted Judge Adams ungraciously. He has a powerful but literal mind, and I saw that he intended to review the agreement with me in private. "And what would be your attitude, sir, if the Public Services Commission definitely forbade the proposed merger of the Beeline and the General Communications Company?"

"Let me answer that at another time," parried the attorney, with an interceding glance at me.

He rose and withdrew. We remained, watching him as he followed a servant across the adjoining room. Sturgis' eyes were fixed on us.

"Well?" I challenged, turning to Adams.

"We can't do it, Bentley."

"And why not?" I demanded hotly. "Would you prefer a rate war? We're progressive, that's all; in advance of public opinion. Let me put it to you this way! Suppose, for example —— Eh?"

The attorney was coming back, with some afterthought. He lingered there beyond the intervening room, which was dark; I started toward him with an easy word of greeting. And then I saw the man who stood behind him—the great face with stupid and implacable smile; the huge body. I recoiled.

"King Gun!" I cried.

"Hello," exclaimed Sturgis, starting toward me.

"What? Where?" expostulated Judge Adams. He strode past me, bristling at sight of my perturbation.

"He was standing right here! Right there where you are now. Oh, no, I couldn't be in error. I tell you I saw him; as clearly as I saw him in City Hall Park that day. Yes, he's gone; I see that. Upstairs or down? He couldn't have gone out the main entrance."

"There was nobody with me but your man, judge," protested the attorney.

"Albert!" shouted Adams. The servant came from the stairwell. "Well, Bentley?"

"Certainly not," I said, surveying the servant.

"We'll search the house," said Adams, unconvinced. "Though—Albert, get Fred and Harris and go through every room, and make plenty of noise if you get into the hands of King Gun, will you? Nice bit of excitement, Bentley. Sit down, gentlemen."

The attorney spoke after an interval. "About our gentlemen's agreement, Mr. Bentley. It occurs to me ——"

"In a moment," I said. "Please."

Albert appeared, with an apologetic shrug. "Nobody in the house, sir; sorry, sir."

"Crowd psychology, Bentley," smiled Sturgis. "People have been seeing King Gun everywhere since the terror. He was reported in Chicago yesterday, sighted at the scene of that pay-roll robbery."

"And he was seen riding in the car of that judge against whom charges of buying his office have been preferred."

"Amusing," chuckled the attorney, and resumed. "I came back to get your reaction on an idea in furtherance of our private understanding."

"Let us hold that arrangement in abeyance for the time being," I suggested, in no frame of mind to discuss it profitably. "I've been mulling it over for the last few minutes, and it seems to me that we'd better apply to the Public Services Commission before doing anything else."

"As you please, gentlemen," said the attorney stiffly. "Then we'll go out for the business."

"You'll have to win it," said Judge Adams with jovial fierceness. "We won't pay you to let us have it. Go ahead and start a rate war, too, if you like, and the commission will let us buy you in—from the receiver. Delighted to have had this talk, sir."

"But, Bentley," said Sturgis when the attorney was gone, "you should be the last one of us to see old King Gun, surely. Why, you saw him killed."

"I could not say that precisely," I answered, still nervous. "I saw him pulled down by the mob that day, but —— You must remember that his body was never found. No, I cannot admit that I did not see him there behind that confounded lawyer."

"Then it is possible that he escaped, that day in City Hall Park?"

"It is not merely possible," I said stubbornly. "It is evident. I trust that I can believe my eyes! This is very disturbing, gentlemen. If that formidable rascal is still lurking among us ——"

"Awaiting his chance, eh?" said Judge Adams, pondering.

"He misses his guess," said Sturgis, "if he thinks the people are ever going to put up with him again. The Red Fourth demonstrated that the majority don't want King Gun."

"The majority be damned, gentlemen," grunted Judge Adams. "Let every man answer to his own conscience. There's one thing sure as shooting, gentlemen, and that is that we'll never see him again if we don't make the conditions for him."

"Vigilance!" exclaimed Sturgis with a twinkle. "Or the vigilance committee, eh?"

OH BOY!

Just look at these prizes! How'd you like to go zipping over the ice on hockey skates like this? Just say the word and you can earn them and many other dandy prizes like these! And that's not all—you can earn Mother's Christmas gift or Dad's birthday present, too!

Money *and* Prizes *for* YOU!

EARN these prizes—and plenty of spending money, too—selling copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to your friends and neighbors. Hundreds of boys earn Curtis prizes each month. Why not you too? We'll help you make good.

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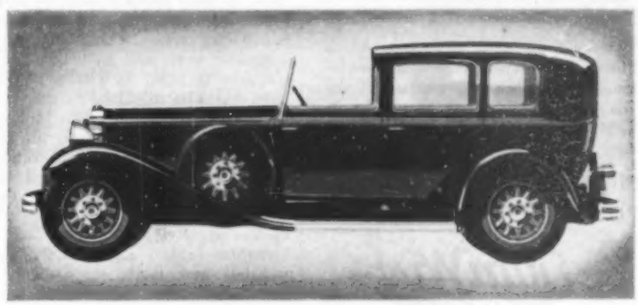
Boehmer, the world-famed Parisian jeweler, enjoyed the patronage of the nobility of all Europe. He made his most superb necklace, valued at half a million dollars, for Madame DuBarry—but, completing it after her exile, offered it to ill-fated Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI

The patronage of the discerning has inspired distinguished and luxurious Packard cars for more than 30 years. Packard was born to occupy the fine car field exclusively—quickly won a discriminating clientele. With never a compromise with quality, ever a single ideal of excellence, Packard has been rewarded with a position of world leadership in the fine car field.

Today's Packard Eights—Standard, DeLuxe and Individual Custom—are destined still further to enhance the now priceless Packard reputation. Refined and improved in appointments, more beautiful and more powerful than ever, they offer transportation that is truly luxurious in every sense of the word.

Those who buy today's Packard Eights are providing their families with motoring beauty, comfort and prestige that the years will not lessen. Packard owners prefer to keep their cars rather than trade them in at frequent intervals. And Packard makes it easy and desirable to do so by a program of evolutionary improvement, rather than radical change. Such a policy does not obsolete the characteristic distinction of Packard appearance.

An investment in a Packard Eight, therefore, is as wise as it is satisfying—for when the Packard owner keeps his car he pays little, if any, premium for luxurious transportation.



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Comfortable as an Old Friend

THE minute you slip into a Tom Wye Sweater you feel as though you'd worn it for years! You'll be delighted with its warm comfort, its snug fit and easy freedom . . . qualities woven into *every thread* by a company long famous for its faithful workmanship. And after you've worn it two or three years you'll know what we mean when we say you can't *wear out* a Tom Wye Sweater.

Available at better stores everywhere, these famous sweaters actually cost no more than ordinary garments. Try one on today. We'll bet a dollar to a doughnut you'll thank us for the tip.

Knit Jackets, Fancy Coats, Shakers, Polo Shirts and Slip-Ons.

Tom Wye SWEATERS

Tom Wye, Inc., Winchendon, Mass.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

(Continued from Page 21)

"Play golf?" Mr. McLaughlin's reproachful voice made the young men smile a little.

"Why not? You've earned your rest."

"I've earned nothing but my living, and title to my theater. If you've sent scouts down here, they must have come at unusually successful times, to make your company think they want this theater. I am telling you, and you can tell your superiors, that this business will not pay a manager's salary, support a staff and maintain itself, and after that pay an adequate return on the money invested, and a profit. I know, because all I get out of it is the fun of the thing, and a living commensurate with the standards of the town. I have made many sacrifices which a manager on salary would not be expected to make, in order to make the show a success. Anyhow, I don't want a rest, and the Llamarada is not for sale."

The young men smiled politely. Mr. McLaughlin could see that they did not believe a word of it.

"Better think it over," said Mr. Ablebaum. There was a little silence. Mr. McLaughlin's great bulk seemed shrunk a little. He already looked older. His rosy, kind face was closed now, set for battle. He shook his head, and Mr. Ogilvie, in a rich, warm Irish voice, said to him:

"We'll pay you fair. You value this place at about fifty thousand, don't you? It probably cost less, considering that you paid practically nothing for the lot twenty-five years ago." So they knew all his affairs, did they? "We've been authorized to offer you fifty thousand dollars cash for the place. That will give you, nicely invested, a comfortable living and no worries, and something for your heirs."

"No," said Mr. McLaughlin definitely, "I don't want to sell. I've been here in business, right at this place, half of my life. My wife and I worked and saved for many years to have this theater. We economized. I don't care for what you call a comfortable living. I want my theater, and want to run it myself as long as I am able."

The two men rose without further talk, but as they left Mr. Ogilvie said:

"We won't consider that you've given us a final answer. We'll be down here in a few days again. Think about it in the meantime. Of course, we don't want to build here if we can buy the theater already built."

"Are you threatening me?" The old man bristled.

Mr. Ogilvie smiled. "Not at all," he said. "Nothing like it. But we have our own policy. As Mr. Ford says, you have to keep moving, and we need to invest our capital, and in places where it will earn money. Our policy calls for a theater here, and we'll have one, if we have to build it. That's just business, Mr. McLaughlin."

He stopped talking. Mr. McLaughlin followed them out into the foyer. They all stood a minute, listening to the beating of the rain.

"Does it always rain like this?" asked Mr. Ogilvie facetiously, turning up the collar of his topcoat. Mr. McLaughlin looked out vaguely at the weather and made no answer. He hoped that the river wouldn't get up. It would cut into his attendance again.

His callers went out into it, and Mr. McLaughlin went slowly back into the office and sat down in his chair. The office was warm and comfortable, but Mr. McLaughlin wished, in sudden irritation, that the rain would cease. It had been pouring like this for a week, and it was dispiriting. He felt that it had entered into his very marrow. He was cold, and old, he told himself, and frightened. There was a feeling of danger in the air now. His mind, turning this way and that, sought for something on which to settle and strengthen itself. He was in a state of siege. He felt like a householder who sees the muddy waters rising to his doorstep.

They had sent scouts down to keep track of him, had they? Counting the house, checking his deeds and titles in the courthouse; probably they knew the exact amount of money the contractors had spent on the building, knew within a day or two when he had made his last payment to the building and loan. They knew what it cost to build a theater like the Llamarada, down to the last figure.

Mr. McLaughlin was outraged. He felt as a man might who had been offered a fair price for his daughter. She cost you so much to raise—so much for board and room, for clothes, for education ——

His hands shook a little. Better, he told himself, get his money and get out. They could put up a theater cheaper than he had put up his—and a better house. They could staff it well, exhibit films at an earlier date than his contracts allowed, have an orchestra, if they liked, and occasional vaudeville acts for extra attraction, and even cut the admission price on him. If it took them a year and some thousands to put him out of business, what of it? When the Llamarada was dark and closed, they'd have the location and could do as they liked!

Better to give in, then. His first, instinctive attitude of refusal weakened somewhat in panic. They had millions! They did as they liked! It was only business, as the Irishman had said. You couldn't accuse a man of blackmail because he wanted to buy your theater, and said he would build one if you didn't want to sell. But, of course, they weren't as generous as they sounded. They were offering him a price for physical values. What they really wanted was not the building but the crowd. How about the years he had spent studying, wooing and winning Hilltown? How about his fair dealings in the town, his skill in selecting pictures for them, his care and pains—his crowd, night after night, in the seats of his theater? How about future earnings? For that they would pay him nothing. And he could either take their price, or let them destroy him!

He tried to think of his own future, separated from the future of the Llamarada, but it offered a disconcerting blank. He was too old a dog to learn to loaf in the sunshine and play golf and discuss the stock market with other retired business men. And a man needed a wife for that kind of living. Someone in his car with him, someone to share his meals and confide in, to scold and comfort and uphold him. It was no life to live alone.

But he had not been in this business for many years for nothing. It was either give way at once, or set himself for a long-drawn-out, disastrously ending war. He had seen theaters in neighboring towns crowded out or gobbled up by this same chain, and had always felt a little thankful that he was such small fry. He had no illusions about his temperamental, difficult public. The people who would understand or care would be too few to matter, one way or the other. A new theater, with a grand opening, excitement and stir, a slight reduction in price, a bigger display of ostentation, and his carefully coaxed crowd would be gone from him. Later, when he was out, and the pictures in the theater of poorer quality, and the staff cut down, the company economizing on glitter, the crowd would have no choice. The money the theater earned would be sent daily to headquarters, the managers would be young men getting started, on small salaries. And the town would keep on going to the new theater, feeling a little sorry for him, saying that Mr. McLaughlin had grown old and fumbling, and lost his theater!

He waited for the first blow, for several days, in a state of exquisite apprehension. Miss Pitcain asked him, outright, what was wrong, and he told her, haltingly. She was sorry he was worried, but did not believe the Michigan Theaters would build in Hilltown. The town wasn't rich enough for them. It couldn't support two theaters. That was just the point, he thought, listening to her comforting words with appreciation, but without belief. To the others he said nothing. The rain continued. The house was small, evening after evening; only the most determined movie addicts coming out into the icy, rainy streets. It was all a piece of the same anxiety.

On Saturday, just a week after that happy day when he showed Miss Pitcain his financial statement—the longest week he had lived through since that week his wife lay dying—he had the first warning of activity. Miss Pitcain came into the theater and told him that the two men from Michigan Theaters were in town. She had seen them at the bank. He felt a tingle of excitement and apprehension.

"I might as well give in and let them have it," he said dolefully to Miss Pitcain, and she looked at him with surprise, but made no comment. He explained it out to her, his own mercury falling and falling. In a case of long war, he would be compelled to mortgage his theater in order to finance himself. If he let his ushers go and closed the organ and cut down on his advertising, it would only quicken the end. He would have to meet a price war when he had just given everybody a raise. The theater was clear of debt, but he had not sufficient cash reserve to permit him to operate at a loss. The others would probably have their new show going before the fall business opened up.

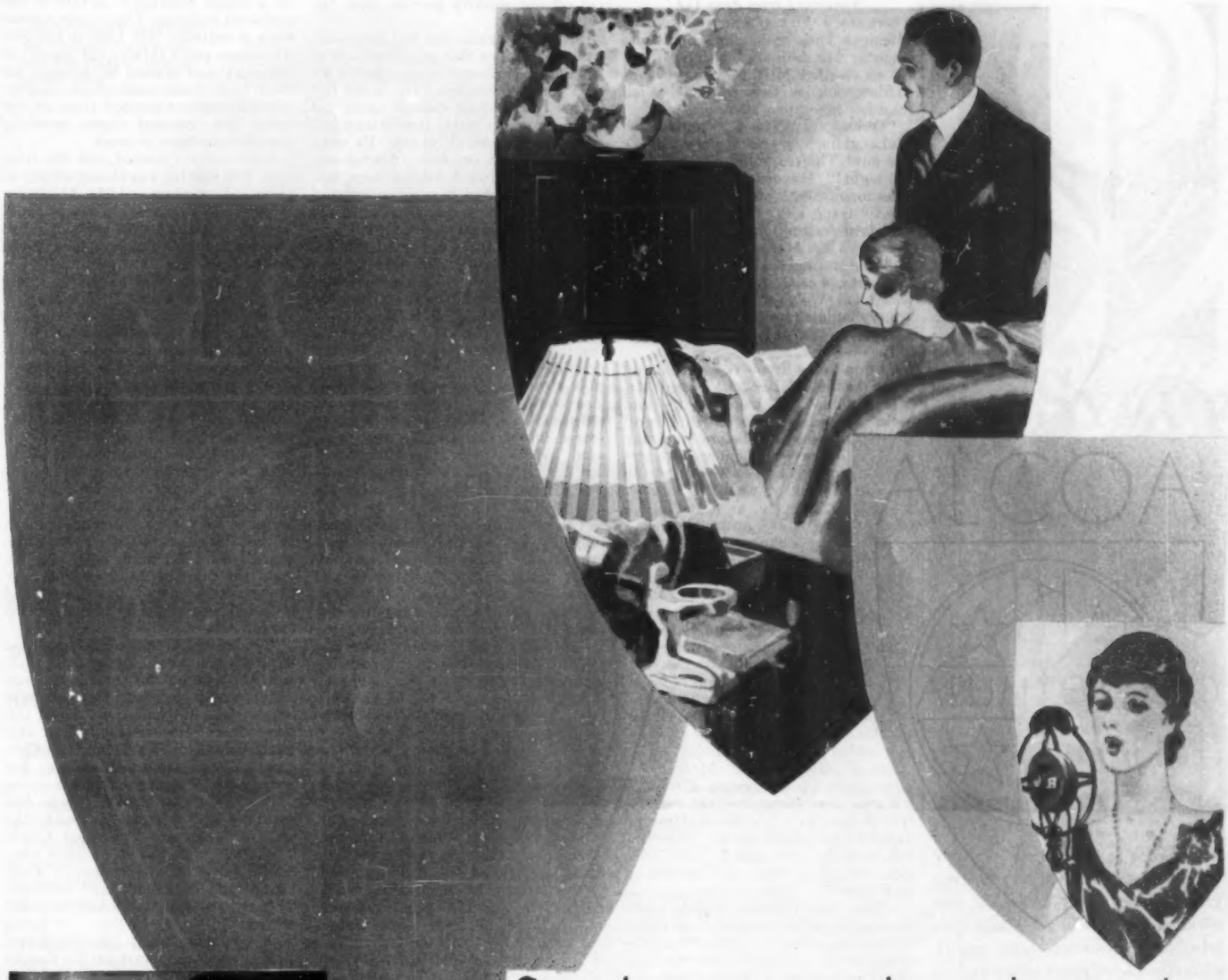
"Unless they're bluffing," said Miss Pitcain, and he looked at her sharply, but immediately the gleam faded from his eye.

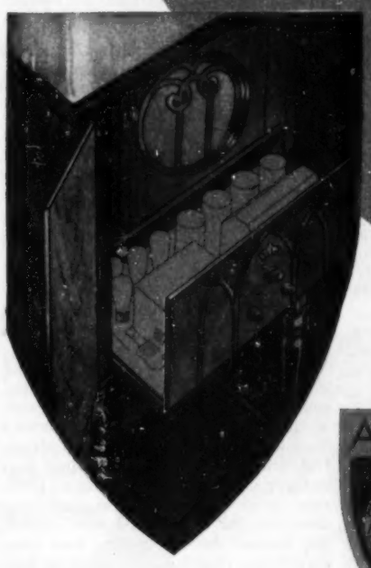
"I'm ruined," he concluded sadly, his wide mouth drooping, his head hanging forward, his chin on his collar bone, his gold watch fob in his fingers. "Before the fight starts, I'm licked. I might as well sign over and be done with it."

Miss Pitcain was almost crying. She could not endure seeing this great bear of a man sitting there—through, down and out.

She turned, as someone spoke to Mr. McLaughlin from behind her.

(Continued on Page 114)





Switch on your radio and more than 30 aluminum parts go to work . . .

Turn the dial of your radio. Out pours dance music, the martial strains of the military band, speeches direct from the lips of famous people, news but a few minutes old. This marvel of marvels, the radio, owes much of its rapid development to Alcoa Aluminum.

An efficient conductor of electricity, extremely light in weight, bright and non-corrodible, Alcoa Aluminum is particularly fitted to do the bidding of the radio engineer. The radio in your home probably has over 30 aluminum parts. In fact, some parts of receiving sets *must* be made of pure aluminum. No other metal can be used for the electrodes of electrolytic condensers, for instance.

You may never have thought of the use of Alcoa Aluminum in your radio. But you are familiar with its other household uses. You see aluminum cooking utensils. You know that this light, strong, bright metal is used in your vacuum cleaner. Your waffle mold, grill, vibrator, washing machine and ironer are also largely made of Alcoa Aluminum. And you daily handle Alcoa Aluminum in other forms. In Foil for wrapping foods, in Caps for sealing bottles and jars, in Collapsible Tubes for creams, pastes and salves.

An interesting booklet, "Alcoa Aluminum in the Home", tells about these many uses. May we send you a copy? ALUMINUM COMPANY *of* AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALCOA ALUMINUM

3 million appetites couldn't be wrong

3 million persons have been served in the four restaurants of the Hotel New Yorker since its opening on January 2 — 10,000 testimonials a day for New Yorker cuisine, service and prices. And the list of patrons who enjoy these marvelous foods grows steadily day by day. • The New Yorker policy of service is to give you full value at all times, whether it's a 60 cent luncheon in the Coffee Shop, a banquet for 1000 in the Grand Ball Room or a three-room suite with a private roof-garden • New Yorker rates are $3.50 a day and up for one person and there are more than 1000 rooms at that price. Every one of the 2500 rooms, regardless of rate, contains Stromberg-Carlson radio with speaker; both tub and shower; Servidor and circulating ice water. Your room is three minutes from the Pennsylvania station by our own private tunnel and B. and O. motor coaches stop at the door • Next time you come to New York register at The New Yorker and judge this great new hotel for yourself.

Send $2 today for 1-lb. gift package of New Yorker Bonbonettes, the delicious new candies. Add 15 cents for points west of Rockies and outside the United States. Address Department S-S.

THE NEW YORKER

Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel

34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

RALPH HITZ - Managing Director

(Continued from Page 112)

There stood the two representatives of Michigan Theaters, smiling, polite and smooth. Mr. McLaughlin jumped up. He so startled Miss Pitcain with his sudden violence that her glasses fell from her nose upon his desk.

"Out of my theater!" shouted Mr. McLaughlin. "Get out before I throw you out! Thieves, robbers! Sneaks in the night!" He went back to the ancient tongue of his mother in his excitement. "Gang away noo!" he shouted. "Ye false traitors!"

"Why, Mr. McLaughlin," said Mr. Ogilvie, shocked, and soothing, "we just came to ask you if you'd made up your mind. We've an option on the old armory building for ten days. . . . We want to go into this proposition more fully ——"

"I don't care if you've an option on the Kingdom of Heaven!" cried Mr. McLaughlin. "Go take it up—and build the pearly gates for all I care! Get out of here now, before I lose my temper. I'll have no dealings with you or your company! Of course I made up my mind! I told you once!" They retreated instinctively, as he advanced upon them. "Go on away, and never set foot in my lobby again, unless you pay admission and come to the show! My answer is no! Not for fifty thousand, not for a hundred and fifty thousand, not for a million dollars, will I sell my theater! You can't have it!"

They were at the street door—the wide glass swinging doors gave way behind them. Mr. McLaughlin followed them out and shook a fist after them.

"Run, cowards!" And Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum were near to doing it. Suddenly self-conscious before the stares of passers-by, Mr. McLaughlin turned back into his own place, shaking his great shoulders, his face red, his eyes shining with happiness. Here, to complete his astonishment, Miss Pitcain so forgot herself as to throw both arms around his neck and kiss him on both cheeks!

"They're putting riprap on the grade crossing above the Narrows," said Miss Pitcain on Monday. "Jobe says the men were out all night." She was a little self-conscious. A certain constraint lay between her and Mr. McLaughlin since the time a few days before, when she had forgotten herself in her excitement, and Mr. McLaughlin, first returning her hug and kiss with a sound embrace of his own, and a hearty smack, had said to her:

"You shouldn't do that unless you mean it, Elly. It's a long time since I've had a woman in my arms ——"

Since then they had looked just over each other's heads and talked carefully of impersonal things, avoiding all mention of that uncontemplated demonstration.

The rising river gave everyone a topic for conversation. Hilltown was used to the river, accustomed to the early-spring and late-fall high waters. But this began to look more serious. It began to look like a flood. The water was high all above them. The river was rising half an inch an hour. Every sentence began with: "In 1913"—for that was the date of the last serious flood.

"My cousin, Arthur, was out all night, running the line on inspection," Miss Pitcain told Mr. McLaughlin. "He came in and had breakfast with me. He says the whirlpool has started at the curve south of town. It's likely to tear out the railroad bridge there, if the river doesn't start to fall tonight."

"The water'll be over the road on the other side of the bridge by afternoon," said Mr. McLaughlin. "That'll cut off our country patrons from the south."

Mr. McLaughlin was still riding the wave of defiance that had lifted him so suddenly. He began to arrange his affairs for the struggle. His mind felt keener, his muscles bulked under his white chambray shirt. His cottony soft white hair seemed all on end. He went over his books carefully, figured out where he could save a dollar here, and one there, checked over the amount of coal in the theater cellar, called in the staff and took them into his confidence. He had ever been a fighter. If he lost this fight, then he would lose it fair. That it was against odds, that he would be at a great disadvantage with a foe that had unlimited funds, was only a greater reason for war. If he lost his theater—and he knew it was not impossible—it would be only after a terrible struggle. But at least he would lose completely. He would take a chance and lose it all—he would not be scared into trying to save fifty thousand, by the first man that asked him for the place. If he went under, he would have someone's hair in his fingers!

The river rose steadily. The railroads moved strings of gondolas loaded with grout from the quarries, and crews of men, dumping riprap on curves and grades, guarding against the river, mighty now, swollen under the icy rains. The ground was frozen, the water ran off in rushing creeks and overfull freshets. The gravel roads began to crumble under the pounding rains. Potholes appeared, bridges wabbled. Every man available was working on the roads or the railroad.

Like everyone else in town, Mr. McLaughlin went downtown the first thing every morning to see the river. He went again at noon, and the last thing at night. It was a grand sight. Men and women stood in shivering groups in the rain, or watched from the windows of closed sedans, speculating, predicting disaster, telling of old floods. Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum came nightly to the movies. They were staying at the hotel, busy with the affairs of Michigan Theaters, Inc. An article appeared in the local newspaper, saying that the Michigan Theaters had taken a ten-day option on the old armory, now belonging to the Foster heirs, and were planning to build a magnificent new theater, with their own special equipment and great beauty and refinement. An editorial appeared, commending the new project. It would mean plenty of work, at good wages, for local carpenters and bricklayers. The town was looking up. There was plenty of room, the editor opined, for another good theater in Hilltown. Mr. McLaughlin's success had opened the way.

On Wednesday morning there was a block across the entrance of the bridge, and a sign reading in high black letters:

ROAD 46 CLOSED TO UNIVERSITY CITY
HIGH WATERS

On Thursday the state road leading north over Quarry Hill was closed to all traffic. A bridge was out. Automobiles and trucks were detoured through Sugar Ridge, where a great steel bridge spanned the river between two high bluffs.

Two young surveyors had appeared and set up their instruments on Main Street, to offer competition to the river. Idlers stood in the rain and watched them. They marked on the old armory with cabalistic chalk signs. They put up a poster showing a picture of the projected building. They made a great show of activity. Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum put a substantial deposit in the bank and opened an account for their firm. Local contractors, carpenters and masons stopped them on the street and obtained vague, carefully qualified promises of work.

Still the rain poured and the river rose. The theater was almost empty at night. Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum became the Llamarada's most faithful customers, sitting with a few inveterates, watching the films run for a nearly empty house.

The trains were late, coming straggling in at all hours, after crawling over submerged tracks. There was talk of people cut off in the back part of the country. Two men were drowned trying to get to them. The cold made everything worse. The river was ugly, high in the center, swollen, raging.

On Friday the road along the Narrows was closed. There was only the railroad left, and precarious travel by back ways. Women appeared on the streets with great basketfuls of groceries. The town, like Mr. McLaughlin, prepared for a siege. Jobe put the can of used films on the afternoon train, going south. The train never got beyond the Narrows, and on Saturday the passenger depot was closed and locked. There would be no more trains for three days.

A bread truck came crawling in, on Saturday afternoon, by the back road, and the driver put the truck in a garage and prepared to stay. The road was impassable. He had been pulled out three times. He brought in Mr. McLaughlin's film for Monday—dime night at the Llamarada. It was one installment of a continued film.

The local baker filled his ovens, but could not fill the demand caused by the lack of imported, city-baked bread. The power house put on a crew of men, sandbagging the levee behind it. Food became suddenly scarce and valuable. There was no milk to be had, save out of tins.

On Saturday night Mr. Ablebaum and Mr. Ogilvie appeared at the theater to find Mr. McLaughlin locking up. Their faces fell.

"Say, what do you do around this town when the movie is closed?" demanded Mr. Ogilvie.

Mr. McLaughlin shrugged his shoulders.

"Go home and read," he said laconically, and departed. He had no film for Saturday night. Not that there was much use of running a show anyhow. Everyone had quit everything else and was attending to the flood. Mr. Ablebaum said to Jobe that he never saw people enjoy a disaster so much. The town was having a wonderful time, and hope seemed unanimous that the flood would become even more serious.

All day Sunday the two men sat about the hotel with one or two stranded salesmen, and ate corn bread and pork in the dining room. Pork is a serious item in the bill of fare of any Indiana restaurant or hotel, but now there was nothing else. There had been no fresh meat in for three days. The square was deserted, the restaurants were closed, the theater dark. Nothing was open except the churches, and their melancholy bells rang out through the day. The aspect of the town was dreary and discouraging beyond words. It was impossible to believe that here people worked and moved, loved and married, that the sun ever shone, that flivvers could be parked thick on Saturday

(Continued on Page 117)

"FLAPJACKS WAITIN'—and Vermont Maid Syrup," calls Dan Hughes, veteran lumber cook.

"Come and Get it!—

FLAPJACKS AND VERMONT MAID SYRUP

There's a breakfast that's famous throughout the whole North Woods—your husband would like it, too!

"LUMBERJACK or bank president . . . makes no difference. He'll relish a North Woods breakfast. Flapjacks . . . three mornings a week. Vermont Maid Syrup . . . and plenty of it."

A veteran lumber cook gave this advice. In a North Woods cook shack—where you'll eat the finest food in the world.

For lumberjacks know good food . . . demand it . . . get it!

Lumberjacks discovered Vermont Maid Syrup . . . spread its fame from camp to camp.

Surprise your husband. Tomorrow morning. Give him the very breakfast he's been secretly longing for.

Tender brown flapjacks—crisp at the edges . . . and the syrup that's famous throughout the whole North Woods . . . Vermont Maid. That's a breakfast you can count on to delight any man alive.

Old-time Vermonters make it . . . in the maple center of Vermont. They blend pure cane sugar with pure maple sugar. With expert care. Finest maple flavor you ever tasted. Now available for all in stores everywhere.

Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup in convenient glass jugs. By all means try some for breakfast soon. Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

"YOUR HUSBAND'S no different! He'll relish a North Woods breakfast, too," says this lumber cook.

THROUGH the cold gray dawn they come a'running when cook calls, "Come and get it!"

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

Vermont Maid Syrup

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

PENICK AND FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. 510
Burlington, Vermont.

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
BUY IN GLASS

GLASS-PACKED PRODUCTS TASTE AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK

IF YOU HAVE A HOME, and a weakness for friends, you'll find nothing so good for your peace of mind as a reserve supply of colorful and tempting glass-packed foods. In glistening rows, along your pantry shelves, they'll be ready and equal to any situation . . . come what (or who) may. And you can be perfectly sure that they will taste just as good as they look. ● For with glass-packed products, there's never a question of quality. Packers put up only the very finest that they have in this way. They know that you will inspect every product *before* you buy it. So only the best foods *can* be packed in glass. . . . And then, too, glass containers will always preserve for you intact all the original luscious flavors and appetizing colors of fine foods. ● As for those "emergency" shelves, consider how fortunate you'll be on that inevitable Sunday evening when every one decides to take up your casual "pot-luck" invitations. All you'll have to do is turn to your corps of glass-packed reserves to produce the tastiest of sandwich meats, hors d'oeuvres, and jams and fruits . . . the sort of foods that, when they are good, can make guests think such very flattering things about their hostess. . . . The sort of foods that, when packed in glass, *can never disappoint you*. . . . Glass Container Association of America, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

(Continued from Page 114)

nights, with all the stores ablaze with lights, the movies inviting, the ice-cream parlors crowded. There was nothing but emptiness and bell-haunted silence—and rain. Mr. Ablebaum, half-starved, sank into bitter dejection. Mr. Ogilvie cursed and walked about, put on his hat and coat and went down to the river, and came back and tried, unsuccessfully, to get a card game started.

On Monday no one even pretended to work. A wreck train came through from the north and pulled the stranded passenger train back on the siding and ventured cautiously on, with men sounding the tracks ahead, and a harassed, important crew. Mr. Ogilvie's request that they might go down on it met with a curt rebuff. Volunteers got ready to take food and coal oil in to Knob Hill, whence word had come that two families were cut off. The quarry pits were filling with water and all work was stopped. Mr. McLaughlin was in the bank, talking to a farmer who had come in with a team to get the doctor for his wife, when Mr. Ogilvie appeared and asked the cashier if there was any way of getting out of town.

"Not that I know of," the cashier said. "If you can get someone with a team to haul you to Sugar Ridge, you might get a car down the bluff, though there's talk of them closing the Sugar Ridge road any hour. You might get halfway, and be stuck in a worse place than this. Best thing to do is to stay here quietly a day or two. They'll open up one of the roads as soon as they can, or get a train through. The water has begun to fall at Capitol City. Won't be more than a week now——"

"Do you mean to tell me," said Mr. Ogilvie indignantly, "that we can't get out? I tried every way yesterday, but I thought today——"

"You should have gone Friday night or Saturday morning; no way now, Mr. Ogilvie."

Mr. Ogilvie's mood was violent.

"Such a town!" he cried in disgust. "I never saw such a dead, helpless place in my life! I won't last two days more around here!"

"It's a great place for a theater, Mr. Ogilvie," said Mr. McLaughlin, chuckling slightly. "We only have high water two-three times a year, not counting summer floods."

"But how do you manage?"

"Oh, we just make a living," said Mr. McLaughlin easily. "That's all we want here—enough. We don't try to turn a big profit. We take life as it comes."

An idea glimmered in Mr. McLaughlin's mind. He looked out at the drizzle of rain that filled the street with a sudden hope and anticipation. The farmer who had struggled in was a friend of his. Mr. McLaughlin told him he would take it kindly if he refused any request from Mr. Ogilvie or Mr. Ablebaum to haul them anywhere. The man began to grin. Mr. McLaughlin, suddenly active, buttoned his tight raincoat and went to find Miss Pitcain. The housekeeper at the hotel was a relative of hers. Mr. McLaughlin went on down to the river. He saw a crony or two and stopped to talk. Soon a small conspiracy was on foot. He saw Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum looking at the river with the bleakest kind of faces. He followed them when they went back uptown. They went to the hotel and went in, and Mr. McLaughlin went on to the theater. "No lies, mind. Just the truth—where it will do the most good," he had told his conspirators.

That morning someone marked the place where the high water had come in 1903 and 1913, on the old armory. The young surveyors, bored and restless, found it and asked questions. Sure, they were told, that was why the new armory was built on the other side of the square. The high water had ruined the foundation. By Thursday, at this rate, it would be up here again. Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum were being served pork for the tenth meal in succession. There were no fresh vegetables, no dessert. The housekeeper explained she had to save her sugar; and as she was explaining, the young surveyor burst in on them with his news. They all went at once to the armory and examined the high-water mark with perturbed faces.

There was pork and pancakes for supper. There was no mail, no newspapers except the local daily, which was smaller than usual, and bore some telegraphed news in paragraphs. But there was a stir of excitement in the town. Twenty people from the Bean Blossom schoolhouse district came in teams and were carried across the river in fishing boats, on the high, swirling waters, to see the forty-second installment of the jungle picture. Mr. McLaughlin let them all in free. One woman had a baby in her arms. Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum, slightly ill with indigestion, and furious with inactivity, were in the theater, with a sprinkling of townspeople. Just as the lion was crawling up on the beautiful blond girl—in a silk nightie, with a fresh marcel—whom the savages had left tied to a stake in the jungle, the lights went out.

A laugh went up from the crowd.

"There goes the power house!" someone shouted. Mr. McLaughlin produced emergency lamps. They made a feeble shine in the gloom. The ushers, with their flash lights, showed the crowd into the lobby. Inky blackness enveloped the town. Someone brought a lantern, and, in a procession, the twenty went back to their boats. Mr. Ogilvie stared after them.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded of Miss Pitcain, "that those people are that hard up for amusement?"

"Oh, it's an adventure, in a way, to them," she answered. "Besides, they're all poor farmers, and they never come to the show except on dime night. They hate to miss a serial. Of course that's Mr. McLaughlin's best night—it's an old institution in the town—but he doesn't make much on it. Not even with that kind of picture, when he has to light the theater and heat it."

Mr. Ogilvie was thoughtful.

"Not much chance of cutting costs on him at that rate, is there?"

"Oh, no one else could manage except a local person," said Miss Pitcain. "It takes a certain amount of doing. You have to know the town, or it will take advantage of you financially."

Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Ablebaum went to bed by candlelight. In the morning the hotel was cold. "The water is in the basement," the housekeeper told them. "If we can get wood we'll put a fire in the fireplace in the dining room. It smokes a little, but it will be better than nothing. You can sit in there."

"If I ever get back to civilization——" said Mr. Ablebaum, shivering over the broken boxes in the fireplace a little later, and Mr. Ogilvie joined him in the self-indulgence of a long tirade against the town.

It was Thursday. The last day of the option on the old armory. Mr. Ogilvie was writing a letter, when one of the surveyors came in and said they were going to send a mail train down the route, and they could all leave town on it. Mr. Ogilvie blotted the pages and handed them to the surveyor as he hurried to pack:

. . . so that, all things considered, we cannot possibly recommend this location. The spot selected by us, and the only likely spot available, is subject to flooding every time the river rises. There is, furthermore, no spirit in the place. The citizens are inefficient and indifferent—proud of their floods. The spotters, as our records show, and as we have tallied since, happened to hit good shows, in good weather, but did not get an average. We have been in the theater every night for ten consecutive nights—except when it was closed completely—and the showing was pitiful. Furthermore, two of the counts, the records show, were on Mondays, when the show is opened for ten cents' admission, and crowded. But where is the money for us in a dime show?

As for the plan of forcing Mr. McLaughlin into selling by a show of our intention of building an elaborate competing house, it moved Mr. McLaughlin's determination to retain his property not at all. He is a stubborn old mule, with only one idea—his theater. He will fight us until it wrecks him, I am satisfied. And if you want my frank opinion, it is fortunate for us that he has not been bluffed. On the cost-of-operation basis, Mr. McL. is operating at a minimum, and we could hardly operate a Michigan Theaters House as inexpensively, even considering our ability to get pictures at a lower cost than he can.

It would have been a mistake to come in here. I wish you had spent the last week as Abe and I have spent it. This is a terrible place. This is the town God forgot. The electric-light plant goes on the fritz every time it rains, and the river is on the rampage twice or three times a year, and the town cut off. Whatever made Ike recommend the town is more than I can understand. It should cost him his job. I never want to see the place, or one like it, again. They eat pork three times a day!

There was more of it. They packed and boarded the mail train without delay. As the train pulled slowly out of town, the sun appeared and shone glitteringly on the wide and abating waters. The typesticker at the daily paper was setting up a box in blackface:

Mr. McLaughlin and Miss Pitcain were married this morning at the Presbyterian Manse, and wish to invite the people of Hilltown to the theater, free, in celebration of their marriage. The film scheduled for last Saturday has finally come in.

The film, entitled Deborah, is based on the Bible story familiar to all our readers, showing how "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera"—Judges v, 20—and is a moving as well as an educational film.

Show starts at seven o'clock. First come, first served! All couples married fifty years or more will be given season passes.

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A new lampshade or book-ends, a broken wire or leaky pots and pans—now you can make or fix such things in a jiffy. All you need is heat and KESTER Self-Fluxing Solder. Even for those who never could solder before, KESTER, the modern solder, makes soldering one quick, simple, sure operation. The secret is in the flux right inside the solder itself. Saves the time and expense of frequent repairs! Enjoy the satisfaction of working with metal yourself. Try KESTER . . . see how easy it is to solder with it.

Insist on KESTER. Your dealer sells KESTER Metal Mender and Radio Solder in handy household-size tins for 25c . . . KESTER Acid-Core, Rosin-Core and Paste-Core Solder on 1, 5 and 20 pound spools or by the foot.

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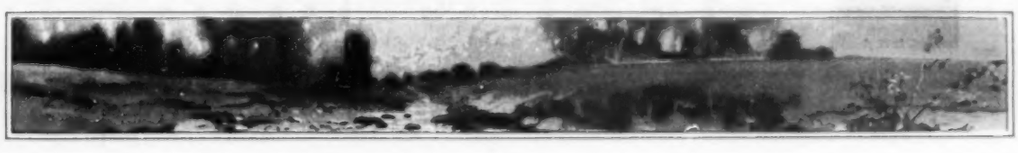

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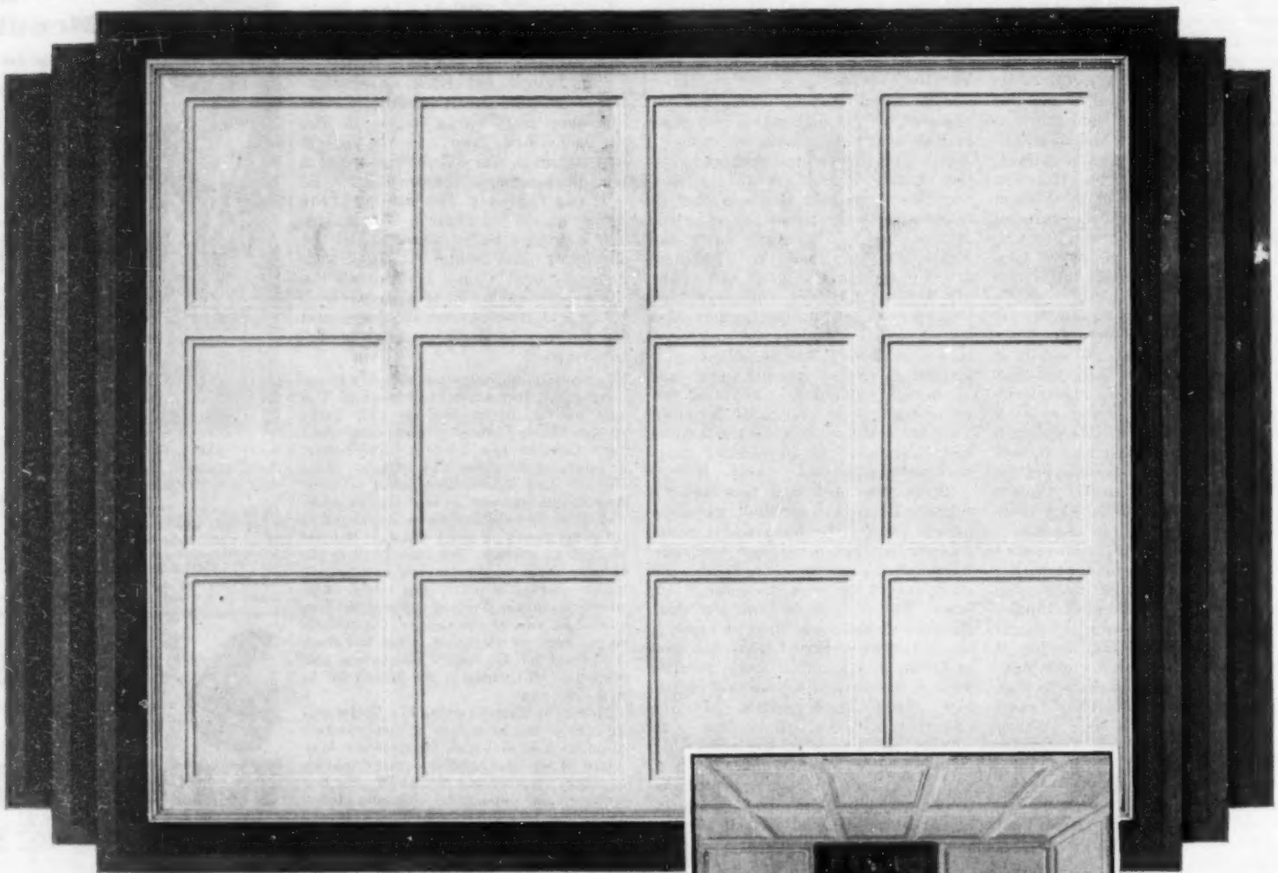

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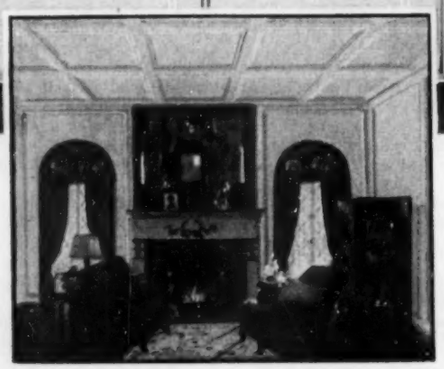

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Never was there a better time for this work. Skilled carpenters are plentiful—you can obtain better work than when they are busier.

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Learn today of the beauty that the new Upson Relief Treatment can bring to *your* home.

We invite you to mail the coupon today!

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"Distinction in Home Decoration" is a condensed course in home decoration by Henrietta Murdock, consulting decorator and colorist, Upson Studio of Decoration and Color.

Tells in plain, simple language how to decorate successfully any room in the home. Covers the treatment of walls and ceilings, color harmony, selection of furniture and furnishings—with tables of suggestive color schemes and other helpful data.

Sent on receipt of $1.00. Money gladly refunded if not well worth the price.

UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

SOLD BY DISCRIMINATING LUMBER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE SNYKE IN THE GRASS

(Continued from Page 23)

friends about our little plyce 'ere, Mr. Glencannon, because we're so anxious to attract a good clarss of ship's-orfficer tryde."

"Ship's-orfficer tryde!" muttered Miss Hortense. "Why, larst week I 'eard 'er telling that tugboat captain that orl she c'ytered to was river and barge men. And 'im blowing 'is whistle to 'er every time he passes on the river, and 'er wyving 'er 'andkercheef to 'im from the upstairs window!"

"I'll mak' a speecial point to tell a' my friends aboot yere vurra genteel establishment," said Mr. Glencannon. "Indeed, ye may deepend upon it. And noo, if ye'll permeet me, I'll endeevor to entertain ye with a little triek which has been accorded univairsal approbation wherever I've pairformed it. Will ye ha' the goodness to hand me yon soup spoon from the table? Ah, I'm obliged to ye, Muss Bootle."

With a preliminary flourish, he commenced whacking lustily upon the top of his head with the spoon bowl. He opened or closed his mouth at every beat, a hollow musical sound emerging with each percussion. Gradually the air of Loch Lomond took recognizable form, as though played upon a marimba sadly in need of tuning.

With the grand finale, which made up in volume what it lacked in verity, Miss Bootle burst into shrill pæans of praise, and produced from the cupboard a bottle and a glass.

"'Ear, 'ear!" she cried. "Ave a spot o' this, Mr. Musician! It's the Dew of Kirkintilloch, your special fyvorite. Lawks, lawks, lawks, wot talent! Is there anything that the man can't do!"

"Yus!" sobbed Miss Hortense, silently closing the wicket and burying her face in her apron. "'E can't 'eal my broken 'eart, 'e can't! Why, only the d'y before yestiddy, when Aunt Myrtle was in there wif the tugboat captain, 'e plyed Blue Bells o' Scotland wif variytions, thumpin' it out on the top of 'is 'ead wif the 'andle of my hice pick. 'E said it was only fer me, 'e did! And 'e promised that next time 'e'd show me a trick wif a 'orse 'air and 'is Hadams happle. Oh, the g'y deceiver—the 'andsome snyke in the grass!"

III

WORK on the Inchcliffe Castle was nearing completion. Her officers, instead of going their separate and devious ways ashore each day, were now engaged from dawn till dark in inspection, supervision and direction of the finishing touches of the refit. Mr. Glencannon, grease from head to foot, was lording it over a gang of mechanics who were replacing gaskets, pouring bearings and packing stuffing boxes in the engine room. Mr. Montgomery was in charge on deck, while Mr. Swales, the second officer, his dungarees red with anticorrosive paint, held forth on the floor of the dry dock beneath the Inchcliffe Castle's keel.

The night that the dock gates were opened and the Inchcliffe Castle was towed downstream to load, Mr. Swales waited upon the mate in his cabin.

"I s'y, 'ave a look at these," he whispered hoarsely. "But wyte, we'd better be careful, sir—'e might see us, 'e might."

"'Oo might?" asked Mr. Montgomery.

"Mr. Glencannon might," said Mr. Swales. "And if 'e did, 'e'd ryse 'ell for fair. Just wyte till you read 'em!"

Behind closed door and shrouded portholes, Mr. Montgomery examined the sheets of yellow paper which the second placed before him. "Oh, 'pon my word!" he muttered. "Why, dash it all, Mr. Swales, this 'ere beats anything I ever 'eard. Did you read this one?

"'*I am Glencannon, a son of Neptune.*
You are my lydy fair.
Though I roam the seas on juty
My 'eart is always at 27 West India Road, Poplar,
With my beautiful Bootle beauty.'"

"Yus, 'orrible, ayn't it?" Mr. Swales shuddered. "And did you notice, sir, 'e's got 'em orl marked in advance with the nymes of our ports of call for the trip—Lisbon, Gibraltar, Genoa, Nyples—ready to post at every stop? But 'e must 'ave 'ad a chynge of 'eart, or 'e wouldn't 'ave thrown 'em aw'y. M'ybe 'is love 'as grown cold."

"M'ybe," growled Mr. Montgomery. "But it's up to us to see that she gets them, orl the syme. With these 'ere pomes fer hevidence, she can tyke 'im to court for breach of promise, and then 'e'll be 'ooked for fair. And—oh, Lord lumme, Mr. Swales, just listen to this:

"'*Fair Lydy Bootle, I greet you from afar.*
Glencannon's 'eart is lonely, this dark tempustrious night,
I pray that you are well, and that the profits from the bar
Continue satisfactory, also the bottle tryde
And that the sun is shining bright.'

"There!" he said, thumping the table with his fist. "'Profits from the bar!' Profits is orl 'e's worrying about! 'E thinks she'll inherit that pub some d'y, so 'e's trying to 'ook 'er for 'er money. This one 'ere is a regular formal proposal:

"'*Soon will come the wedding d'y*
And the organ it will tootle
If only "Yes" you'll s'y
And consent to chynge your nyme to Glencannon
Instead of Bootle.'

"Oh, and underneath it says, 'To be sung to the air of the Piobaireachd Cumha na Cloinne.' Well, I earn't s'y as I knows the tune."

"No, and you wouldn't want to sing it if you did," said Mr. Swales. "I've 'eard Mr. Glencannon fair strangle 'is bagpipes on it."

"Well, this potery by itself is enough to strangle a hoctupus," said Mr. Montgomery. "The point is, now, that we've got to keep the affair at w'ite 'eat, so's she'll be wyting 'im with open arms when we get back. We'll 'ave to send 'er some more of them flowers right aw'y. And meanwhile"—he rose and locked the papers in one of his dresser drawers—"meanwhile, we'll just syve these pomes for our long-rynge artillery."

IV

TEN weeks had rolled by since the Inchcliffe Castle put to sea, and the barroom of the Shipwright's Arms was filled with smoke and bad language. A full score of alcoholized Scotsmen were gathered at the tables, pounding upon them, scratching matches on their white-marble surfaces, and using them as foot rests.

"Ye lie, MacFeergus!" one of the Scots was shouting. "'Twas no' the tail shaft o' the Ayleshire that bruk, 'twas the crank pin, and ye know it!"

Mr. MacFergus, piqued, lurched to his feet and took his hand out of his pocket. The hand was garnished with a set of brass knuckles. "MacCrummon," he said, "I fear ye're no gentlemon, though I'll domned soon lairn ye how to be one!"

Mr. MacCrummon emitted the war cry of his clan, produced a monkey wrench from his overalls, and stood ready for the attack. But the rest of the company intervened, the belligerents shook hands, and wept copiously upon each other's shoulders.

"Hoot!" shouted somebody. "'Tis time for a drink! Please, muss, I dinna mean to cavil at the sairvice, but will ye gi' us fresh glasses? These here on the table is reekin' feelthy wi' tobacco ashes."

Miss Myrtle Bootle swept into the room and viewed the assemblage with disdain. "Orful, oh, orful, ayn't they, dearie?" she whispered to Miss Hortense. "Are any of them buying anything tod'y?"

"No," said the barmaid, "not a drop. They brings their own whisky, they does, buying it at 'olesyle prices by the c'yse, and then they expects the 'ouse to furnish glarsses."

"Hmph," sniffed Miss Bootle. "A fine clarss of tryde that Glencannon ruffian brung us! Instead of being a 'igh-gryde waterman's pub, the plyce 'as turned into a boozing ken for cheap Scotch brawlers."

The loyal Miss Hortense was about to come to Mr. Glencannon's defense when the postman entered and placed two letters upon the bar—letters which bore Italian stamps and the post mark of Naples.

The barmaid flushed and hastily picked them up.

"'Ortense!" said Miss Bootle ominously. "'And those letters 'ere!"

"They're for me, aunty," said Miss Hortense, her voice trembling. "They're from a girl friend of mine 'oo——"

"'Ortense! They're addressed to me—'Miss Myrtle Bootle.'"

"Well, that one is," Miss Hortense conceded. "But this one's for me. Yus, it's for me, and it's from Mr. Glencannon, if you must know. From Mr. Glencannon! 'E loves me, 'e loves me, 'e loves me—so there!" She stamped her foot and faced her aunt defiantly.

Miss Myrtle Bootle stared as though the girl had gone mad. "Oh, why, 'Ortense dearie, you're mistyken," she said pityingly. "It's me that Mr. Glencannon pretends to be int'rusted in, and 'e's been sending me pomes from every port, the impudent 'Ighland beast! Why, 'ere, Ortense—look 'ere, see wot 'e's written to me." And she handed across to her niece the slip of paper which she had taken from the envelope.

Through her tears, Miss Hortense read:

"*Bootle, Bootle, who loves a Bootle?*
'I do,' said Certificated Chief Engineer Glencannon.
'If you will wed me, I will be your lifelong vassal,'
Said the Chief Engineer of S. S. Inchcliffe Castle.

"Oh, 'orrors!" wailed the barmaid. "'E's been sending them to me too. Let's see wot 'e 'as wrote me this time. Lawks, aunty—why, the snyke in the

(Continued on Page 121)

The Smile of Recognition

greets

MELLON *Travelers* CHEQUES ...*the World over.*

... For 25 years travelers have used Mellon Travelers Cheques as a safe, convenient and economical means of carrying travel funds. Wherever you may travel, Mellon Travelers Cheques are well known and "as good as gold." Mellon Travelers Cheques are obtainable at banks throughout the United States at a premium of only 25 cents per $100. Issued and guaranteed by Mellon National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

In the new dollar size

HIGH SPOTS *in the* WINTER DIARY *of a* BRYANT HEATED HOME

Sept. 25.. The service man who inspects the Bryant each fall finds everything ship-shape—nine years of service and no repairs yet. Since the papers are talking of an early cold wave, he lights the pilot light.

Oct. 9... The cold spell arrives at 9 P. M. on a Thursday evening while the family are at a movie but the Bryant automatically goes on the job without waiting for anyone to come home.

Nov. 1.. Weather conditions unsettled, warm and cold by turns. The Bryant turns itself on and off as needed to keep the house temperature constant. No furnace-man ever succeeded in doing that!

Nov. 20.. Ten-year-old Betty catches cold in a neighbor's house and is in for a sick spell—that's when absolutely constant room temperatures help the doctor.

Dec. 24.. The whole household departs for over Christmas. No worry—just leave the Bryant on the job.

Dec. 26.. Back again—everything O. K. and the house warm.

Jan. 7.. Father leaves for a three-week business trip—but that doesn't make Mother the furnace-tender. The pup is the only furnace man a Bryant needs.

Feb. 26.. Mother decides on an early house-cleaning before the end of the furnace-season. That's O. K. in a Bryant-heated house because a Bryant generates no dirt, dust, soot, or greasy vapors of any kind. No one dreads house-cleaning in a Bryant-heated home.

Mar. 19.. Another spell of up-and-down temperatures as spring approaches. It is almost uncanny how the Bryant responds to each change, without human supervision.

April 7.. Warm weather arrives but finds no left-over fuel in the fuel-bin. A Bryant orders its fuel hour by hour, as needed, and you don't pay for any that you haven't used.

June 2.. Father happens to remember to turn out the pilot light for the summer.

For use with steam, vapor, hot water and warm air systems in old houses and new residences, large and small, wherever natural or manufactured gas is available.

BRYANT GAS HEATING

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. COMPANY
17896 St. Clair Avenue . . . . Cleveland, Ohio

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(Continued from Page 119)

grass! 'E's wrote us both the very syme thing!"

V

BEFORE long it would be daylight; meanwhile, the September sun was struggling its way up through the layers of fog and smoke which lay like a pall over sleeping London. Along the Thames the seagulls mewingly bestirred themselves for the day's duties of scavenging. Over in Limehouse Reach a liner's siren hooted, to be echoed by the throaty roar of an I. & C. freighter casting off from the company's wharf on the Isle of Dogs. Beyond the Millwall Docks a tugboat churned upstream, her tow line sagging back through the gloom to the bow of the Incheliffe Castle, salt crusted and freshly in from the sea.

Across the stern of the tug, in letters white and new, was painted her name. The name was Myrtle B.

"Well, tod'y's the d'y 'e gets it in 'is ruddy Scotch neck," chuckled Mr. Montgomery as he was joined upon the bridge by Mr. Swales. "Before long we'll be s'ying good riddance to 'im."

"Yus," agreed the second mate. "'E's planning to see 'er, right enough. 'E just now stopped me on my w'y up 'ere to show me a picture of the Juke of York wearing a pearl-gr'y bowler. Arsked me wot I thought of it, as one man of tyste to another."

"A pearl-gr'y bowler—only farncy 'im in it!" said the mate. "Why, it would be more becoming on a walrus!"

Somewhat later in the morning Mr. Glencannon retrieved his shore trousers from beneath the mattress of his bunk, went over his finger nails with a bit of emery cloth, laundered his celluloid collar with a pencil eraser and a damp towel, and waxed the ends of his rather scraggly mustache into points like copper spikes.

"Oh, domn ye, Glencannon!" he exclaimed approvingly to the reflection in the washstand mirror. "Ye're a handsome beast when ye tak' the trouble to groom yersel'! A-weel, I must be at my best today. Aye"—and he nodded his head prophetically—"how deeferunt will be my condeetion and standing when I return to this vurra room tonicht!"

As a matter of fact, his condition upon his return was deplorable, and that he could stand at all was due solely to the friendly support of the Incheliffe Castle's starboard rail. A full moon was bouncing up and down upon the rim of the Castle's funnel, and the masts were bowing politely to each other, like partners in the minuet. On Mr. Glencannon's left cheek were four scratches, deep, angry and parallel. Those upon his right cheek, while effective, were a trifle amateurish. But the egglike bumps on the top of his head were palpably the handiwork of an expert—a tugboat captain, for example.

"Meestery!" he said sepulchrally, gazing up at the bouncing moon. "Meestery, black meestery indeed! How them domned pooms I wrote to Myrtle could ha' got to Hortense, too, is fair beyont me. Let's see, noo; let's rehairse the whole sorra business. Feerst I composed the pooms in my room, whuch is here. Then I tuk the rough drafts and chucked them over the rail, whuch is still here. They fell into the water, whuch is there. But no!" He beat his brow in sudden inspiration. "The water's there the noo, but it was no' there the then! We was in dry dock, so they fell into the bottom o' it."

He paused, chuckled, and politely acknowledged the bow of the mainmast.

"Somebody picked them up and sent them to Hortense, that's what they did!" he declared. "Who was it? Ah, Glencannon, there lies the meestery. Ye've either got a mortal eenemy aboard this ship, or else, conseederin' how trade has fallen off in yon pub, ye've got a fromned gude—er, domned frude—no, er, a domned gude friend."

Whereupon he tossed the remains of his pearl-gray bowler into the Thames, ripped off his celluloid collar, touched a match to it, and lurched happily to bed.

GOBI DEATH TRAPS

(Continued from Page 19)

escarpment overlooking a vast yellow-green basin. Some three or four million years ago, back in the Pliocene period, this depression had been part of an enormous lake or inland sea. The former outline could be traced by a layer of fresh-water shells, great quantities of which had been preserved in the gray sediment of the ancient beaches.

In 1928 we had discovered here one of the most extraordinary and spectacular mammals that the world has ever known. It was a mastodon carrying a great scoop-shaped jaw like a coal shovel. The scoop, projected nearly two feet beyond its face and was reenforced at the end by two flat ivory plates, each eight inches in width. All the bones were found in the shell layer of the lake margin. Doubtless the beast was a water-loving mastodon, which waded in the shallows, using its great spoon to dredge up quantities of succulent water plants.

Fly Paper of the Ice Age

In 1928 we first discovered several loose tooth plates and were at a loss to know what sort of creature could have worn them. They are about ten inches long, eight inches wide and less than one inch in thickness. For several weeks we were completely baffled, and then, just as we were starting back to Peking at the end of the season, Granger found a jaw with the front plates in position. The big molar teeth and the back of the jaw were gone, but the scoop was perfect, and told the story. The jaw was about five feet, two inches in length.

We were so short of gasoline that year that we could not explore the region of Mastodon Camp. I always felt that if we followed the escarpment both north and south, there must be other fossil-bearing exposures. We wanted more of that mastodon. A jaw was fine, but it did not go far enough. Of course, our great hope was that we might find a quicksand or bog deposit. Such spots acted in the past just as they do now. The most famous examples are the asphalt pits of La Brea.

There animals came to drink at the shining pools of water which gathered on the surface of the soft tar. The instant that their feet touched the tar they were held as securely as a fly on sticky paper. Once a herbivorous animal was caught, the trap was doubly baited. Prowling carnivores, particularly the saber-toothed tiger, came to the edge of the pits. Perhaps a fat bison lay there, struggling in the tar. With a snarl, the tiger leaped and himself was caught. I do not know the exact number of saber-toothed-tiger remains that have been taken out of La Brea, but it runs into several hundreds. Until a few years ago, when fossil hunters began excavations there, the asphalt was acting just as it had done since the beginning of the Ice Age. At the time Walter Granger last visited the pits he saw a rabbit and a heron struggling in the tar.

Bogs and quicksands are similar traps, although not quite so fatal. Unquestionably such spots must have existed along the shores of this ancient Mongolian lake. They would be our best hope, too, for the remains of primates.

Even as early as the Pliocene, several million years ago, primitive humans were more intelligent than the animals about them. They probably knew enough to avoid such places. Still, accidents happen. Men get caught in bogs and quicksands even today. I have had one or two narrow escapes myself.

In a country like Mongolia search for human remains is pretty difficult. It is just about like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. Almost all important human finds have been made in dwelling caves. There were very few caves in Mongolia during Pliocene times, and there are few now. I might almost say that they are nonexistent. The early men of this region had to accustom themselves to a life in the open, seeking shelter on the lee side of a bank or under rocks. When they died their bones were washed away or scattered by predatory animals. Therefore our best chance is to find the remains of some unfortunate individual who had sunk in quicksand, or some deposit where a gently flowing stream had carried bones along, finally to bury them in soft sediments. We have found many such places in the past, but the strata in which they occurred were too old. The Pliocene is just the right age, and this season is the first time that we have had an opportunity to investigate it carefully.

Awaiting the Harvest

The discovery, last winter, of a skull of the Peking Man gave us renewed enthusiasm for our search. I have already described him—or possibly her—in the March twenty-second issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. As I remarked then, the region where his ancestors should have developed, according to our theory, is Eastern Mongolia, right where we are now. I am writing this article at the end of July, in camp. From the door of my tent I can watch the fossil hunters at work in the great deposit which is the subject of this narrative. No one can predict what will come out of it before the season is ended.

But I am getting a little ahead of my story. The day after we arrived at Mastodon Camp, Granger, Père Teilhard de Chardin, the famous French savant, and myself went southward along the edge of the escarpment to see what we could see. We followed the shell line of the old lake shore, investigating every point where the desert vegetation had been eroded and the

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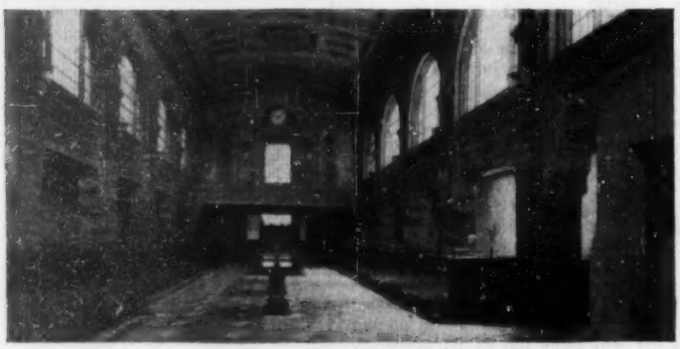

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gray sediments appeared. Everywhere there were bone fragments. On the side of an outlying hill I saw a bit of white bone three inches long. I touched it gently with my foot, but it did not move. Dropping to my knees, I brushed away the surface soil with a whisk broom. A flat bone was exposed; then teeth appeared. I knew that I had gone far enough, and called Granger. My impetuous temperament does not lend itself to the proper removal of fossils and I have learned when to stop.

Under Granger's expert manipulation, the massive jaw of a mastodon was soon exposed, with the molar teeth and one tusk in position. It was not the scoop-shovel fellow, but quite a different type—a round-tusked mastodon. This was a new species for the formation. Leaving it for future removal, we drove to a long exposure of deeply eroded bad lands which were visible several miles away. There was much broken fossil bone lying on the surface. In one spot we discovered what appeared to be four or five bone hillocks. Vertebræ, ribs and limb bones were just visible embedded in the gray earth. We could see that it followed the shell line of the lake shore. Almost certainly it marked a former bog.

Camp was shifted next day. It was a run of only eleven miles over a hard gravel peneplain. Just as we stopped the cars on the escarpment a big gray wolf dashed over the edge and across the plain. He had been asleep in one of the ravines below us and certainly made a mistake in coming up to see what the noise was all about. I reached my rifle first and rolled him over in full run at three hundred yards.

The tents were pitched on the very brink of the bluff. A weird panorama of red and gray ravines and buttes spread out below us. Far away across the basin the Arshanta escarpment showed as a sheer wall of purple and gold. The plain which stretched away behind camp was almost terrifying in its vastness. We knew that for many miles there was neither water nor Mongols. To the north and south the natives had erected two large *obos* on small elevations. They could be seen for a long distance and acted as guide points—lighthouses for this land sea. Even Mongols did not venture into the waterless plateau without due thought.

Lost in the Gobi

One morning the cooks shouted that a pair of wolves were only a short distance from camp. I jumped into a car with two of our Chinese colleagues. The wolves were legging it straight for the center of the plain, where the going was a bit rough. The car could only do twenty-five miles an hour and the wolves a little better than that. They pulled away from us slowly until we found a stretch of hard gravel. At forty miles an hour we overtook them, and I got in one shot at nearly four hundred yards. The rearmost wolf dropped flat. Pushing past him, we followed the other, which had a long start. He twisted and turned, always seeking the roughest ground. After five miles I got a bullet into his quarters, but he kept going. For twenty miles we followed that wretched wolf. He would disappear over a rise and lie down in a ravine or behind a stone. After we had passed, he would try to sneak out unseen.

Finally we lost him when the car was stopped by a sand pit. Then I looked about to see where we were. For the life of me, I couldn't tell. The sun was obscured by heavy clouds. The horizon was a flat line, except where patches of mirage piled up visionary mountains. There were no more landmarks than at sea. Mentally I tried to remember our course. I had a feeling that we had traveled generally southeast, but in the excitement of the chase I could not be sure. The gasoline tank registered five gallons. Half a bag of water hung on the car, but the radiator was nearly dry. My compass wasn't where it should have been, in my pocket.

Following our tracks backward netted nothing, for we soon lost them on a wide stretch of gravel. We could only travel blindly in the direction where I thought camp ought to be. The horizon line continued flat, no matter how far we went. Now and then I steered toward what I thought was a promontory, only to see it stream off into the vague lines of mirage.

The Direction Instinct Functions

The situation was uncomfortable, but not really serious. If the gas gave out before we reached camp, we would just have to sit and wait. Fortunately, I had shot an antelope during the chase. That would give us something to eat, and we could drink the water from the radiator. I knew that eventually the others would find us. It hardly seemed possible that they would be worried enough to search before evening. In camp they would think that we had joined the party at a fossil pit, six miles south. I would get the car to the highest ground and, when night came, turn the spotlight on the sky. Such a ray can be seen for a long distance.

These thoughts were going through my mind as we bumped our way across the plain. Strange how much rougher it seemed than when we had the wolf in sight. Perhaps I was all wrong and we were going in the opposite direction. I could only trust my instinct, for there was absolutely nothing in the landscape to give a clew. We traveled for two hours. There were two gallons of gas left. That would only give us twenty miles in the rough going. It didn't look so good.

A little later my eye caught a small patch of gray sediment lying on the prevailing red earth. I stopped and examined it carefully. There was no doubt that it was the fossil-bearing clay of our deposits. There were none of the gray sediments on the eastern side of the plateau; therefore we must be going in the right direction—west. A gallon of gasoline still remained, but my worries had gone. Although the plain appears to be absolutely flat, it really isn't. It rolls away in great undulations like the long, smooth swells of a calm sea. From the crest of a land wave I saw eleven blue masses swimming in the heat waves of the desert. They rose and sank, floated uncertainly in the light breeze, and finally settled to earth as we approached. It was our camp, three miles away. There was still a little gas left when we drove in, but only a little. Another four miles would have consumed the last drop. That indefinable direction instinct which all explorers develop unconsciously had taken us home as surely as a compass. We often marvel at the direction instinct of animals. To me, it does not seem at all strange. That sense is much more highly developed than in man and they have to use it constantly. Mongols have it to an amazing degree—much more than any white man. They use it every day. Without it, they never could exist in the Gobi.

(Continued on Page 125)

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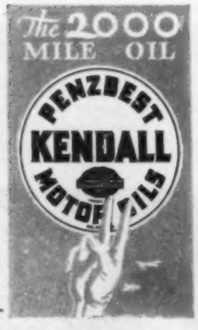

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(Continued from Page 122)

Just after my experience on the plain, Mac Young and Bill Thomson got a she wolf which had ventured almost into camp. The cooks saw her at daylight and called the men. My police dog, who had been ranging the bad lands all night, barking himself hoarse, realized that it was a time to exercise discretion. He persistently gazed in the opposite direction when the boys tried to show him the wolf, but his violent trembling indicated that he had seen it. He had important business elsewhere when the carcass was brought into camp.

Our caravan Mongols had taken the camels down into the basin, where the feed was better than on the plain. One of them came up, badly frightened, for a wolf had bitten a girl in the thigh when she tried to drive it away from a freshly killed sheep. He was worried about the camels. Mac Young went down next day and found thirty-three sheep lying on the plains with their throats mangled. Three wolves had rushed into the flock and almost annihilated it in a few moments. The wolves had become a veritable plague. We killed eleven, but there seemed to be many left. In the Western Gobi, wolves are remarkably scarce, considering the abundance of game. There we would seldom get more than five or six in a season. We named the place Wolf Camp.

It was a very lovely spot and all of us enjoyed it. Fortunately there were many gazelles on the plain. Antelopes, to us, are what seals and polar bears are to the Arctic explorer. Venison forms the basis of almost every meal and no one seems to tire of it. I do not know any other wild game that we could eat so continuously. I suppose the reason is because gazelle meat has very little wild flavor as a rule. This year it has been particularly good.

Every other day I ask Lieut. Bill Wyman, topographer, if he wants to go to market. He never refuses, and we start out in the small car. Almost any direction will do. We are sure to find antelopes within a few miles. From the summit of a ground swell we sweep the plain with field glasses. Just now the does all have babies, so we seldom bother them. They are dotted about the plain singly, but the bucks are usually in groups of five to ten.

Easy Targets in the Desert

The car has a strange attraction for all animals, wild or domestic, and almost always antelopes will try to cross in front. Running toward them diagonally, we can entice them up as a magnet draws steel. A wild ride at full speed across country, rough or smooth alike; a sudden stop and a leap to the ground on either side; two or three shots from each man; usually two antelopes. That is how we go to market. We seldom shoot under three hundred yards, and the animals are running at fifty to sixty miles an hour. It really is not so difficult as it sounds. Often sportsmen have said to me, "You could hardly see an antelope at four hundred yards, to say nothing of shooting it."

But they don't know Mongolian conditions. Crystal-clear air, a flat plain and gazelles running smoothly in a straight line. If they only knew enough to dodge about, we would not get half as many. The first shot usually gives the range, for the bullet always kicks up a spurt of dust. After that, we ought to score with the second and third, and sometimes the fourth; then they are beyond range. Often we have loaded the car with three or four gazelles after only one race. It isn't sport, that is true. But we are after meat. Twenty-five men in camp eat an astonishing amount. Personally I would much rather go to a market and buy my meat across the counter. I've killed too many gazelles—perhaps a thousand—and it has ceased to be fun. I know exactly how well I can shoot, and the only satisfaction I get is in making a clean kill, so that the beautiful animal does not suffer. If it were possible I would not shoot a single one, but it can't be helped. New men always get a tremendous thrill out of hunting antelopes, and it surely is exciting at first. I've had too much of it, that's one reason. The other is that now I am not keen to kill anything except dangerous game. Hunt a tiger on foot and he has a chance to strike back on more or less equal terms.

A Demand for Mastodon Teeth

Wolf Camp proved to be a veritable fossil mine. Our predictions about the bogs and quicksands along the shores of the ancient lake were correct. When the low ridge with fossil exposures just below the tents was opened we found a continuous strata of bone for thirty feet. The men removed the surface mostly by brushing the sediments away with whisk brooms. The skull of a baby shovel-tusked mastodon appeared. There was appropriate rejoicing in the camp. The next day another skull, and then a series of jaws. Some of them were less than two feet long, but had the milk teeth and flat tusks in position. One skull was that of a just-born infant. The place was a baby death trap.

The matrix indicated quicksand and we could read the story plainly enough. The great mastodon mothers had come there with their babies to drink. Both surely were caught in the treacherous sands, but the mothers were strong enough to extricate themselves. The children, all very young, could not get out. That must have been the case, for we found no bones of adult mastodons. The skulls of the little fellows showed that all were much too young to be wandering about by themselves. Moreover, there were a good many skulls and jaws of other small mammals—antelopes, deer, fox, and several types of carnivores. The only large beasts were rhinoceroses, and not many of them.

One day, Granger, Thomson and I went to look for a broken skull which Walter had seen on our initial visit to this escarpment. Granger always says that the best way to find a fossil is to lose one. While you are searching for it you are certain to discover something else. The paradox proved true in this case. We simply could not locate that broken skull, but a bit of bone caught my eyes, and, brushing away the sediment, I exposed a mastodon's molar tooth. A few moments later Granger removed a flat stone block. It was like lifting a trapdoor, for under it lay another great tooth, firmly set in bone. Granger followed it down while I looked on, seething with excitement. The enormous spoon-shaped lower jaw of a shovel-tusked mastodon—Platybelodon—slowly took shape under his brush. It was five feet three inches long, and the two flat, platelike lower tusks measured fifteen inches across. In the meantime Bill Thomson had determined that the other teeth belonged to an adult female skull.

We were exultant, for there was every reason to believe that the specimens were perfect. Moreover, in a letter I had received from President Osborn just before leaving Peking he had written: "Do try to find some good mastodon teeth and, if possible, parts of the skull." For nearly twenty years he had been working on a colossal monograph of the Proboscidea—the elephants, mastodons and mammoths. The book is nearing completion, and material from Asia was his greatest desideratum. Well, we had obeyed orders.

What we had found proved to be skulls, jaws and parts of the skeletons of a big mother shovel-tusker and her baby. No other bones were there—only those two individuals. We are at a loss to know just why they died at that particular spot. It could hardly have been a bog or quicksand, for in that event bones of other animals would certainly have been preserved. Perhaps it was a case of poison. They may have eaten some virulent water plant. Perhaps they both fell into a hole or part of a bank caved in upon them. Whatever the cause, there they had died, mother and baby together. It was a kind fate which directed our steps to their unmarked grave.

During the days that we were excavating these two specimens, Père Teilhard de Chardin, with our two Chinese colleagues, Doctors Young and Chang, prospected the escarpment farther to the south. Six miles from camp they discovered an amphitheater in the bad lands, capped to the west with snow-white marl. The slopes of the familiar gray sediments were strewn thickly with broken mastodon bones—teeth, fragments of skulls, limbs, vertebræ and dozens of ribs. In a rectangle formed by four blocks of sandstone, part of a jaw was embedded.

An Ages-Old Tragedy

The fragments were confined to an area of about fifty by thirty feet. There was every indication that it had been another death trap. We began work with the keenest anticipation. Still, no one suspected that we were about to excavate what will go into history as one of the world's most remarkable fossil deposits. The first day's work demonstrated beyond question that this was the site of a former bog. I wish that I were able to give an adequate impression of the thrilling interest in opening this ancient grave. Only a great writer could do that. Out there in the desert, in the brilliant sunshine of the year 1930, we were reading the story of a tragedy enacted millions of years ago. Every hour, at first every few minutes, a new page was turned in this book of stone.

Reconstructing the picture—that is what fascinates me! We may not get all the details correctly, but the main facts are there. It is not theory but truth. We know what happened. The tale we read is as follows:

A quiet estuary ran inland from the main lake. Lush vegetation lined the shores. Floating plants and green tubers sent their roots downward through the shallow waters into a bottomless well of mud. A huge mastodon, his monstrous shovel jaw dredging up masses of trailing grasses, worked his way slowly along the shore. The succulent tubers, resting so innocently just beyond the water's edge, enticed him farther and farther into the treacherous mud. Suddenly, amidst his greedy feeding, he found that he could not lift his ponderous legs. He struggled madly, only to sink deeper and deeper into the mire of death. Frenzied trumpeting echoed from the

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high shores. At last they ended in exhausted gurgles as the colossal beast sank below the surface.

Another came, and still others; each one to die as he had died. Twenty, we know, were trapped; probably more than that. Down in the black mud tons of flesh macerated and dropped away from the great skeletons, leaving the bones to separate, one by one. Some were crushed and broken when other victims piled upon them. Some remained as perfect as when they bore the living flesh.

Perhaps at last the death trap was full to overflowing; perhaps the water, fouled by decaying flesh, sickened the vegetable life and left the trap unbaited; or perhaps the estuary itself dried up.

Whatever the immediate cause, we know that as centuries passed into thousands of centuries the great lake disappeared. Countless tons of sediments were deposited on its dry floor. The mastodons' unmarked grave was buried deeply, hopelessly lost.

Then came a change of climate. Gradually the dry winds of the Ice Age, bitterly cold, removed the sediments in the old lake bed. Particle by particle they were swept high in the air, to be dropped upon the plains of China, three hundred miles away. It goes on today. As I write these words in my tent the wet ink is sanded by fine yellow dust. The desert is still giving up its surface, being worn away by the unceasing Gobi winds. Thus it has been eroded for perhaps a million years.

The Graveyard of the Mastodons

In our search for the hidden stories of Nature, we found the mastodons' grave in that long-dry bog. But we came half a century too late. Already the upper part of the deposit had been worn away by wind and water, which destroyed exposed bones as they destroyed the rocks. Still, much remained.

When we removed the upper cover of sand a mass of fossil bones was disclosed in a thick lens of green clay. They lay like a huge pile of jackstraws. Great scoop jaws, many of them nearly perfect, were heaped upon one another in every possible position. Some extended straight down; others at oblique angles; still others almost horizontal. Most of the jaws were more than five feet long. The part of a jaw which we discovered in 1928 had been enshrined with reverence as one of the prize exhibits of the museum. Here we had half a dozen complete specimens visible at one time, and doubtless many others at the bottom of the pit. Mixed with them in a seemingly hopeless jumble were enormous flat shoulder blades, pelvic bones, limbs and scores of ribs.

It was difficult to remove any bone, for usually it lay under several others. Only by finding the topmost ones could work begin. The bones themselves were badly preserved. They were like chalk and impregnated with mineral matter only to a comparatively small degree. Walter Granger and Bill Thomson, with their five trained Chinese assistants, did all the work. The rest of us were only too eager to help, but we didn't fit in. After I had dug into a jaw, Granger requested me to cease.

I retired to the outskirts, where I could watch operations and drift in fancy back to the days when it all had happened. Doctor Garber fared better, for with his surgeon's temperament and technic he became not only an accepted but a sought-after assistant.

The bones were so soft that as soon as a portion had been exposed it must be soaked in shellac. Thus hardened, more matrix could be removed and more bone exposed. Next, the entire surface was covered with Japanese rice paper and gum arabic. The paper and gum cemented in place any loose particles and strengthened the specimen. When the entire bone was laid bare, it was covered with strips of burlap soaked in flour paste. In a few hours the paste had dried and the bone was inclosed in a hard shell. Then it could be turned over, pasted on the other side and packed without fear of damage. In the laboratory of the museum the bandages can be softened with water and easily removed.

The Desert Pays its Debt

It must not be imagined that the deposit was excavated in a few days. Would that it had been possible! For six weeks the men have been working there, and it was finished only yesterday.

The hole assumed gigantic proportions. It was amazing that we did not find more skulls intact. Only three were removed, and they were those of big bull mastodons. But twenty-five ivory tusks were taken out. We wondered why such slender bones as the five-foot jaws had remained unbroken when the skulls were destroyed. Still, an elephant's skull is by no means the solid mass that it appears to be. The walls are filled with air chambers and the skull is like a gigantic honeycomb. Probably they could not withstand the pressure and suction of the mud. Fifteen great scoop jaws were recovered, and half a dozen broken pairs. Virtually all the other bones of the skeleton, as well. There is very little that we will not know about this amazing creature when the material has been studied.

One of the most important and interesting features is that the jaws show a complete age series. They range from baby mandibles hardly a foot in length, bearing milk teeth, up to massive dredgelike jaws five and one-half feet long. The gradation is perfect and the series complete. When they are placed side by side in the museum there will be nothing like it in the world.

As far as we are aware, no similar deposit has ever before been discovered. It is comparable only to our 1923 expedition, when we obtained nearly a hundred dinosaur eggs and seventy-five skulls and skeletons of the dinosaurs that laid them. That series is on exhibition now in the Central Asiatic Hall of the American Museum of Natural History. It ranges from the eggs, two of which actually contain skeletons of embryo dinosaurs, through the whole gamut of newly born young, up to the big fellows just about to die of old age. It is a unique exhibit. Strange what a wealth of unknown and remarkable animals Mongolia has yielded.

Last evening Granger and I stood by our tent, looking out over the shadow-flecked bad lands into a gorgeous sunset.

He turned to me and said: "Roy, we've given the Gobi some of the best years of our lives, but the desert has paid its debt."

True it is; but like all men, we are still unsatisfied. Behind those other distant hills, as yet unknown, perhaps lie greater treasures. We shall go and see.

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LIFE SENTENCE

(Continued from Page 5)

must lose its galvanic power over her; and that if she had children she would get a new sense of proportion. Later on he congratulated himself on being right. Within seven years of their marriage Josie had three children, two boys and a girl.

One night, eight years after their marriage, she sat at table while a guest described how the Pearsall boy had jilted the Cutler girl a week before the wedding, and calm had not been unseated from her eyes, which traveled ceilingward as the baby began to whimper in the room above. Smiling, Corrie waved his highball at an invisible presence, as if he were drinking its health. Later still, he wondered if the new dispensation deserved to be toasted. For when he came to look into it, nothing in it seemed so good as to outweigh the fact that the one of his two perfect wives whom he had loved the best had, so to speak, died in childbirth.

Never any more did the tender and virginal Josie creep about his house, sharing with him, reluctantly yet trustfully, the secret of her extreme surprise at life. There was nobody there now but the splendid Josephine who had no secrets and who was never surprised at anything. As she frequently had the air of turning from him and going to the window and flinging it open so that she could hear the music of some band that was passing by, it was very much as if there were nobody in the house at all. That music always sounded stirring, he had to admit. Josephine ennobled the world's affairs by the attention she gave them. She belonged to the ambassadress type, who has such a gift for pressing social life into a mold of graceful formality that she need never fret if she finds herself elsewhere than in an embassy. Without apparent effort on her part, magnificence unfolded itself in their house. If that had been what he cared for, he might have been happy.

Even though it was not, he might have been happy a little later on, when he found that he was altogether wrong and the wife he had loved the best was not dead but merely in hiding behind the superb skirts of Josephine. In her youth she had been tender and virginal because she could not believe that anybody but herself had ever been faced with this extraordinary destiny of being a woman, of having to take the heart out of her breast and give it away to one whom her modesty would not permit her to believe anxious for the gift, of having to accept the heart he had taken out of his breast for her, though it was a man's and she had a quivering disposition to keep herself separate from the male. She might have been the first woman who had ever been loved or in love, so naïve was she about the business. Now she was developing a new set of characteristics because she was being equally naïve about the business of being a mother. She could not believe that this extraordinary destiny of bringing into the world people who had not been there before, and who were infinitely dear to one, could ever have befallen anyone else; and she was perpetually vexed by the fear that fate would withdraw this unique privilege from her, leaving her anguished and alone. Therefore she turned for help to her other self, competent Josephine, who always got what she wanted, and begged her to do everything she could to establish the family. That was the only reason why Josephine was so much around the house these days.

Corrie thought this all out, smiling at his own fantasy, one Sunday when he was sitting on the porch, after he had seen Josephine hurry out to pay a call. The reason why she was paying that call had not been mentioned between them, but he understood it perfectly. He had spent the morning playing golf at the country club, and at lunch he had mentioned that Mrs. Wellyn had been his partner in a foursome.

"We played old Bradley and Miss Stallbridge," he went on; and at the last name had seen Josie's face droop till it was just a wistful triangle. Miss Stallbridge was a daughter of an ex-governor of the state who had gone to New York and Europe and come back with an armful of degrees and the intention of starting a school for little girls, who, it was rumored, were to be drawn from the twenty best families of Montarac. In spite of their rising fortunes, the Dicksons were not yet on that shelf. He was sorry he had spoken of the woman. He could imagine his silly little wife lying awake at nights wondering if heaven would not punish her impotence to get Diana into the best possible school by taking the whole family away from her. If the waitress had not been there he would have got up out of his chair and kissed her.

"It seems Mrs. Wellyn's a cousin of hers," he continued.

Her head came up. "I never knew that. How?"

"Old Bradley says so. It seems Mrs. Wellyn isn't the daughter of the Mrs. Korkrane we know, but of a first wife who died. And she was a Stallbridge."

"I never knew that," said his wife thoughtfully.

"Neither did I," he said, "but she's a nice woman anyway. She was saying she hadn't seen you in weeks, and couldn't think why, and hoped you'd come in any afternoon. I think she said something about today."

Josephine lifted her imperial profile. "I'll go right away," she said, "and ask them to dinner Tuesday."

So now her roadster was carrying her on the way to lay the foundation of a friendship that would assume useful proportions at just the right time, the remoteness of which made Corrie laugh aloud. It was one of the most charming circumstances in the whole episode that Diana was not yet eighteen months old.

But he stopped laughing when it came up in his mind that it was to Josephine that Josie had turned in her timorousness, and not to him. There were, indeed, then and later, innumerable indications that she felt for his character almost every conceivable emotion which is related to love except confidence in it. They became quite unmistakable as the affair of Cherrygarden Bluff came to maturity.

It happened that old Mr. Houblon died and left his daughter a fortune that was not stupendous but was nevertheless a large, solid block of dollars bound to make quite a difference to any economic field whither it was transported, just about the time the American woman began to discover herself as an amateur of business. Sitting back on the throne of prosperity her husband had built up for her, she could bide her time and pick her chances, and see her money increase and multiply in a way that seemed the happiest miracle to a sex which had been tied down since the beginning of time to fixed housekeeping allowances. It was the kind of leisured advance toward more and more magnificence that was Josephine's natural movement. She began to brood over the Wall Street lists and look hawklike and unassuaged. But she never consulted him, and he had no idea of the direction her mind was traveling until one summer evening, when he had been waiting on the porch for an hour or two after he got back from business, and she came in at last with the children. She sat down beside him, breathing rather fast.

As the children ran past them he cuffed the boys' ears and pulled Diana's hair, and they squeaked back at him with delight, but he did not take his eyes off their mother. "You're looking fine," he said.

She said, "We've been picnicking up by Cherrygarden Bluff."

He mused: "Well, well, it's odd to think of my own children picnicking up there! That place meant a lot to me when I was Jim's age."

It was a long low hill that lifted a shining cliff to the sunlight, a couple of miles north of Montarac. On the crest of the cliff were the tallest maple woods in Montarac County, and the face of the hill was laid out like a park round a white house built in the Colonial style, with a wooden colonnade and a sunken flower garden before it.

"It's for sale," Josephine announced. "The Forresters are leaving. The man at the lodge told us. They just made up their minds last night. He's sick and they're going to the Coast for good."

"Sick or well, I wouldn't want to leave that place," he reflected. "Did I ever tell you about the good times I used to have up there?"

But he forbore to try and tell her about them. It had happened that, fifty years before, a young Southern gentleman had somehow infringed the code of his society, or had seemed to do so, and in any case not attempted to justify himself, but had sold his estate and gathered his servants around him, and gone into exile north of the Mason-Dixon line. He traveled disdainfully through the Yankee lands till he found a place so like the estate he had left that it eased his mind more to stay than move on, and there he had built a house and planted a garden and laid out a park like those he had lost. Then he had closed the gates, and with his colored people had set himself to play a game of pretending that they were still living in the South.

For thirty years that game had been going on when Corrie, just turned twelve, had climbed a fence because a boy with a white gash of teeth in a black face, riding a piebald pony bareback in the paddock beyond, waved arms at him thin as hawthorn branches, and in a voice like the cooing and hooting of nightbirds had dared him to do the same. Perhaps because the game had been played so long, it had come to rank alongside of reality. The South seemed to hang on the hillside like a patch of mellow afternoon, and things went easily there as they do in the South. When he fell from the pony and a trickle of blood ran down his chin it did not matter very much. It ceased to matter at all when he was taken along to a mountainously fat mammy

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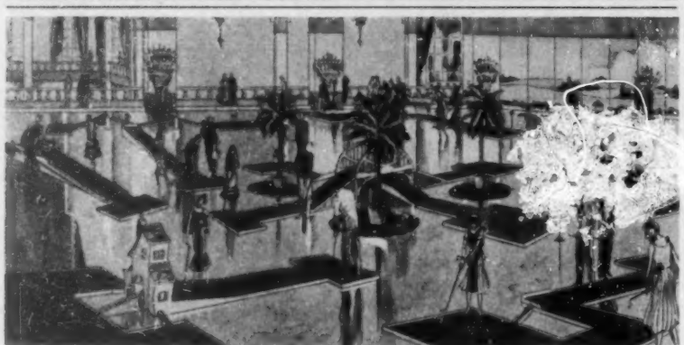

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with a red handkerchief tied round her gray fuzz, who was sitting in the trellis of a cottage shelling peas into a china bowl that had bright flowers on it, and she had washed the wound and clapped a cobweb to it, uttering sage words as to the efficacy of this hygienic precaution. Then she gave them hunks of bread and molasses, and they ate them on the porch while she moved about within the cottage, singing and humming tunes that seemed to take up every emotion in the world and show it for what it was and drop it before it became tiresome, and clicking pots and pans that presently began to send out heavy savors into the twilight. Presences, tall and short, came as white smiles out of the shadows, and sat round singing, shooting craps, doing household chores dexterously and casually. None of them took much notice of him; there was no suggestion that he was a stranger.

At that date there were not above twenty colored people in Montarac, and they were segregated either in rich folks' kitchens or in the squalor on the wrong side of the railway tracks. It was his first experience of the dark magic that excludes nothing from its circle but robs all of the ultimate sting by taking it easy. He did not feel he ever wanted to go home, particularly after he had had supper, but his new friends accepted sleep as simply as everything else, and were yawning and stretching round him, so he had to set forth on the moonlight road to Montarac, thinking out what explanations would go down best at home.

Such as he found were not too successful, but he went back to Cherrygarden Bluff the very first afternoon he could, and on many another. The groom and some of the boys taught him a kind of polo that left him for the rest of his life a match for most horses. He learned a great many songs, and a manner of speech that puzzled his elders and set them off on unsound speculations concerning heredity, based on the assumption that his Virginian grandmother was now speaking through him. He acquired a passion for Southern cooking, and a wealth of sometimes inaccurate but always interesting information about plants and birds and beasts, and a liking for people who showed what they felt and on the whole felt genial.

At last he met the old master of the house, slashing at the long grass round a statue in the park as if it were an enemy and grumbling a long-delayed rebuttal of some charge. He looked at the boy with the bewildered eyes of those whose saner parts have died first, and spoke to him in soft ceremonial accents that seemed to clothe too fully a shrunken will, like the fine white suit that flapped about his emaciated limbs. He took the boy up to the house and would have taught him how to play chess with jade and coral chessmen on a damp-warped board had he not suddenly fallen back asleep in his high-backed chair.

The boy did not know what to do, and had sat stiffly until he had heard, far away but somewhere in the house, Thaddeus singing Go Down Moses. He had tiptoed out along the shining floor past the fine old things, and opened a door or two, and had found the old butler polishing the silver with plate powder and his bare hands instead of a cloth; and in this delicious occupation he had joined him for an hour, listening to a long story about how a horse went to heaven. It was the picture-book South, and recollecting it he had the same joy that comes to those who fall in love, of finding that a reality can keep its freshness though all its expressions are infinitely trite.

All these things he would have liked to tell her, but they were difficult to put into words, and he had come home tired from the office, and anyway Josephine had something she was all set on saying.

"That's the most valuable real estate in the district," she declared.

"Why do you think that?" he asked. "Nobody wants to live right out there."

"They don't now," she said darkly. "But they will—in five years' time. When you come to think of it, where are the rich people in this town going to live, day after tomorrow? There isn't a house to be got round here for love or money, and they can't build out farther west, on the other side of the river, because it's swampy. You just can't drain it. Three people have tried. I've looked into that. Well, where else are they to live? They can't move out south, on the plains. It's too hot in summer. They can't go east to the hills, with all your factories and the rest of them lying there just where the view ought to be, and they can't go northeast, because the Italians and the Poles got there first. They'll have to go farther out, and the ideal site where they'll all want to be is Cherrygarden Bluff. See here ——"

Suddenly he wanted very much to tell her what the place had meant to him in his boyhood, because of the way he had lost it. His possession of it had lasted only eight or nine months; then his mother had fallen sick with the grippe and had made a poor recovery, and he had been sent to keep her company through a winter's exile in the desert. The first free afternoon after he got home he sought his paradise. But it was gone. There was a gang of Italians laying down a broad automobile road through the park up to the old house, and a man with spectacles overseeing them who ordered him off the place. It seemed from what the people at the garage at the crossroads told him that the old man had died round about Christmas. The colored folks had been in a terrible way, they said; were like a lot of lost kids, didn't know where to go.

Blindly Corrie had turned aside from the road to a coppice and stood for a long time with his arms round a tree and his head burrowed against the bark. It is queer the bad times boys can have without anybody knowing about it. Maybe their boys had gone through something just as bad as that, and Josie and he did not know a thing.

For this reason, and because he wanted her to know about his standing with his head against that tree, he tried to tell her what Cherrygarden Bluff had meant to him. It is unfortunate that, because he was casting about for the right words, he failed to show a proper interest in the county map she picked up from her worktable, all scored about and annotated to prove her point; and that, because he had just found them and was trying to bring them out in the right order, he did not at first catch her announcement, though it was made with flashing eyes and uplifted chin, that she intended to sell out her father's securities and buy Cherrygarden Bluff to develop it as a luxury garden city.

He caught on to it a minute late, when he saw Josie looking at him with very much the same face that he had worn as he turned aside from the road and sought the coppice. But he did not

(Continued on Page 133)

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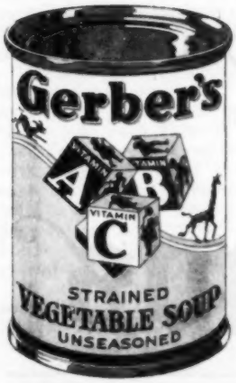

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Moissaye Boguslawski — Ralph Leopold
Magdeleine Brard — Josef Lhevinne
Richard Buhlig — Rosina Lhevinne
Maria Carreras — Charles Naegele
Austin Conradi — Alfredo Oswald
George Copeland — Corneille Overstreet
Karin Dayes — Hans Richard
Cecile de Horvath — E. Robert Schmitz
Vladimir de Pachmann — Silvio Scionti
Norma Drury — Frank Sheridan
David Earle — Frederic Tillotson
Severin Eisenberger — Dorsey Whittington
Daniel Ericourt — Ralph Wolfe
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Composers & Conductors

Bela Bartok — Alexandre Gretchaninoff
Alfredo Casella — Earle Laros
Victor de Sabata — Giorgio Polacco
Eugene Goossens — Ottorino Respighi
Louis Victor Saar

Violinists & Cellists

Judith Bokor — Ruggiero Ricci
Yelli d'Aranyi — Gilbert Ross
Hans Kindler — Alfredo San Malo
Francis Macmillen — Joseph Szigeti
Maurice Marechal — Jacques Thibaud

Singers

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Dan Beddoe — Mary Lewis
Richard Bonelli — Charles Marshall
Lucrezia Bori — Edith Mason
Feodore Challapin — Kathryn Meisle
Clare Clairbert — Luella Melius
Toti Dal Monte — Alice Mock
Florence Easton — Jose Mojica
Yvonne Gall — Maria Olszewska
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Baldwin Pianos

CHOOSE YOUR PIANO AS THE ARTISTS DO

(Continued from Page 130)

speak quickly enough to prevent Josephine's rising to her feet, crushing the map to her breast with irascibly crooked fingers, and crying over her shoulder, before she shut the door into the house with a weary carefulness not to slam it:

"Oh, that is like you! You hold back from everything!"

That was the attitude which she obstinately ascribed to him from that day on in the matter of Cherrygarden Bluff. He tried to explain himself, but all he did was to impress her obstinacy with the new error that he regarded her enterprise as a desecration of a childish playground. This was not true. Corrie was no sentimentalist; and in any case the childish playground had already been desecrated beyond all grieving, since it had been for twenty years in the possession of Mrs. Forrester, who had every year attempted to make it resemble more closely the home of her father, a beer brewer from Milwaukee. But the error was as sharply engraved in her obstinacy as if it were an intaglio cut in a dark, hard stone; she wore it in her mind as she might have worn a mourning ring on her finger, and turned it over perpetually.

For a time it seemed as if he would be able to take it from her by his continued praise. She was so superb in her enterprise that he could praise her fervently and honestly. At first she spent more money than she had done before in entertaining. There was no hurry, no strain. Simply she put down so many dollar bills and took in return the social leadership of Montarac. All her world followed her, therefore, when, a year or two later, she moved out to the perfect house she had built on nothing like the best lot at Cherrygarden Bluff. Obviously there were far better sites; this gave every woman who saw it the confident hope that she would have a far better house. Infinite was the guile displayed by Josephine, and also the art. The place never lost its look of being a park. In the morning one could walk along its avenues and look up at the cliff, and not feel that the clean-cut, clean-colored stone had been demeaned by what man had set below it. At night the view over the dark plains where Montarac lay like a brilliant foundered star was something that in the Old World would have been famous. The honor in which he held her for the achievement was so great that when he spoke it she had to believe him, and looked at him with her Josie face, smiling and timid, as if to say: "Yet you know better than this. You know that I am not really competent, that I am young and afraid." All would have gone well if Cherrygarden Bluff had been the only hill in the neighborhood. But geology is not so single-minded.

One afternoon Josephine came to see him at the factory, tall, unsmiling, avid-eyed. "I have been talking over things with Jack Farmer," she said. Jack Farmer was the real-estate agent with whom she usually worked. "He says that if Flanagan builds a factory here, in two years I can do what I've done at Cherrygarden Bluff, up on that hill they call Battle Heights, only for operatives. But I must buy now."

It was a big venture. Not possibly could either of them or both of them raise the money out of their loose cash. "Well, go ahead. The banks will lend it to you."

Sullenly, as one who knows she is going to be denied, she owned, "I've borrowed every cent I can already."

"Great guns! What for?"

"Land east and west of Cherrygarden. Flanagan's coming. This town is growing. It will be all right."

He knew it would be all right. What she said was sense. He nodded approval. "Good girl. Well, it's a pity we can't have everything in this world. You'll have to let Battle Heights go."

She flung out a demanding hand. "But can't you borrow it?"

"What? I borrow it, honey?" He was startled at her forgetfulness of their common enterprises. "Why, you know I need every cent I can raise for this extension of our works I've planned for next fall."

Her outflung hand turned over in the air. The gesture it described was infinitesimal, but it made Corrie draw in his breath, and for the first time consider the possibility that perhaps the final emotion he might feel for his wife was hate. Though they had spoken of these matters many times and at great length, it had never before been admitted that he was never going to be a great man in business, that his automobiles were good but not quite good enough, that he and his corporation were headed for a safe but not glorious future in the shape of a merger with some more victorious commercial entity. That tiny movement had, however, stated it once and for all.

Corrie walked to the window and stood with his back to her. Was it perhaps the right thing to take his capital and his credit out of the corporation, and let the merger happen now instead of in three or four years' time? She was reciting figures to him now. With half his attention he concentrated on the financial riddle they propounded. With the rest he noted that her manner was divided against herself. She was putting her case as strongly as she could, yet sometimes there was an overtone in her voice that seemed deliberately to mute what she said, as if she wanted not to win it.

He did some figures in his head. There was nothing much in it either way. Considering the upset he would cause by the precipitation of the merger, and the financial allowances he would have to make to ease his colleagues' feelings, he would rake in little more by coming into Josephine's more attractive proposition than he would by sitting tight. Or, rather, it would be more exact to say that he would make a little more. Just a little more. Not much, but definitely more. Wouldn't it be better if he did get out and help Josephine on her triumphant way?

The window at which he stood looked on a courtyard, used as a passage between two of the sheds. As he stared down under knit brows the doors of one shed swung open and half a dozen men in blue overalls walked smartly over to the other. He liked the look of them. They were on the job, they weren't loitering, yet they were happy; he had seen the teeth of the two offside ones, that were Italians, flash in laughter as they went by. His men were like that on the whole. The one part of business where he was a master was the handling of labor. Too shy to make contacts easily with individuals, he could manage them in hundreds with the greatest ease. Always he could divine what they were thinking and feeling, and could accept his knowledge in a philosophical spirit. The relationship he had established between his operatives and himself was ideal, which meant that their relationship to their work was all right. It was because of this that when the merger came he would not die with the business but would pass on as a valuable person into the new organization. If at that time he had carried out the extension he had planned he would go in with even greater prestige, for that would bring up his pay roll to an impressive length. Simply Josephine was asking for his future. And—damn it all!—this was his job and he liked it.

He turned round and said: "No, Josie. I'm sorry, I can't."

She picked up her bag and the papers she always seemed to carry around these days. "I didn't think you could make up your mind to it."

"It isn't only that," he answered coldly.

She raked his office with an eye that estimated the probable importance of everything that would happen in it from the standpoint of justice rather than of mercy, and rose to go.

Nevertheless, it seemed to him, as he stood on the curb saluting her good-by, that it was Josie who sat with downcast head in the back of the limousine. And he noted as significant that she made no attempt to borrow the money elsewhere. Since her own husband would not give it to her, she did not want it from anybody else. That was like Josie. But when a man named Edelstein made a whole heap of money out of Battle Heights it seemed to be Josephine who read in the papers about it.

After this he had to admit that things were going much worse between them—which was the first time he had ever admitted that things had been going badly. These financial matters were never discussed, but almost everything else was, and that with acrimony. He noticed that nowadays when people at dinners or dances congratulated him on his wife's beauty he felt embarrassed, as if he held some secret information that made what they said intolerably ironical. Quite what this feeling meant he did not understand, but he knew that it made him turn away as speedily as possible.

When he did come to understand it, that did him no good, because of the manner in which he made the discovery. One evening he was coercing his dress tie into a bow in front of his glass when Josephine came in, as much more than merely ready as an empress is after she has made all preparations for a public appearance, and sat down on the chaise longue at the end of the bed. At first she talked about the people they were going to meet that night at dinner, who the guests of honor were and why they were visiting the town; and then she fell silent. Nowadays he was nervous about whatever she was doing at the moment—if she spoke, he was on edge for the next word; if she did not, he suspected she was biting back some reproach crasser than had yet been made. His eyes shifted from his tie to the shadowy distance behind his head in the glass, and found her handsome face distorted with embitterment. She was looking at his reflection, not at his eyes, but at a beam of light that a lamp on the dressing table laid across his fair hair and his broad, high forehead. Since his knowledge of her was as nearly perfect as one human being's knowledge of another could be, he was immediately aware that she was saying to herself: "Yes, he is good-looking. It is a pity that all that promise his looks make that he is a wonderful human being doesn't mean a darned thing!" That he had been thinking precisely the same thing did nothing to allay his deep sense of grievance.

Nevertheless, because he knew he had committed no offense against her

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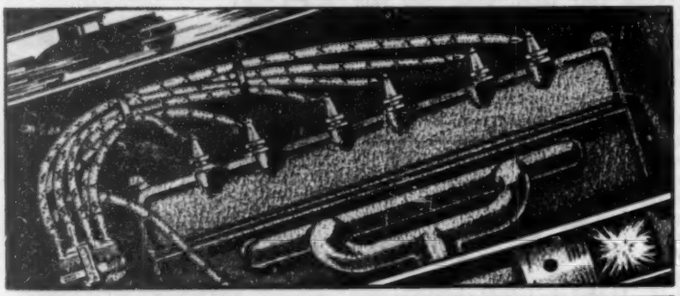

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in the way of unfairness comparable to the attitude she took up over Diana's illness, his resentment was greatly increased. It was not true that he had been neglectful. He had seen at once that the child was ill, as soon as he came in and put down his golf clubs, and said, "Well, what shall we do to console ourselves now mother and the boys have left us for the week-end?" For she was fair as he was, and had the sort of fine gold hair that announces the physical state of its owner almost before she knows it herself; and now her curls were flat to her head and dark at the roots. He had not let her stay up for dinner, though she had been looking forward to having it alone with him and he hated to go against her in anything. He had taken her temperature, and though he had not sent for the doctor in spite of its high reading, that was because she had had that degree of fever before now and awakened well the next morning. At least he had given her a dose of the medicine the doctor had prescribed on these previous occasions, and had gone into her bedroom several times during the night, and had taken her temperature again in the morning, and when that showed no fall had telephoned for the doctor right away. He had defensively recapitulated these points so often that the recital of them produced all those feelings of guilt that even an innocent man experiences in the dock. But there was nothing whatsoever in the charges Josephine brought against him. Standing out in the garden in the spring sunshine which the words "pneumonic infection" had in a second made monstrously ironic, he had asked, "Shall I send for my wife?" and the doctor had answered: "What does that mean? That she gets here twenty-four hours earlier and drives home in a state of panic. It isn't worth it. The child's fine." He had murmured assent, and shuddered, seeing a vision of Josephine, hawk-faced at the wheel, forcing her automobile round the hairpin bends of the road down from Torquand, intent on having her will to get home in disregard of the nature of automobiles and hairpin bends, and of the safety of the boys behind her.

Maybe he would not have imprinted on her mind such a vivid image of himself as dealing with this crisis frivolously, if it had not happened that when she came home, jumping out of the roadster before it had quite stopped because she had seen the doctor's automobile outside her house, he was on the lawn talking to Judy Mandeville. She was the niece of the people next door, a girl of twenty-one who had come to them to rest up after her first divorce; a slender creature who had the bright color and the air of being coated with sirupy juices characteristic of canned fruit; and it seemed unlikely that she should have come forward with such handsome offers of help that he had been obliged to thank her at length.

When Josephine started these accusations he would have liked to walk out of the house and never see her again. But there was Diana; and during the first week of the illness there were hours in the middle of the night when fatigue seemed to whirl his wife about as if it were stripping her of a dress of metal brocade and heavy jewelry and uncovering the naked woman. Then he seemed to be getting back into a sane world, a world full of horror, but nevertheless possible to live in because there was an identity between what existed and what was alleged to exist.

Corrie tried to pretend that that was going to be their permanent habitation when, on the first night that Diana was definitely out of the woods they went in to see her before they went to bed. She was asleep, but Josephine could always move as silently as a squaw, and during the past few days he had learned to do so. The only sound that might have awakened the child was the "Sh!" she flung over her shoulder as he approached a table which he had every intention of avoiding.

They stood together at the side of the bed. "Isn't she blond!" breathed Josephine in an infatuated whisper. While she was still tranced in admiration for her child she put up her hand and touched his hair above the temples. When she realized what she was doing she trembled, and though she left her finger tips where they were she crooked her fingers as if they were claws. She might have been trying to tell him, "Yes, the texture of your hair is dear to me, but nothing else, believe me, nothing else."

As they tiptoed out of the room he said to himself: "This is just silliness. It is a habit she has got into; I must snap her out of it." Once they were out in the corridor he slipped his arm through hers and held her to him, and begged her, "Now it's all over, Josie, won't you own that there wasn't a thing I could have done for the kid that I didn't do?"

Over her eyes that were still wet with tears from looking at the child her brows contracted furiously.

"Well, say what it was!"

She jerked her head from side to side like a rogue horse that is being ridden on the curb.

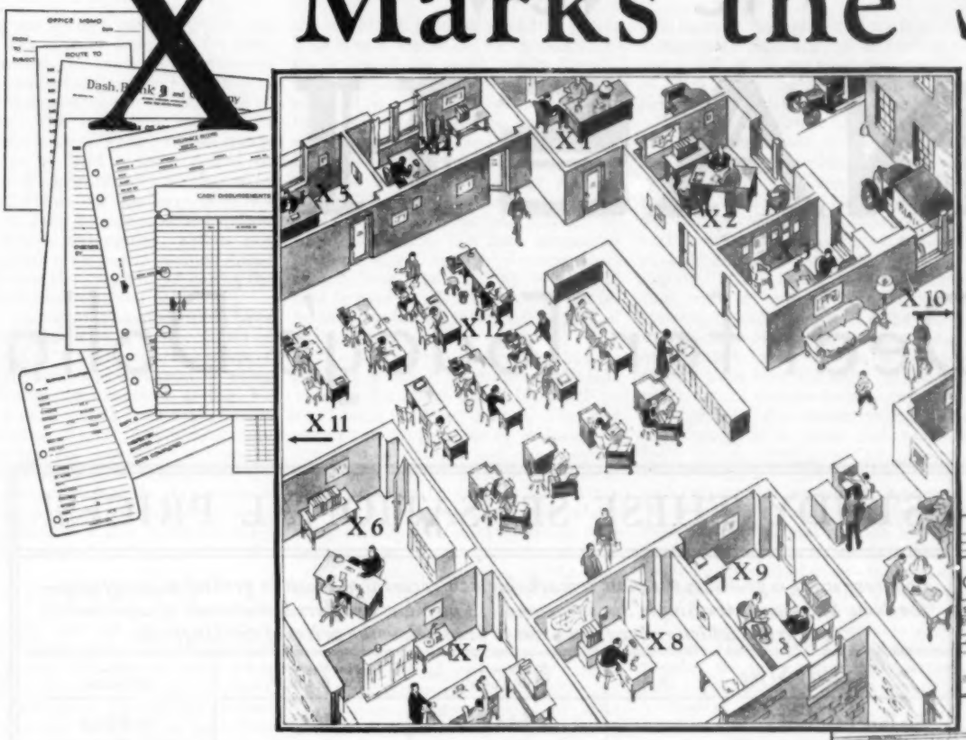
His temper rose. "Yes," he pressed her sternly, "just tell me what it was."

For a minute she was unable to speak, but not because the accusation had struck home; simply because she was amazed at the impudence of the accuser. "Why," she cried, "if it had been left to you there wouldn't have been any ——" A sob choked her, she shook loose his arm and ran to her room.

It was some time before he realized what she meant. Then, though dutifully he forced his mind into the groove where he lamented that pain he had caused should last so long, he had an exasperated feeling that his mind had been brought down from something very big to something very small.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

X Marks the Spot~



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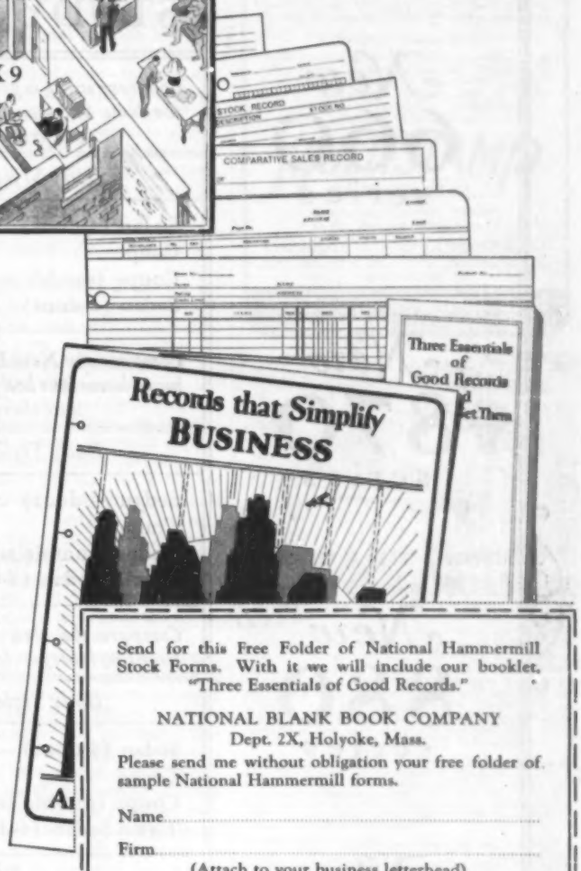

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Body Style	The New Six W. B. 114¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$845	~~$1005~~	—$160
Coupe	$795	~~$940~~	—$145
Coupe (rumble seat)	$825	~~$980~~	—$155
Sedan (2-door)	$795	~~$935~~	—$140

New 870 series

Compare the New Eight-70 with its two additional cylinders, its longer wheelbase, its larger, more luxurious body, with the six-cylinder car it replaces. Then consider the remarkable fact that there is actually a basic price differential in favor of the New Eight!

Body Style	The New Eight-70 W. B. 116¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$995	~~$1005~~	—$10
Coupe	$945	~~$940~~	+$5
Coupe (rumble seat)	$975	~~$980~~	—$5
Special Sedan (4-door)	$955		

New 880 series

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 Series with the 6-cylinder car it replaces. The Eight-80 is larger, longer. Design, appointments, upholstery are finer—prices are radically lower.

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 W. B. 121"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Six W. B. 118"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1295	~~$1415~~	—$120
Coupe	$1245	~~$1345~~	—$100
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1285	~~$1395~~	—$110
Town Sedan (4-door)	$1375		

New 890 series

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 Series, now with a 115 H. P. Engine, with the last year's 100 H. P. Eight. Body appointments are finer, upholstery more luxurious, and prices are far lower!

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 W. B. 124"-135"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Eight W. B. 124"-135"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1565	~~$1795~~	—$230
Cabriolet	$1695	~~$1875~~	—$180
Coupe	$1695	~~$1915~~	—$220
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1745	~~$1975~~	—$230
Sedan (7-pass.)	$1925	~~$2195~~	—$270
Limousine (7-pass.)	$2025	~~$2385~~	—$360
Ambassador	$1825	~~$2095~~	—$270
Victoria	$1765	~~$2045~~	—$280

(All prices f. o. b. factories)

MANUFACTURING COLD

(Continued from Page 9)

picking out his own steak or chops; an expert has already done that for him.

Thanks to the progress in refrigeration engineering, many betterments are being introduced in various lines of business. The ice-cream industry is changing its ways. Quick-frozen cream can now be held over a period of months, with practically no change in quality. Paper cartons have been designed to take the place of five-gallon cans. These rectangular cartons not only permit a saving in storage space but obviate the necessity of caring for and sterilizing returned cans.

The ice-cream manufacturers have been supplied with a better grade of powdered milk to increase the solids of their products, and will soon be using quick-frozen fruits, thus giving ice cream a more nearly fresh-fruit flavor. Fast freezing at a very low temperature not only hastens production but results in smaller crystals, thereby giving the cream a superior texture. Ice cream is as much hardened by this new process in fifty minutes as it is in ten hours by the older method.

Turning Gas to Ice

Through the use of solid carbon dioxide, which produces a temperature of more than 100 degrees below zero, retail deliveries of ice cream have been greatly facilitated. Though this process adds somewhat to the initial cost, it so reduces the bulk and weight that many more deliveries can be taken care of with less labor. If the packer knows approximately when the ice cream is to be served, he can easily regulate the quantity of carbon dioxide and the insulation so that the cream will be in just the proper condition.

The discovery of carbon-dioxide ice was a development of extreme importance. It may influence the whole trend of refrigeration practice. The source of supply, being merely carbon-dioxide gas, which is given off in the combustion of fuel, is as inexhaustible as the coal seams themselves. Instead of freezing at thirty-two degrees above zero, like water, carbon-dioxide gas freezes at 112 degrees below zero. That is why a piece of solid carbon dioxide cannot be held in the hand for more than a moment without the skin and flesh being severely burned. There is real romance in taking this same gas which imparts fizz to soda water and turning it into a refrigerant for wide use in the preservation of foods. If the engineers now fail us in providing efficient refrigeration equipment for railroad cars and motortrucks, we may be sure that solid carbon dioxide will serve us well. The production of this variety of ice is increasing several hundred per cent each year, and although 80 per cent of the output has been taken by the ice-cream industry, the outside markets for this strange product are expanding with great rapidity.

We now have an infant industry engaged in the production of solid carbon dioxide. As the costs go down, the uses will multiply. In the beginning, coke was used to produce solid carbon dioxide, and it was possible to get nearly a ton of ice from a ton of coke. This was true notwithstanding a great amount of waste. How much waste there was is evident from the fact that a pound of coke will produce approximately three and a half pounds of carbon dioxide.

Now, with improved electrical processes using compression and expansion, the cost of this product is tending lower. This is as it should be, for carbon dioxide is one of the most widely distributed compounds on the surface of the earth. It is produced in vast quantities by decay, vital processes, combustion, chemical processes and fermentation. It is one of the three costless raw materials—the other two being air and water. The manufacturers of alcohol produce as much carbon dioxide as they do alcohol. The lime companies produce more carbon dioxide than they do lime. The 1,200,000,000 tons of coal burned in the world each year release more than 4,000,000,000 tons of carbon-dioxide gas.

The cost of the energy required to produce a ton of solid carbon dioxide varies in American plants from eighty-eight cents to fifteen dollars. This fact shows how great is the opportunity to standardize methods and effect economies. Solid carbon dioxide now sells at prices varying from $100 to $160 a ton, and yet it can compete successfully with ordinary ice—solid water—at four dollars a ton.

The common practice in the ice-cream industry was to use 1000 pounds of ice and 225 pounds of salt a day to refrigerate a five-ton truck carrying 500 gallons of ice cream. Now the same quantity of ice cream is carried in a two-and-a-half-ton truck that needs only ninety pounds of solid carbon dioxide a day. Assuming a sixty-mile daily route, the use of dry ice results in a saving of $4.40 on a day's operation; and, what is probably more important, there is a time saving of at least two full hours. A truck body using water ice may weigh as much as double its original weight after a year of service. But solid carbon dioxide not only adds no water to the body or insulation of the truck but eventually removes the moisture originally present.

The future of this material may be greater than anyone now imagines. It has already been stored in quantity for a period of six months. The only difficulty seems to be one of distribution.

Another By-Product of Oil

"One of the peculiarities of carbon dioxide," says an expert on refrigeration, "is the germicidal effect of the gas on the materials stored in it. Experiments have shown that the saturation of meat and fish with carbon dioxide materially reduces the growth of many kinds of bacteria. This increases its value in the transportation of perishables, especially in preventing spoilage when there has been some unforeseen delay in transit. The effective life of rosebuds is prolonged several days by a proper dosage of carbon dioxide."

No one can say how many industries will eventually find uses for solid carbon dioxide in carrying on their manufacturing processes. Already it is being employed advantageously in a number of places where there is need for low temperatures, as, for instance, in the freezing out of fats from alcohol extracts of pomades in the perfumery industry. Of course, when anything romantic and picturesque comes to the attention of the public, the result often is unscrupulous exploitation by an army of irresponsible schemers. Right now there are troops of stock salesmen and wildcat promoters busily engaged in using solid-carbon-dioxide projects to lure unwary dollars out of hiding. So much of the final story of this refrigerant is still in the making that the tale of what is coming lends itself to embellishment with imaginative fancies.

The talk now runs to the development of refrigerated cars and ships to make long journeys with a single charge of this product. Even the vending-machine industry is now focusing attention on the possibilities of solid carbon dioxide as a refrigerant to use in selling perishable foods. Then, to top it all, there is the front-page news that some of our oil companies are starting to capture and use the waste carbon-dioxide gas that is now pouring out of their wells. Down in Mexico several wells carrying daily 30,000,000 cubic feet of carbon-dioxide gas, after running wild for eleven years, have been plugged. A plant just finished takes the gas under its surface pressure of 1040 pounds and solidifies it into ten-inch cubes weighing forty-five pounds. Three steamers will each carry 200 tons of solid carbon dioxide in compartments that are insulated with twelve-inch walls of cork—the heaviest insulation on record. Out in our Mid-west States are whole strings of oil wells producing carbon-dioxide gas of greater or less purity, and this fact may provide an opportunity for questionable exploitation as well as sound development.

Pipes Instead of Ice Trucks

But the greatest field of all for refrigeration is in the cooling of buildings. A theater which seats only 1500 people requires 100 tons of refrigeration in order to cool the air to a degree that is satisfactory for the comfort of the patrons. If this same refrigerating machine were manufacturing ice instead of cooling the theater, it would supply the entire domestic consumption in the hottest summer weather for a city of 25,000 inhabitants. In other words, if there were four theaters of average size in this same city and all of them installed a cooling equipment, the amount of refrigeration so used would be four times that produced by the local ice company to supply the needs of the town's population.

Perhaps I can get across the idea of the tremendous expansion that will take place in the refrigeration industry when the cooling of buildings becomes a common practice, by putting it this way. In New York City are several big theaters that are now air conditioned. In one of the largest of these theaters the big cooling machine now used has a daily ice-melting capacity of 500 tons. To accomplish the same refrigeration by using real ice would require 5000 blocks of ice each weighing 200 pounds and measuring eleven by twenty-two by thirty-one inches.

Think what a huge pile of ice these 5000 blocks would make and consider what a job it would be to handle so much ice each morning before the opening of the theater. It would require 250 two-ton trucks to transport this ice from the plant to the theater. Consider what a saving it is to city traffic to convey the necessary energy for the refrigerating machines through subterranean pipes or wires instead of hauling it in trucks.

The limitations of this comparatively new art have not yet been visioned. Already one big department store is using an air-cooling installation

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having a daily refrigerating capacity of 1700 tons—3,400,000 pounds of ice. The extension of the practice of manufacturing indoor weather to thousands of big buildings will mean a huge consumption of the common types of energy. Cooled air is already supplied in 300 motion-picture houses and 3000 factories in 200 industries in America. But the big job of producing artificial weather in our city skyscrapers has only just commenced.

A Texas office building equipped to make its own weather has shown an annual return of 14 per cent during the past three years on the investment in air conditioning. One of the savings has been a 30 per cent reduction in cleaning cost, since the windows could be kept closed and the dirt and noise from the street excluded. There has also been a yearly saving of $3000 in painting and redecoration. Furthermore, the attraction of cool, dehumidified offices and stores has resulted in an average increase of 12 per cent in rentals.

Manufactured Weather for Cows

The heated sessions of Congress this past summer in the discussion of the Naval Treaty were conducted in auditoriums made comfortable by air-conditioning equipment. President Hoover escaped a good part of the enervating heat of Washington by working in rooms that were similarly treated. Twelve of the country's large department stores have gone in for manufactured weather. A large number of hotels and restaurants throughout the country have likewise applied refrigeration in their dining rooms. The new stock exchanges in San Francisco and Detroit will conduct their fevered sessions in a cooled atmosphere. Operations in textile, tobacco, confectionery and other industries are now based largely on the use of conditioned air.

Each passing week brings word of new and interesting applications of the science of cooling and air conditioning. One wealthy farmer has constructed a palatial dairy barn wherein the cows bask in a cool, comfortable, health-producing atmosphere that is treated with light containing a controlled amount of ultra-violet radiation. Of course these aristocratic cows are bathed, brushed and milked mechanically.

A public Zoo has applied air conditioning in the house where they are attempting to raise gorillas and other delicate and more or less rare species of apes. One of our technical colleges has an air-conditioned room in which the growth of plant and animal life can be studied under climatic conditions not duplicated at any place on our globe. Since the professors can control all the vital factors, including light radiation and air pressure, they are able to determine whether a Japanese beetle can exist on top of Pike's Peak or at the bottom of Death Valley, without an excursion to these distant points.

This past summer also witnessed the introduction of cooled air on railway trains. The Columbian of the B. & O. Lines between New York and Washington carries the Martha Washington, the first air-conditioned diner, and The Chief, crack train of the Santa Fe, carries Diner No. 1418, the first transcontinental car supplied with manufactured weather.

Recently, during the terrific heat wave, as The Chief sped across the burning Mohave Desert, the passengers were amazed and pleased to find the diner cool and clean, in contrast to the dust-laden heat of the other cars. In one test it was shown that the inside temperature of the car could be reduced from ninety degrees to seventy degrees at the rate of a degree a minute.

Power for these individually cooled cars is generated by a gear drive from the axle. This development points the way to travel comfort in trains that will have all the cars cooled. These trains will be precooled and conditioned from central stations in the railroad terminal before they are occupied by passengers and, after starting on their journey, will manufacture their own weather by axle power operating a unit located in the baggage car. This opens untold possibilities for the railroads to increase their traffic by recapturing some of the losses resulting from the inroads of the motor car and the motor-bus. To those roads which cannot electrify immediately, it offers an equivalent advantage in cleanliness through the fact that windows can be kept closed and dust and cinders excluded.

One type of refrigerator car designed to carry perishable foods likewise gets its energy from the truck axle and thereby eliminates all icing and re-icing en route. The absence of salt and brine drippings will do away with much of the damage to railroad equipment, steel bridges, rails and fastenings that has heretofore resulted from this brine. The saving of two hours at each re-icing station will speed up the delivery of food products and permit a more intensive utilization of refrigeration equipment. Sufficient reserve refrigeration is stored up during the hours of travel to provide a cool atmosphere for seventy-two hours after the car is stopped.

In the midst of all this excitement about new uses for cold, everyone wants to know when our homes are going to be cooled as well as heated. There is no one whose opinion will carry more weight in this matter than Willis Carrier, noted thermal engineer, daddy of air conditioning and past president of the American Society of Refrigerating Engineers. I asked his views, and here is what he said:

"I venture to predict it will soon be possible to press a button and place your house-heating system in operation under automatic control, or press another button to start your house-cooling system, as required. This will bring the benefits and comforts of the mountains or seashore to our homes in summer, as well as the climate of Florida to our dwellings in winter—all at an over-all installation cost that will not greatly exceed the cost of installing a modern, satisfactory heating system."

Turning on the Cold

"Equipment for supplying conditioned air to the home in winter is already in use. For summer, the air, instead of being heated and humidified, will be cooled and dehumidified, and then circulated by the same fan or blower which now distributes warm air. The process will consist of forcing the hot, muggy air through a spray of refrigerated water or over a set of coils through which cold liquids are circulating. There are strong indications that gas will be the energy medium which will be used to produce cold, much as gas is now used in some domestic refrigerators. Since gas heating is rapidly coming to the fore for heating homes, it is logical that the same fuel will be used to cool in summer. Its chief advantage will be that the equipment to which it is adapted will be simple in operation, as befits apparatus in the home."

"But what of the home already built and equipped with a system of steam and hot-water radiators?" I asked. "Will present radiators become frosted cooling coils—individual cooling units in each room?"

"Existing knowledge," replied Mr. Carrier, "and the present status of research indicate this to be impractical. The cost in proportion to the efficiency of such a system is excessive. Obstacles in the way of proper circulation of air and taking care of the drip or condensation which would be deposited are factors which operate to make our engineers today skeptical of this method. The home now equipped with radiators will have an independent cooling unit in the basement which will take the outdoor air, cool it, dehumidify it, clean it and then redistribute it under pressure through a system of pipes. Automatic control of just the right temperature of cool air will be accomplished according to the principle of the thermostat which now controls the heat supply for homes in winter."

The Problem of Humidity

"Houses with existing warm-air heating systems, those with winter air-conditioning equipment, and new homes will be the first to be benefited by cooling systems. Exact data as to the cost of installation and operation are not yet available. That cooling for homes is not only practical but is destined to become a reality in the near future indicates the scientific progress being made in this field of refrigeration. Even today there are a few large homes which are equipped with refrigeration plants modeled after those in use in theaters, but at present these are too expensive for general application."

It is just as desirable to live in a comfortable atmosphere of properly conditioned air as it is to drink only pure clean water. One of the important causes of sickness in the wintertime is the dryness of the air we breathe indoors. In most homes the moisture content of the air in January and February is less than that of the atmosphere of the Sahara Desert. As a result, our noses in the wintertime are now converted into humidifying plants.

In the warm months of the summer it is nearly always the humidity rather than the heat that makes us uncomfortable. That is why the air conditioning of buildings, large and small, must always include the control of moisture as well as temperature. One reason so many of the cooled theaters seemed uncomfortable last summer was because too much attention was given to introducing cold and too little to removing moisture from the air.

So it is evident from all that has been said that refrigeration and air conditioning are infant arts with a great future. There are at least 3000 more theaters in the United States which will be cooled within the next few years. This job alone will mean the installation of refrigerating machinery having a capacity equal to 400,000 tons of melting ice a day. The energy needed to carry on this work will total about 400,000 horse power. An even greater consumption of heat and power will be required to cool our larger stores and office buildings. A study has shown that an improvement of ten minutes a day on the part of the

(Continued on Page 142)

Where to buy Springeez Oil

In more than 3000 cities and towns Springeez Oil is on sale. Because of its widespread use as a breaking-in oil for new and reconditioned motors, thousands of car dealers and service garages have it. If yours does not, he can get it quickly from most any good jobber. In many places, Springeez Oil is sold at filling stations also, and their number is increasing daily. Insist on the genuine Springeez Oil. There is no other oil like it. Don't risk a substitute. We'll gladly give you the name of the nearest dealer.

A partial list of Springeez Oil dealers follows:

Dayton, Ohio — Refiners Oil Co. Stations.

Dallas, Texas — Frank and Fred Edwards Oil Co. Stations.

Des Moines, Ia. — Western Auto Supply Co., 927 Locust St.

Milwaukee, Wis. — Direct Service Oil Co., 432 Third St.; 3009 Lisbon St.

Minneapolis, Minn. — Goodrich-Silvertown Super Service Station; Direct Service Oil Co. Stations.

San Francisco, Cal. — Granfield's Inc. Stations: 12th and Howard, 13th Ave. and Geary, 7th Ave. and Irving, Van Ness Ave. and Mission St.; Wm. L. Hughson Co., Market at 11th.

Savannah, Ga. — American Oil Co. Stations.

Syracuse, N. Y. — Funda Service Station.

Kansas City, Mo. — Keystone, Brookside, La Salle, and Southside Garages; Carl A. Burton Stations.

St. Louis, Mo. — Stoehl Tire Co. Service Station, 3880 Washington Blvd.; Modern Auto Repair Co., 4601 Olive St.

Denver, Colo. — Kremer Service Station, 2020 Broadway; Tom Botterill, Inc., 13th and Broadway.

New York, N. Y. — Phone Columbus 0616 for name of nearest dealer.

Chicago, Ill. — Phone Harrison 6036 for name of nearest dealer.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Automobile Club of Phila., 23 So. 23rd St.; Phila. Cadillac Co.; Monaghan & Royal, 1807 Market.

Camden, N. J. — Camden Packard Co.

Louisville, Ky. — Broadway Center Super Service Station; Short's Garage and Super Service Station, 3rd at Guthrie.

Boston, Mass. — Davis Bros. Super Service Station, 1286 Boylston; Commonwealth Chevrolet Co.

Indianapolis, Ind. — Blue Point Service Station, 962 S. Delaware; G. & H. Service Station, 2001 W. Morris; Leo H. Wiltsee, 2137 Prospect.

New Haven, Conn. — Moriarty Gas & Oil Co.

Oakland, Cal. — H. M. Lawrence, 301-12th St.; Union Tube Super Service Station, 8th and Harrison.

In Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, at all Refiners Oil Co. Stations.

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To Filling Stations, Car Dealers and Garages

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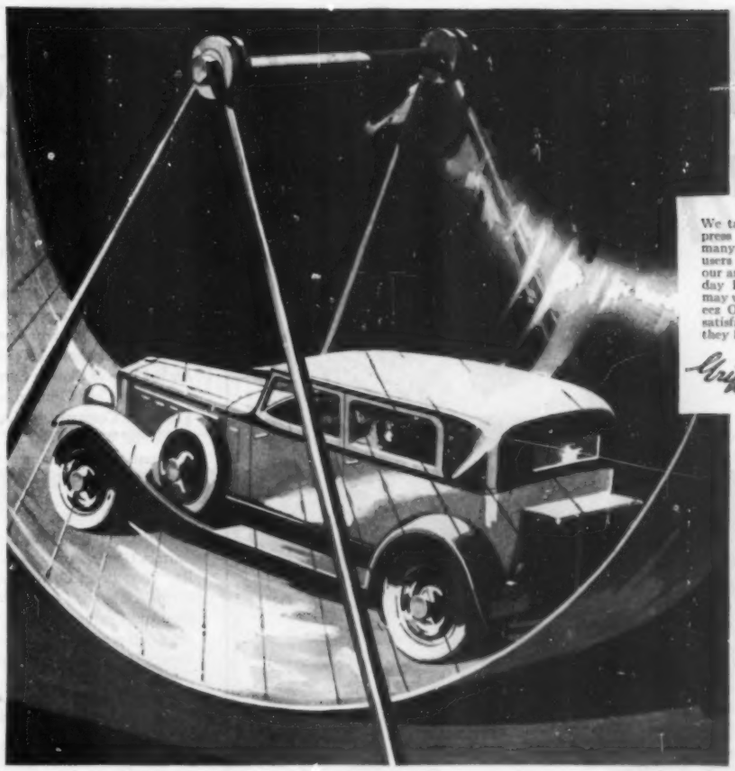

We take this opportunity to express our appreciation to the many thousands of satisfied new users of Springeez Oil following our announcements in The Saturday Evening Post. In doing so, may we suggest that these Springeez Oil enthusiasts express their satisfaction to their friends as they have expressed it to us.

Griffin Halstead

"I drove 200 miles without leaving my garage!"

THE first two minutes after starting your car in cold weather causes as much wear as 200 miles of driving. Ordinary lubricants congeal when chilled. It takes time and heat created by friction to get them on the job — and in the meantime you are running without lubrication!

New Lubricating Principle Unaffected by Cold

Pour *Springeezed* Oil (a blend of 25% Springeez Oil and 75% regular engine oil) in your crank case. Instantly you stop this wasteful wear and enjoy quick, easy starting. *Springeezed* Oil is so active that it does not congeal in sub-zero weather. It protects your engine from the moment you touch the starter; replaces itself on cylinder walls many times faster than ordinary oil; reaches valve stems and out-of-the-way parts; penetrates to the tightest bearings; saves the battery; permits new or reconditioned cars to be driven at normal speeds without scoring or seizing.

Add Springeez Oil to Transmission and Differential

A mixture of 25% Springeez Oil and 75% regular summer transmission lubricant (or 1 pint of Springeez Oil to 3 pounds of transmission oil or grease) makes gears as easy to shift in winter as in summer. *Springeezed* Grease or Oil in your differential prevents gear hum and gives perfect lubrication.

SPRINGEEZ OIL

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Springeezed Oil gives lubrication that no car ever had before

As recommended by many leading car manufacturers, thousands of the country's foremost dealers,— Auburn, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Ford, Lincoln, Marmon, Pierce-Arrow, and many others — use *Springeezed* Lubricants in every new and reconditioned car. Its continued use is also recommended for long life and economical operation. *Springeezed* Oil safeguards thousands of new cars while driven from factory to dealer.

Have your car dealer, filling station, or garage man put *Springeezed* Oil into the crank case, and blend Springeez Oil with the summer lubricant in transmission and differential of your car. If he can't supply you, write direct to us.

Don't struggle with a shift lever "frozen" in congealed grease or oil. Have the lubricant in your transmission *Springeezed* and enjoy June shifting in the coldest weather. Laboratory tests demonstrated that *Springeezed* grease did not congeal at 20° below zero—while ordinary lubricant in transmission "froze" the shift lever at zero and lever could barely be moved at 15° above zero.

HALSTEAD OIL COMPANY, Inc., 1405 Union Central Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

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Look for this signature

Griffin Halstead

Six Months Old Today!

Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither antitoxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter—painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed.

More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years. A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the deathrates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has *decreased* its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an *increase* of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-E.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

A Triumph in Steel

CHAMPION swordsman, fencing master, sword-maker — heir to the traditional skill of his fellow-countryman D'Artagnan — Louis Senac knows steel.

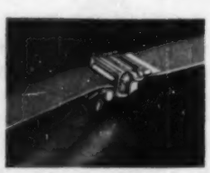
For many years he has been as loyal to Valet blades as to his own fencing blades that flash and ring in the Senac Salle d'Armes.

"Fencers love fine steel," he says, "whether in rapier or razor. The new Valet blade is beautifully finished — made of finely tempered steel honed to a marvelously keen edge. I find that every Valet gives the same smooth and comfortable shave."

Louis Senac is but one of the vast group of authorities who recommend the Valet blade with unstinted enthusiasm. Men who know steel prefer this finely finished blade — made with exacting care by precision methods and inspected with magnifying mirrors to insure perfection.

Valet's marvelous micro-edge glides through your beard and across your face lightly. Made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—it is the only blade you do not have to remove for stropping or cleaning. The keen Valet blade is constantly held at a friendly, scientifically adjusted angle.

Accept the advice of skin specialists and steel experts—who pronounce this blade a triumph in steel. Make your daily shave a delight with the world's greatest shaving combination — the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor.



The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 138)

average clerical worker will more than pay for air conditioning and refrigeration in the average office.

To take care of the cooling requirements of an ordinary eight-room house necessitates the use of a machine producing about fifteen tons of refrigeration—a capacity equal to 30,000 pounds of ice a day. This makes it apparent that the widespread introduction of air conditioning throughout the United States will not only develop an enormous new load for all forms of mechanical energy but will necessitate the immediate creation of many large manufacturing units to produce refrigeration machinery.

Like every new business, the manufacture of cold is surrounded by many problems. But each passing day seems to bring additional refrigerating refinements. Engineers in the U. S. Bureau of Mines recently announced the discovery of a new chemical refrigerant that will doubtless add to the safety and growth of all kinds of automatic refrigeration. People can breathe the fumes of this gas or throw a lighted match in it without any damage whatever. In addition to its household use, it may be employed to cool sleeping rooms in the tropics, deep shafts in mines and cramped quarters in submarines.

From Boston has just come the announcement of a new process that may revolutionize current cooling practices. This machine has no moving parts and is the essence of simplicity. The whole scheme is based on the boiling of mercury, and may prove to be the long-sought answer to the question of how to cool small homes.

In New York, the new Western Union Building gets its refrigeration from a pipe line running under the street. Although this line is in the commission-merchant district, which is completely piped for refrigeration from a central plant, it does present the thought that refrigeration may be sent out before long from a big producing station very much as heat and power are now distributed.

The public is becoming cold conscious. It is looking hopefully to the time when the sting will be taken out of summer weather. It regards the refrigeration engineer as a public benefactor and hopes he will succeed in his aim to benefit health, increase efficiency, lessen the waste of food and multiply human comfort.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

Three of a kind!

~yet each has different grades from which to choose - - -

Tempting Tidbits, cool Crushed pineapple, or tender, dripping Slices—it's all DOLE pineapple, glowing in the golden richness of its fragrant juice. And you can get all three styles of pineapple in different grades to suit your needs. Sliced, as you know, comes in three grades, DOLE 1, or DOLE 2, or DOLE 3. But did you know that Crushed comes in two grades —DOLE 1 or DOLE 2? And that Tidbits come in two grades also, DOLE 1 or DOLE 2? You will find the grade mark clearly stamped in the top of the can you buy.

But glance at the column at the right! It will explain in full the famous DOLE grade marks by which women buy their pineapple. When you buy Hawaiian Pineapple insist on seeing the name DOLE and the grade number stamped in the top of the can.

The DOLE grade numbers and their full meaning

Grade 1 — *Sliced*—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2 — Also in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color —Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3 — Broken slices packed in the same syrup as Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

A recipe book and story book—*free!*

Send for "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden". It contains a fascinating story of far-off Hawaii, and 39 new recipes—each created by a famous food editor. For your free copy, fill out coupon and mail.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
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HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
Honolulu, HAWAII *Sales Office:* **215 Market Street, San Francisco**

Don't believe there's no difference in oats

Dexter Barrett and Bruce Logue, husky athletes. Quaker Oats breakfasts are a regular part of their training regime.

Mrs. Jean McNulty finds morning hours are as strenuous for women in the home as for men in business. She believes Quaker Oats breakfasts are the finest possible preparation for these "4 hardest hours of the day."

Millions recognize the superior flavor . . . the *richer nutrition in* Quaker Oats

70% of the day's school work falls in the morning, according to recent school surveys. To protect children against nervous and physical strain, nutritionists urge this hot stamina breakfast.

CONSIDER the importance of the child's breakfast. He has just finished a 12 hours' fast. He is facing the 4 most strenuous hours of his day. Breakfast must provide sufficient energy to meet these morning demands. It must supply the extra nourishment which is the margin of safety for growing children.

Such a breakfast is Quaker Oats. It has more to offer children than ordinary oatmeal because Quaker always retains the vital part of the oat. This is where Nature stores the richest part of her 3 great protective foods, minerals, vitamins, protein.

A more nutritious oatmeal

Thus Quaker provides 50% more protein than highly milled cereals. And protein is in continual demand by every living cell of the child's busy growing body. It's the building food that repairs worn-out nerves and muscle tissues. 65% of Quaker is pure energy food. There's abundant vitamin B to improve appetites. Plus the roughage to make laxatives unnecessary.

Quaker Oats is richer, more satisfying, because it's made of choicer, more flavory oats. These selected whole oats are not only heat-seasoned in closed containers for 36 hours. In addition, *and this is important*, they are roasted in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness.

This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It gives Quaker that luscious, nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

⅓ more oats than ordinary packages contain

In addition to richer nutrition, Quaker gives you one-third more oats than most millers pack. Safeguard these precious growing years with the breakfast which protects against morning fatigue. Quick Quaker cooks done faster than toast or coffee. If you've time for breakfast . . . you've time for this best of breakfasts.

Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor, richer nutrition.

"Our child specialist advised Quaker Oats for Susan when she was just a baby," writes her mother, Mrs. Hubbard. "She has it every day and is just as healthy and active as this photograph shows."

The finest oat flavor known

1 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has been able to imitate.

2 ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

3 ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

4 ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** — 16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

For other products with that famous Quaker quality, try Scotch Pearled Barley, delicious for soups.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

Romance Rides Gaily beside A Face That's Fit

GOOD TO BE ALIVE. Morning sunshine. Romance, perhaps. Joy of living reflected in a Face that's Fit.

To *do* your best, *look* your best. Keep your face Fit. Begin each day, as do literally millions of men, with Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

First, the Williams lather. Standard for ninety years. Cool. Without sting then or thereafter. Quick. Mild. Thick. Moisture laden. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard. You'll often hear, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams.*"

Then, your morning thrill! Looked forward to with eagerness. Aqua Velva for after-shaving. A tingle. A healthful stimulation. A rare coolness. With Aqua Velva your shave has always a happy ending.

Aqua Velva helps care for nicks and cuts; often tiny, usually unseen. Tones up. Protects. Helps to make tissues firm. Conserves the natural moisture essential to a good complexion. *Keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible, Fit.

Williams Shaving Service for the Face that would be Fit! Fit to meet the duties and the pleasures of each day. See what it will do for *you.*

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick. Very cool. Very new. Ask your dealer!

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. P80, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 2252 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

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JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Snapshots speak louder than Words

Pictures keep alive those precious days that fade all too soon from memory

Nothing, they think, could have made the day more perfect. Nothing could add to it . . . to make it a day more worthy of memory.

But tomorrow they'll get their pictures. Pictures he made of her . . . snapshots she made of him.

And they'll find something there that no mere word, no fleeting memory, can keep alive! Romance . . . romance in the making! Romance that lives forever . . . in simple snapshots, simply made!

And what to thank?

Their Kodak, of course. And particularly those rolls of Kodak Film, bought so casually at the nearest camera counter.

For it's your film that makes your pictures. Film that catches fleeting shades of expression. Film that seizes upon and holds some precious moment, some fleeting instant that, once gone, never returns.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is film made for the special purpose of getting snapshots as you want them. Film that actually protects your snapshots against errors that anyone might make.

Kodak Film has three special features which make it the ideal film for you. It "sees fast" . . . it captures all those gradations of tone that make a snapshot lifelike. It has "latitude" . . . which means that exposure errors are no longer serious matters.

And it has uniformity . . . which means that these qualities are uniformly present, in proper balance, roll after roll, week after week. The results you get today with Kodak Film are identical with the results you'll get a month or six months from now under the same conditions.

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Always ask for Kodak *Film . . in the familiar yellow box*

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES KODAK FILM